HOW I CAPTURED HAUPTMANN

The Inside Story, Never Told Before, by Lieutenant JAMES J. FINN

OCT 12,
1935

Liberty

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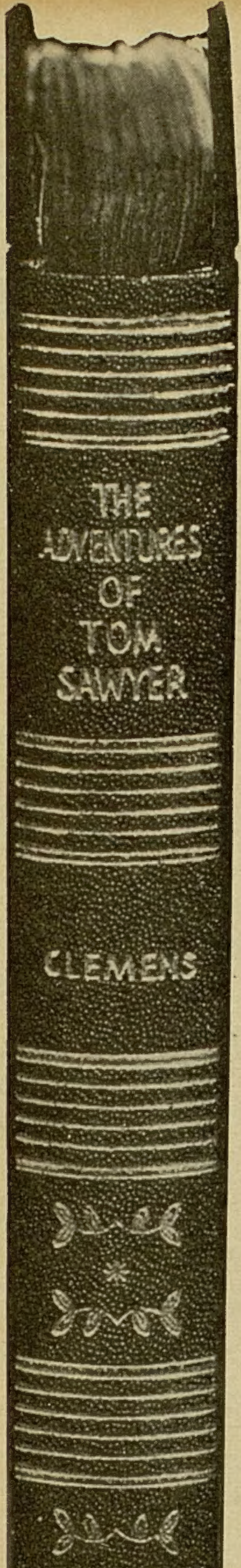

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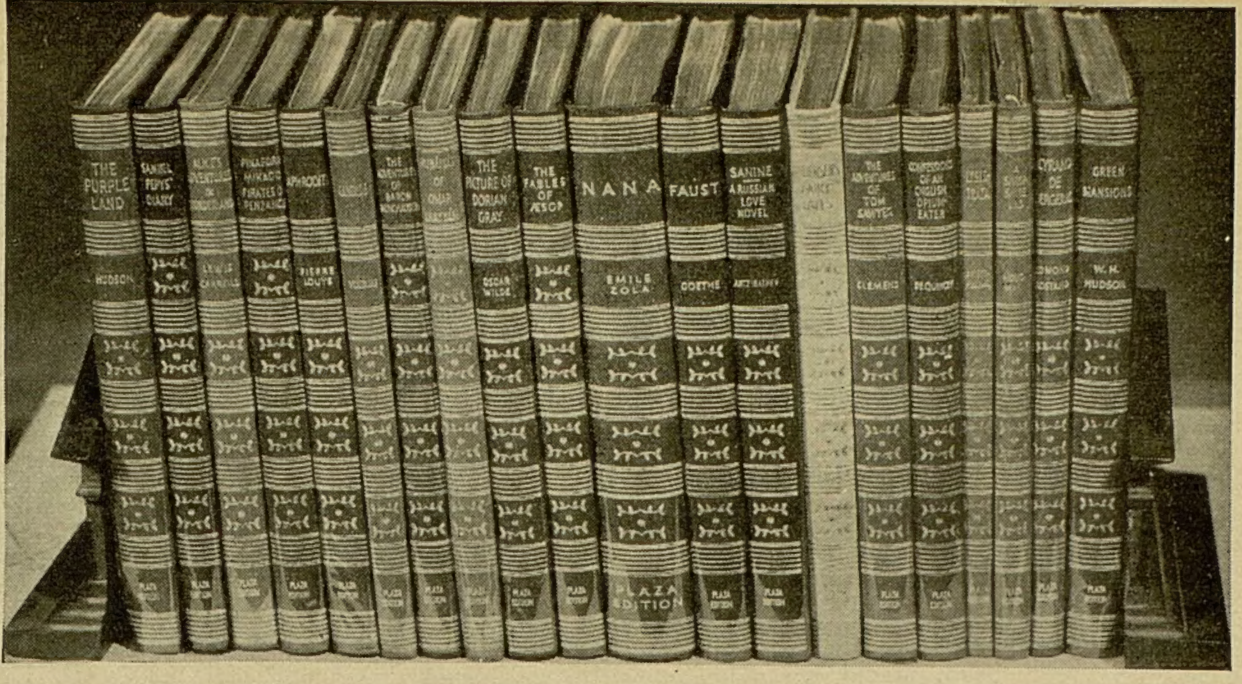

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Portrait of a Young Lady who never intends to have "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

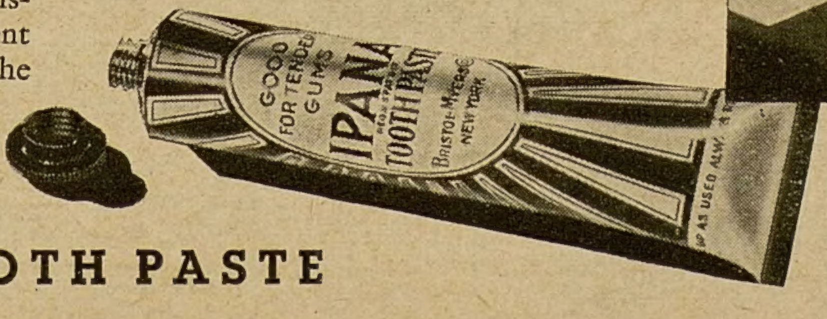
MOTHER, you will never regret the day you bring Ipana into your home—and make "massage with Ipana" the dental habit of all the family.

There is plenty of real evidence in favor of "massage with Ipana." Modern dentists and modern schools advocate this practice . . . encourage the daily care of the gums as well as the teeth.

Here is the simple reason. The soft foods of modern life rob our modern gums of the stimulation they need to remain in perfect health. And without hard work—without natural, health-creating exercise—our gums are very apt to grow tender, sensitive—susceptible to the serious disorders of gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. It is a wise and responsible parent who follows modern dental practice in the home care of the gums. So begin now to use "massage with Ipana"—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Use fingertip or brush. Rub briskly. You will notice a livelier, healthier tingle in your gums. For Ipana plus massage helps bring back normal firmness.

Start the family on "massage with Ipana" today. Even the littlest likes it. And when they make their twice-yearly visit to their dentist . . . when he sees those firm gums and sound teeth . . . you'll be more than repaid to hear him say—"Very good . . . Very good, indeed."

● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

OCTOBER 12, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 41

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HATE—Our Worst Enemy!

IT is said that everybody loves a lover.

And we can say with equal truth that everybody hates a hater.

Give out hate and it comes back to you—sometimes much multiplied.

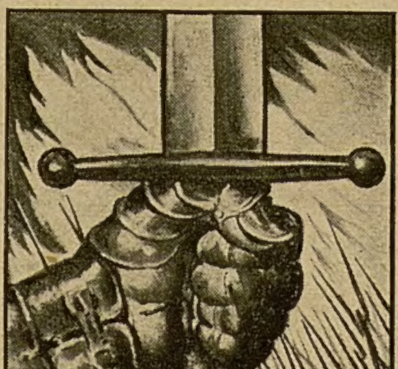
But a spirit of friendliness also comes back—sometimes greatly intensified.

There is entirely too much hate in the world. We are all too prone to hate people. Sometimes there is no reasonable excuse for our attitude. But we rarely make an effort to efface this unpleasant characteristic.

Some people are just naturally mean and cranky and their inclination to dislike every one is often due to physical causes. Their bodies are full of toxins—overfed or undernourished. They feel sour and cantankerous and they want to vent their spleen on others.

Then there is the fight between capital and labor. There should be friendly co-operation between the workers and the employers. They should have the same end in view. But hate is often in the foreground. Some workers just naturally hate all employers—they are all robbers or they wouldn't have so much money is the frequent conclusion. And yet all that is needed usually is the human touch—a certain amount of contact each with the other.

We are all human, or should be, and if there were some way of making employers see the difficulties that workers have to endure, they would be able to deal with them more sympathetically. And if workers could see some of the employers'—the never-ending problems that are before them night and day, if they could sense the sorrow and suffering that come to them at times, there would be a fellow feeling that would tremendously improve their friendly relationship.



In wartime we have to try to hate our enemies, though sometimes it is difficult. In a war between employer and employees the bitter enmity that is often aroused by the misdirected enthusiasm of labor organizers often plants the seed of hate in an employee that makes friendliness with an employer impossible.

The depression that has caused so much lamentable distress has been greatly intensified by the lack of fellow feeling; by overmuch greed and selfishness on the part of many people in high places.

But what is gained by unfair treatment of workers; by an antagonistic attitude toward employers? A feeling of dissatisfaction, discontent, unhappiness—which is the net result of this waste of vitriolic energy—if one's conscience is still active.

Live and let live is a good slogan. Friendly co-operation whenever possible is commendable.

We are all just people—rich or poor, good, bad, and indifferent. And we are here for only a short time. We brought nothing with us and we'll not take anything away.

To be swelled up by your importance is foolish egotism. And the reputation of being a good hater usually brings isolation.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is a much quoted thought.

Pass along good cheer, happiness, and fine feelings of friendliness. And if you see a quarrel coming, avoid it if possible.

Hate never brought anybody anything worth while. "You can catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar" is a worn-out phrase, but it contains a world of truth.

If you dislike certain people and will make an effort to be friendly, you will sometimes be astonished at your change of feeling—you will learn to like them in spite of your prejudices.

Therefore, cut out the hating business.

It's a devilish product and it often gives one a foretaste of the infernal regions.

Good haters are never happy!

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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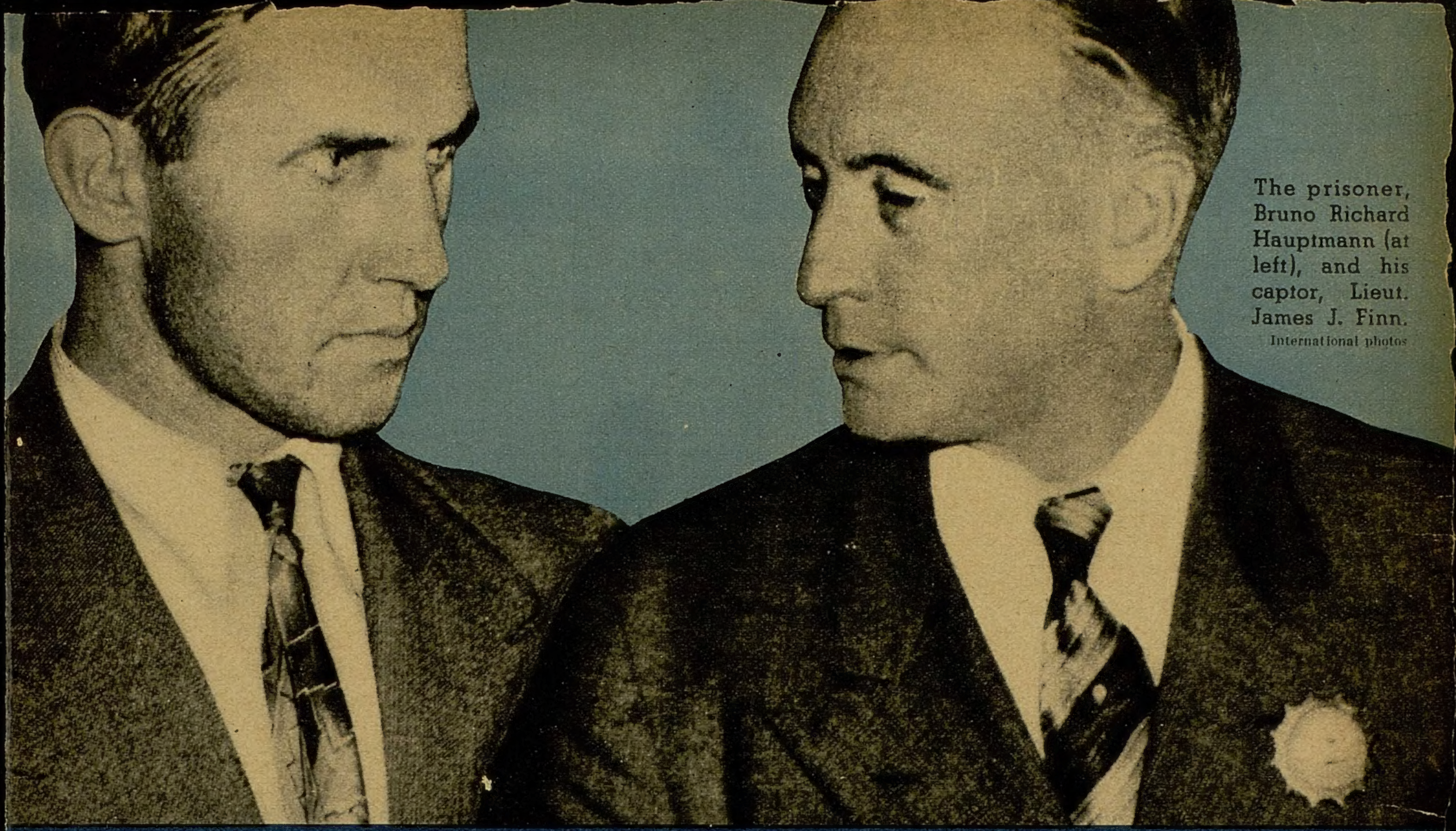


The prisoner, Bruno Richard Hauptmann (at left), and his captor, Lieut. James J. Finn.
International photos

BEGINNING—

How I Captured HAUPTMANN

by LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN

OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

and D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—FALSE CLUES AND FALSE GODS

IN these days of Public Heroes Numbers One, Two, and Three it is hard to believe that there was once a Public Enemy Number One whose voice was so powerful that it reached, even in a whisper, from Cook County Jail in Chicago to Police Headquarters in New York.

But it was so—and because it was so, an obscure Chicago gangster named Robert Conroy became, for a few months in 1932, the most wanted man in all the world.

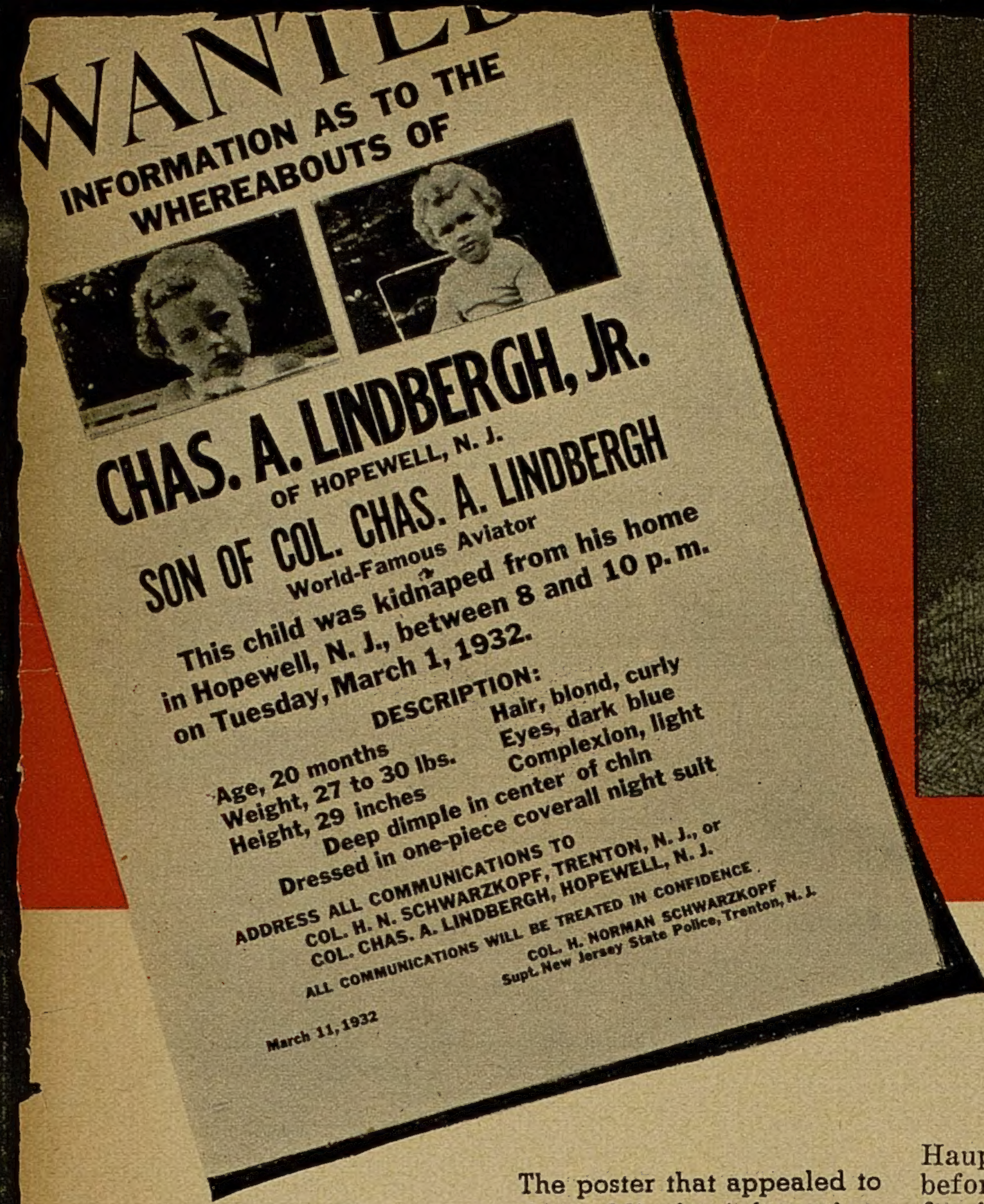
"Get Conroy," Al Capone had whispered, "and you'll get the man who snatched the Lindbergh baby."

"This kind of stuff," I grumbled to Inspector Sullivan, "will never get us anywhere."

The inspector agreed with me. So did Commissioner Mulrooney. But they were older and wiser men than I. They didn't grumble.

After all, this was a hot tip, as tips go; and it came

THE ACTUAL AND AUTHENTIC INSIDE STORY, NEVER TOLD BEFORE, OF THE GREATEST MAN-HUNT OF MODERN TIMES



WANTE

INFORMATION AS TO THE
WHEREABOUTS OF

CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.
OF HOPEWELL, N. J.

SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
World-Famous Aviator

This child was kidnaped from his home
in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p.m.
on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.

DESCRIPTION:

Age, 20 months
Weight, 27 to 30 lbs.
Height, 29 inches
Hair, blond, curly
Eyes, dark blue
Complexion, light
Deep dimple in center of chin
Dressed in one-piece coverall night suit

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
COL. H. N. SCHWARZKOPF, TRENTON, N. J., or
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, N. J.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN CONFIDENCE

COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
Supt. New Jersey State Police, Trenton, N. J.

March 11, 1932

The poster that appealed to the public for information.

Acme phot

Lieut. Finn—as he explains modestly, "The Colonel knew m

from a hot spot. It was up to Jimmy Finn to run it down.

We searched for Conroy for weeks. Atlantic City, Philly, New York. All way stations. And we caught up with him in a third-floor-back apartment at 220 West 104th Street. He was dead. His girl lay on the floor beside him, dead. Murder and suicide, by the same gun.

It was a grim sight but not an unusual one—not since the Big Flop of 1929. Even the girl wasn't unusual, except in her prettiness and the fact that she was that rare thing, a genuine blonde.

And there was certainly nothing unusual about the apartment, except the presence of an old counterfeiting press and several clumsily counterfeited bills.

As for Conroy, he proved about as interesting, from a Lindbergh standpoint, as I expected him to be. Obviously diseased, he had been taking treatments at a free clinic on 103d Street. Otherwise he had hung around speakeasies, bumming money. His clothes, once good, were badly frayed. The only real money on the premises was ninety-three cents.

Plainly, this poverty-stricken, disease-ridden wreck was no newly rich recipient of $50,000 in ransom notes.

The case of Robert Conroy was typical of the more than 16,000 false clues it was the duty of myself and my associates to run down in the long secret quest between the night when Hauptmann stole the Lindbergh baby and the morning two and a half years later when I arrested Hauptmann.

The man whose job it is to take the crime news as it comes in on the teletype under the dome at Police Headquarters will never forget that first night.

It's a dull job usually, especially the night shift—routine stuff. But not on the Lindbergh night. Suddenly the big news crashed through.

Lindbergh telephoned the local police in Hopewell. He also telephoned the state police at Trenton. Trenton put the story on that marvelous invention, the teletype—and instantaneously, in every important police headquarters in six New England and Atlantic states, the teletype was telling the story to the world.

Do you realize what this meant to Bruno Hauptmann? It meant, among other things, that, long before he could possibly reach Holland Tunnel or the ferries, every car coming into Greater New York was being searched for the missing child!

The teletype having done its work, the telephone got busy. Within the hour every policeman in New York was on the lookout for the kidnaper.

At the time of the kidnaping I was at the home of my friend Harry Bruno, whom I had met when Colonel Lindbergh came back from abroad and who was associated with me as an aide to the Colonel when my friendship with the Colonel started. You can imagine the shock!

Was it a gangster? That was the question that rang in my ears all the way to my home in Rockaway Beach.

I remember the simplest events of that evening as if they were yesterday. My daughters—I have four of them—were in the dining room with a couple of boy friends listening to crime clues on the radio. I went into my bedroom and closed the door so as not to see or hear "shop," and was trying to divert my mind from the terrible event by reading about the Japanese invasion of Shanghai when the telephone rang.

IT was John Mahoney, the builder of The Spirit of St. Louis, who said the Colonel had just called up to ask that I be assigned immediately to the case. Could I go to Jersey? Of course I could go. Ultimately I'd have gone anyway. You see, when I commanded the squad that protected "Slim" when he first came back from Europe, we had gotten pretty well acquainted. He knew me and I knew him. The moment I was instructed to go by Assistant Chief Sullivan, I went.

"Anything you do, Jim, I will greatly appreciate," the Colonel said; "and do it the way you want."

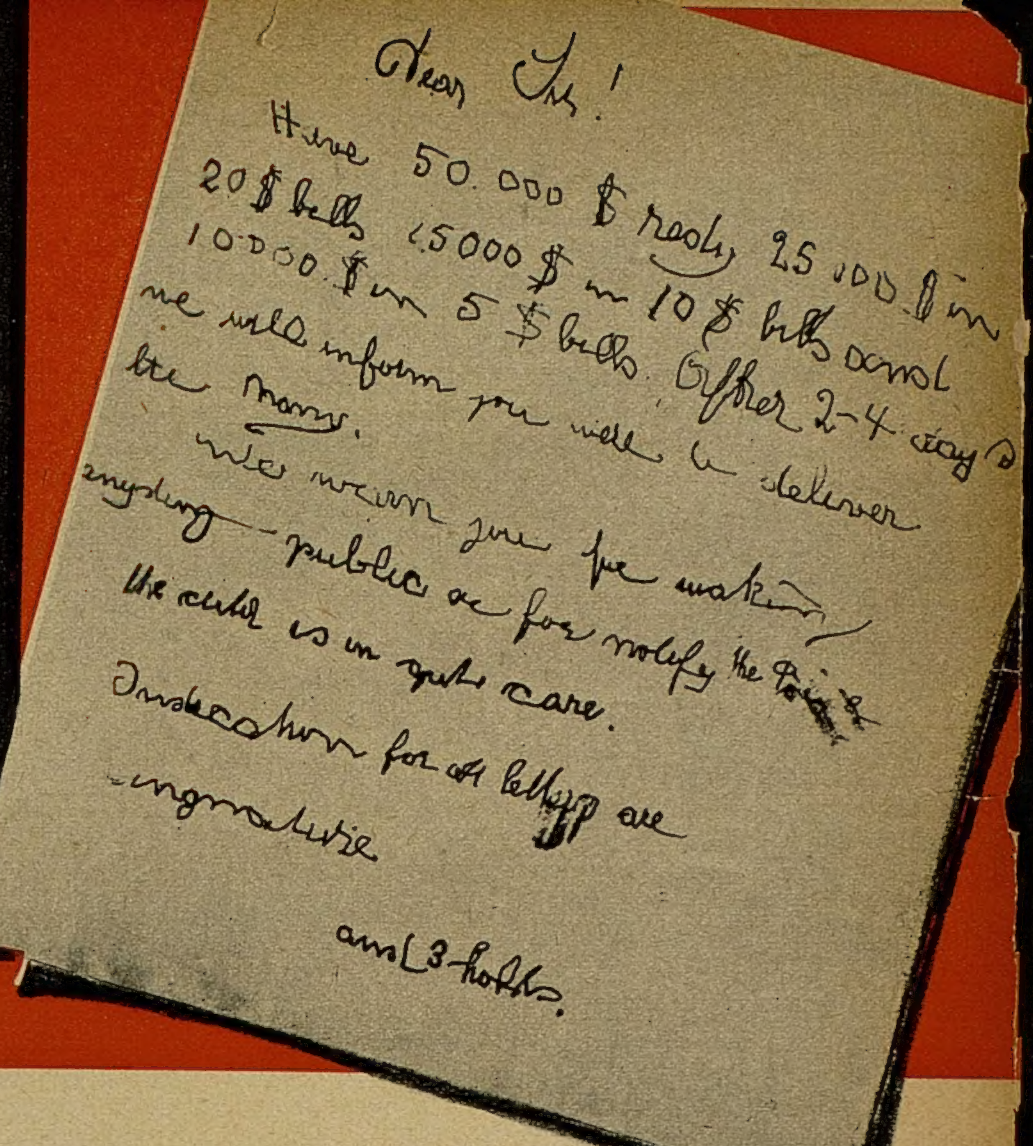
"Well," I said, "I think I can function better in New York City."

The Colonel agreed. And I went back to my desk at Headquarters, assigned to the case "indefinitely."

Indefinitely is right. For two and a half years, the longest period any detective in the New York Police Department has ever worked on a single case, I did nothing, thought nothing, dreamt nothing but Lindbergh.

Keystone View photo

and I knew him"—and his friend Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.



Dear Sir!
Have 50.000 $ redy 25 000 $ in
20$ bills 15000 $ in 10$ bills and
10000 $ in 5 $ bills. After 2-4 days
we will inform you were to deliver
the mony.
We warn you for making
anyding public or for notify the Police
the child is in gute care.
Indication for all letters are
singnature
and 3-hohls.

The kidnaper's note that told Col. Lindbergh how to prepare to pay the ransom. Meanwhile, it assured him, "the child is in gute [good] care"—though the child had been murdered.

It was during this long period of continuous service that I ran down the Conroy clue and 16,000 others equally resultless before we finally got our man. Sometimes I had as many as fifty boys working with me. More often I was alone. My job was to look into every communication, to follow up every telephone message which referred even remotely to the lost baby.

And were they absurd, some of these false clues? They ranged all the way from the sincere person who thought he had seen the baby to the amateur detective who had doped it all out with the aid of mirrors. And they didn't stop even after we had caught Hauptmann.

After a while I learned what to do with them. "Here," I'd say, handing them paper and pencil. "What you say is very interesting, but I could never remember all the details. Won't you write the whole thing out?"

WHEN there was any hesitancy, I'd remind them of the $25,000 reward—as if they needed reminding!—and explain that nothing was official unless it was in writing. This shut off most of the cranks.

I say there were over 16,000 of these false clues because I've counted them, or had 'em counted. I have the record of them now in my office at the Greenwich Street station. Each one has a folder containing the history of the clue and the result of our investigation. These folders fill twenty-four big filing cases.

But when I say 16,000 I have grossly underestimated the total number of such clues that were offered. The Department of Justice at Washington is said to have 50,000 cards on the Lindbergh case. Colonel Henry Breckinridge, the Lindberghs' friend and attorney, received a vast number. And the Colonel himself was snowed under. It has been conservatively estimated that 100,000 amateur detectives, case crashers, cranks, and grandstand managers were "co-operating" in the search for the slayer of the Lindbergh baby.

Sometimes we knew the clue wasn't any good when it came in, but in order to have a bulletproof case against the murderer when we did get him, we had to eliminate the barest possibility of anybody else's guilt.

Take this Capone tip on Conroy.

We doubted it from the first, not alone because of Capone's reputation or because of the earmarks of the amateur on the crime from the beginning—I'll come to that a little later—but because we knew what had preceded the giving of the tip.

There were plenty of good reasons for gangland coming to the rescue in the Lindbergh kidnaping, but Al Capone had special reasons for making a noble gesture and also special reasons for passing the buck to Robert Conroy; and we were suspicious of both.

Al was in jail at the time, pending an appeal from his eleven-year sentence for income-tax evasion. He had scoffed at his conviction at first, but by the spring of 1932 he and his lawyers had sensed that the sentence would stand. They decided to make a trade. If the government would excuse his income-tax oversight Al would recover the Lindbergh baby.

His terms were drastic. He must go free on bail and work in his own way. And to make it all the harder for the federal men to refuse—the temper of the public being what it was—he boasted to the newspapers that he could do more than all the detectives in the country to restore the baby to his parents. *But first he must go free.*

The great man's attitude was understandable. Jails—the better run ones—do present obstacles to transcontinental travel. The only thing Al Capone yearned to recover was the strongbox that held his dough. Once out, he'd have grabbed his swag and sailed for Greece.

But of course the federal men were too smart to fall for the bargain he proposed—and, so far as the public knew, the incident was at an end. But behind closed doors the federal men kept after him to find out what he really did know. In the end he took a long breath, then played the showdown.

"It's Robert Conroy," he said.

"Grudge?" asked my friend Frank Wilson of the Intelligence Unit of the Income Tax Division of the Treasury Department.

"Maybe."

Capone did have a grudge against Conroy, a former henchman of his who had grown insubordinate.

"Let me out and I'll get Conroy," was his last desperate bid for freedom. "He's probably in the East. That's where I'll go first."

But, as you know, Al didn't go East. He went South to Atlanta and West to San Francisco. As for Conroy—well, I have already told you the end of that story. And in knowing that you know the end of Al Capone's connection with the Lindbergh case.

But even after the failure of these secret negotiations with Capone, the gangster idea, which was never accepted at Police Headquarters in New York, continued to get a big play with the public and with other official agencies engaged in running down the kidnaper. It was easy for a personable fellow like John Hughes Curtis to persuade himself and the good citizens of Norfolk, Virginia, and even Colonel Lindbergh and his advisers, that he might be in touch with a gang. It was easy for a molasses-mouthed crook like Gaston Means to persuade Mrs. Ned McLean of Washington to give him $100,000 to turn over to gangsters in return for the baby. It was easy for Harry Sitamore, so-called society Raffles, to persuade so astute a lawyer as Dudley Field Malone that he was about to conclude a ransom deal with the notorious Purple Gang of Detroit.

The gangs' very names were thrilling. Remember the Car Barn Gang, the Blue Goggles Gang, the Headache Gang, and the Cry-Baby Gang? Newspaper inventions, all of them; as are most of the names given to criminals.

Hauptmann, by the way, is an excellent example. He was christened Bruno Richard, but no one ever called him Bruno until after his arrest. Naturally I addressed him as Bruno that first night in the Greenwich Street station, because I didn't know any better.

"Don't call me Bruno," he said. "Call me Dick."

I THEN recalled how, that very same morning when we were questioning him at the house, his wife had addressed him by his middle name.

"Richard," she said in a quick German aside, "why don't you tell them what they want to know?"

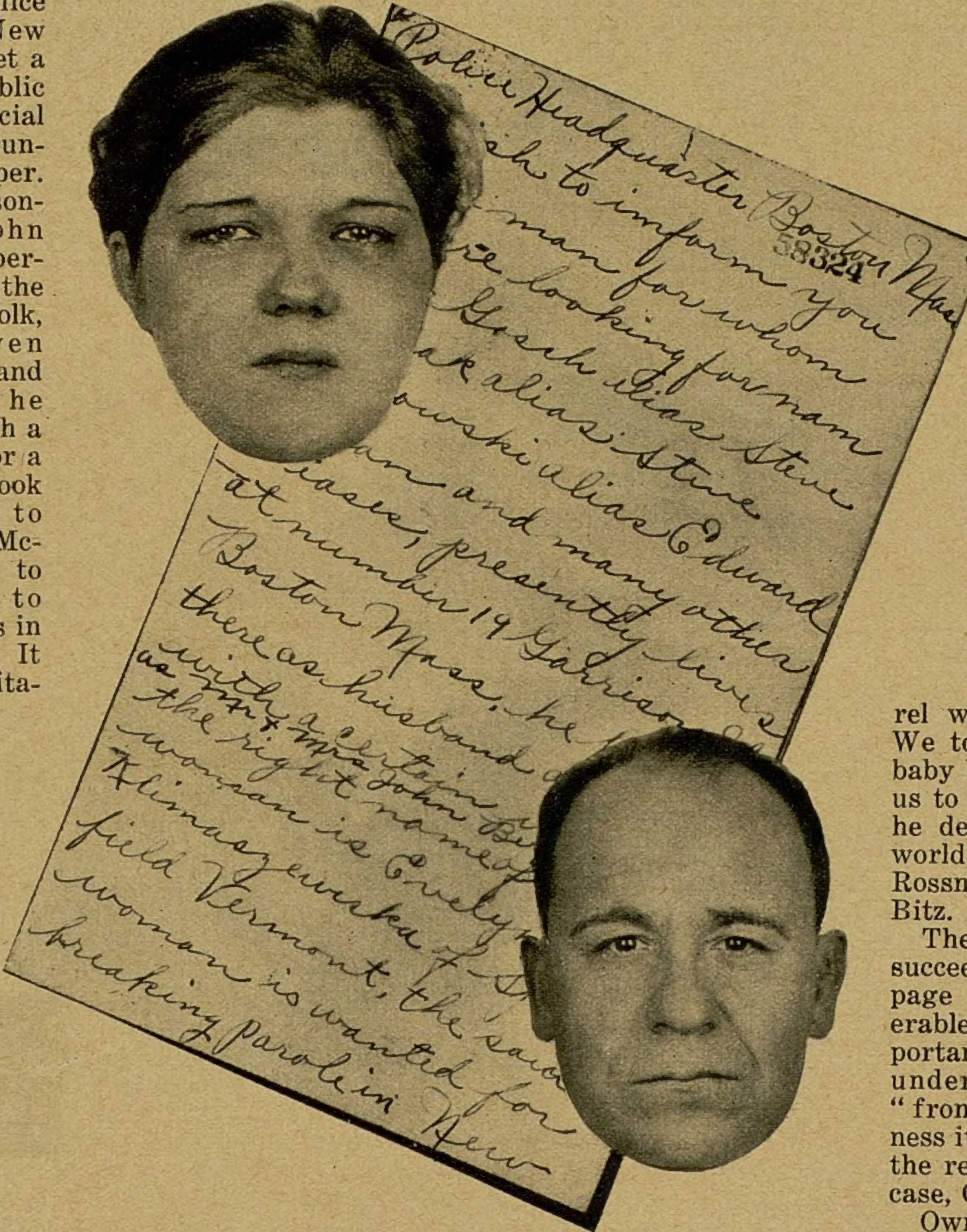
"Keep your moud shut!" he had replied in English. "You stay oud er this!"

But to get back to the gangsters:

For months and years heavy trucks had been rolling over the highways of New Jersey and New York—trucks loaded with liquor but camouflaged so that they were seldom interfered with.

But they were being interfered with now. When the search began, every truck within a hundred-mile radius of New York was stopped and thoroughly searched. The seizures were costing the liquor barons thousands of dollars every day.

It was no surprise to us, therefore, when a group of them got together and pooled $100,000 which was to be offered as a reward for the return of the baby alive. That reward wasn't published in the papers. News of it was sent through the underworld's own peculiar channels. The Lindbergh baby alive and no questions asked. That was the idea. When it didn't produce results, we at Headquarters were more than ever convinced it was an amateur's job, or at least a non-gangster's.



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there as husband
with a certain
as Mr. & Mrs. John
the right name of
woman is Evelyn
Klimaszewska
field Vermont, the said
woman is wanted for
breaking parole in New

Evelyn Klimasefska, John Gorch, and the anonymous grudge letter that tipped off the police to their Boston address.

BUT Colonel Lindbergh wasn't convinced—and up to the time of the finding of the baby's body the Colonel was in absolute command of the case. To get back the baby, naturally enough, was his only thought. We might differ with him on details but we couldn't quarrel with him in principle. We too wanted to get the baby back, and it was up to us to sit quietly back while he dealt with such underworld characters as Mickey Rossner and Spitale and Bitz.

The latter, though they succeeded in grabbing front-page space for a considerable period, were unimportant and second-grade underworld characters—"front men," whose business it is to take the rap for the really big shot: in this case, Owney Madden.

Owney, who had been sentenced to prison, was then on parole, and was living amid his terraced gardens and pet pigeons atop an apartment in West Side Manhattan. Visitors to New York who flocked to Harlem for a look at night life were contributing lavishly to Madden's upkeep when they paid their bill at his famous Cotton Club. It was he who headed the group that offered the hundred-thousand-dollar secret reward to gangland. With the interests he had at stake, he could well have afforded to pay it all!

The real intermediary was the mystery man, Rossner, who was an erstwhile pal of Bill Fallon, the "Great Mouthpiece," and was sometimes called the Robin Hood of the underworld. This person actually moved into the Lindbergh house in Hopewell and became for a time the Colonel's Secretary of State for Crime.

How Lindy contacted these strange people is another story that has never been told, and it leads us straight into the inner offices of one of New York's most influential law firms, of which Bob Thayer, whose wife is the daughter of ex-Congresswoman Ruth Pratt and the heir to Standard Oil millions, is a partner. Thayer, Harvard man, sportsman, all-round fine fellow, is a friend and adviser of Lindbergh's. It was he—there is no harm in telling it now—who first suggested the underworld contact and who dug up Rossner as the man to make it.

Rossner's career had sort of zigzagged through that nebulous no man's land that separates law enforcement from law violation in our politico-legal system. Equally familiar with the lookouts of the upper world and the dugouts of the lower, he was the ideal messenger to tap Spitale and Bitz for their new honors.

And what was the inside story of these gentlemen's activities? What, specifically, did they do to justify the Colonel's confidence in them?

Well, Spitale, who shares with one other the doubtful distinction of the first conviction under the new Public Enemy Act, did absolutely nothing in the Lindbergh case except to give out smoothly incoherent statements to the press.

His lieutenant, Irving Bitz, was more rugged, less smooth than Spitale. He actually made a highly publicized hush-hush night flight to Montreal. Although ostensibly undertaken in the interests of the Lindbergh baby, his only real accomplishment on this trip is said to have been to close a rumrunning deal for a large order of Canadian rye.

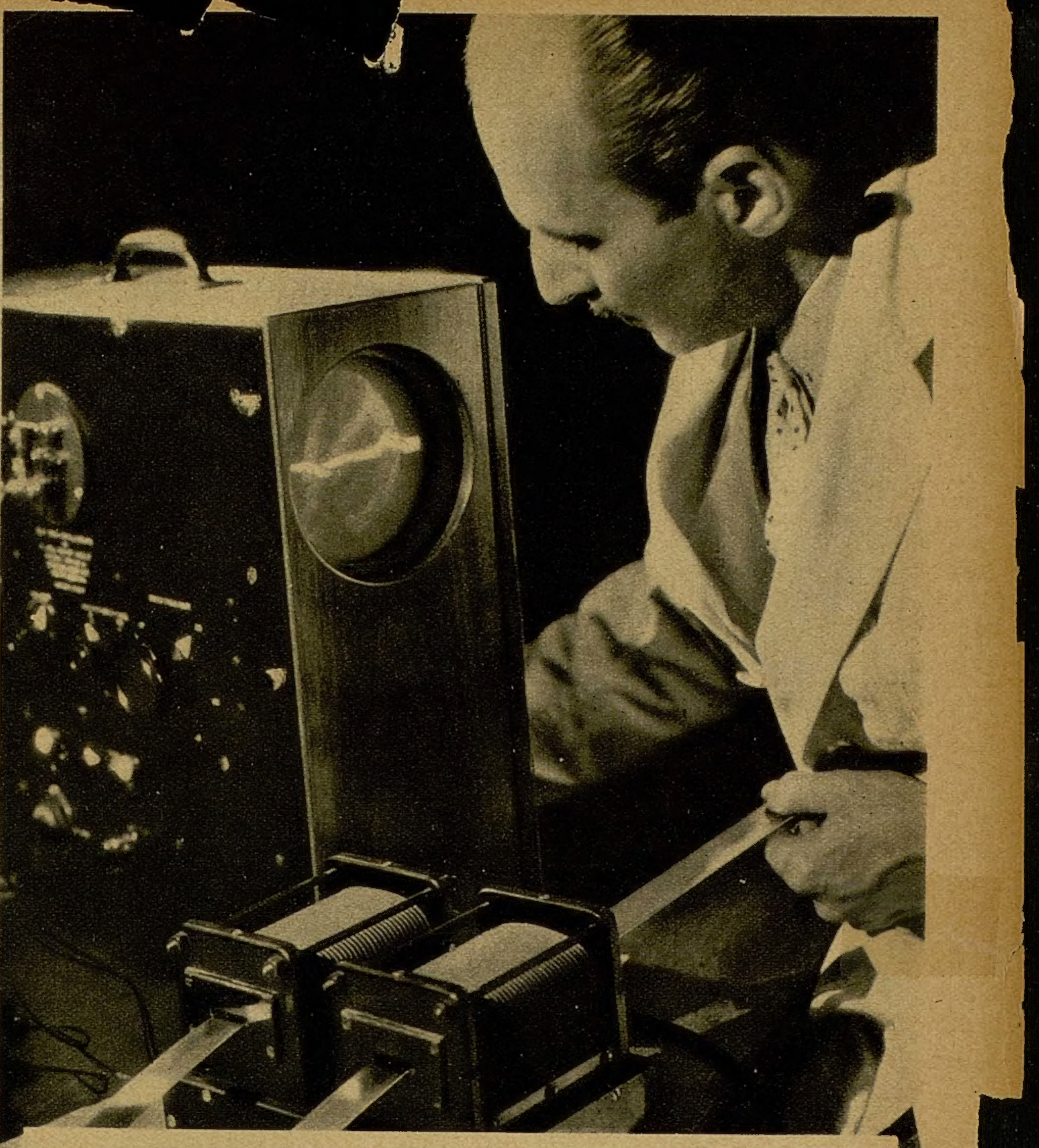
AFTER Bitz's return from Montreal with a lot of vague talk about clues, leads, and early success, he and Spitale took time off to face a federal jury in Brooklyn on the charge of rumrunning in the notorious Gerrittsen Beach case. They didn't even have to make a defense. Their veteran criminal lawyer, Abe Kesselman, thoroughly understood the sentimental and other weaknesses indigenous to so many of our American juries. A few heartrending looks and words from Abe, the implication that the police systems of the country were paralyzed, that the Lindbergh baby could only be restored to its parents if these two wrongfully accused men were immediately set free, and in less than a quarter of an hour they were shaking hands with the jurors and walking out of the courtroom on their mysterious ways.

For days they talked wisely but incoherently of Purple Gangs, while the police grumbled under their breaths and pulpit orators from Father Coughlin to John Haynes Holmes decried turning to them as a public humiliation.

Then they didn't talk any more, at least for publication. The word was handed around that Colonel Lindbergh and his New Jersey advisers had finally decided that the whole gang theory was one big false clue.

My sympathy went out to Thayer. He had fathered the underworld idea and had done all the delicate work of making the initial contact—and all he got for his pains was a gun in the ribs one dark night, and a husky warning from some heavily masked rival of Rossner's or Spitale's to keep out of the Lindbergh case—or else!

One of the most extraordinary things about all this gangster ballyhoo was that it did not tempt the real



WHAT! *See through Steel?*

IMPOSSIBLE, YOU'LL SAY—BUT...

IT CHALLENGES belief—but every day at the Gillette factory the amazing electro-magnetic tester "sees" deep beneath the surface of Gillette "Blue Blade" steel. A sample from every coil of steel—the finest the world market affords—is submitted to this scientific instrument.

Irregularities occur in all steel. Even microscopic inspection cannot detect them. But as clearly as the X-ray reveals broken bones, the electro-magnetic tester instantly discloses the slightest hidden imperfection, flashes the story to the operator, a trained metallurgist, and the steel is rejected. This is but one of the many precautions taken by Gillette to insure you shaving comfort that never varies. Millions of dollars have been spent in perfecting advanced manufacturing and inspection equipment. Apparatus usually found only in finely equipped scientific laboratories is in daily use at the Gillette factory on a regular production basis.

If you want a razor blade that never varies in quality . . . a blade that gives you one comfortable shave after another day in and out, try the Gillette "Blue Blade." See how easily it removes even stubborn bristles—how swiftly it skims over tender spots with feather-like touch. Ask for Gillette "Blue Blades."

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ · 10 *for* 49¢

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
King C. Gillette
Gillette

criminal, once he had his money, to boast o[illegible] could tell about the case. It must have made [illegible]ptmann good and sore to see cheap underworld characters like Spitale and Bitz riding into public acclaim on the strength of what he undoubtedly considered his own great achievement.

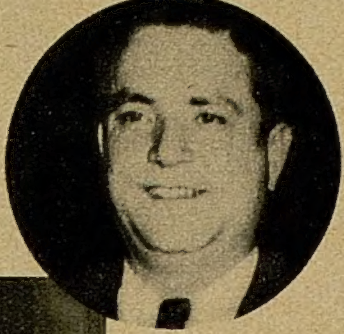
Almost any one in Hauptmann's place, *except Hauptmann*, would have swaggered just a little bit.

Of course our conviction that the crime was not committed by one of the big gangs did not preclude the idea that it might be the work of a professional criminal. In fact most of the trails we followed led sooner or later to the prison door; and some of them started there.

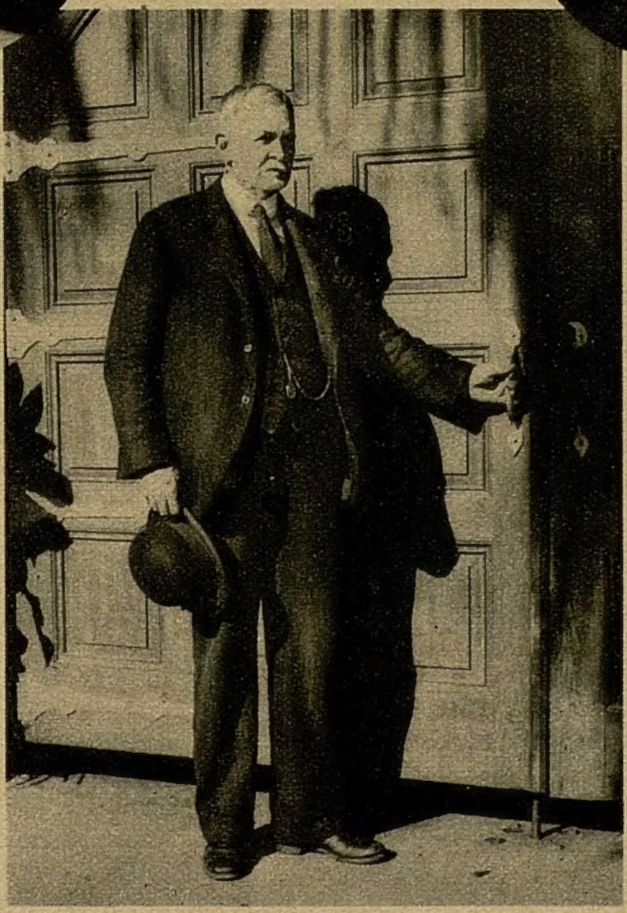
It was quite the thing, during the two and a half years I worked on this case, if you didn't like the color of your neighbor's hair or the way he wore his derby hat, to write in and accuse him of the Lindbergh kidnaping. And the most prolific grudge writers of all were convicted criminals serving out their sentences and brooding on their imaginary wrongs. It was this type of informer who put the black spot on John Gorch, and by so doing took just three and one half months out of my life at a time when I could least afford to spare them.

Al Capone

Irving Bitz



"Salvy" Spitale



Keystone View photo

Here is a picture that wasn't explained. It shows Dr. "Jafsie" Condon leaving Al Capone's house at Miami, Florida. Later on, "Jafsie" himself will tell Liberty's readers what he was doing there.

The case against Gorch was a perfect one—all except the proof. It began when Governor Moore of New Jersey received an anonymous letter naming Gorch as the criminal and giving an address in New York which yielded nothing definite. The letter, it was subsequently found, came from a convict named Charles Solski, who was doing time in New Jersey for a series of jobs which he and Gorch had pulled off together.

Their graft was impersonating federal officers and shaking down stowaways and other aliens illegally in this country. They'd land on one of these poor devils with an "Aha, we've got you at last!" Then, for varying sums, representing in most cases whatever their victim was found to possess, they would "refrain" from making a report.

I've often thought it was too bad that they never got after the most famous stowaway of all, Mr. Bruno Richard Hauptmann of Germany and the Bronx!

Well, the holdup graft was good while it lasted; but Gorch's pal was finally caught in the act and found himself, as Kipling says, paying one by one for what they'd been doing two by two. And he didn't like it. Maybe Gorch forgot to send him candy or flowers on his birthday. Anyhow, he wanted to "get hunk" and took the obvious way to do it.

The thing about this anonymous letter which distinguished it from the thousands of others was that it said Gorch's family owned a farm not far from the Lindbergh estate. Investigation proved this to be so. Gorch's brother-in-law did own such a farm on Woodsville Hill in Hopewell Township, not more than four miles from the scene of the kidnaping and of the spot where the child's body was discovered. Moreover, brother-in-law Gorch, who was not, so to say, a rural enthusiast in his [illegible], had spent some weeks at the Hopewell farm in 1932, either just before or just after the date of the crime.

Naturally, we sat up and took notice.

But after a long year's search we could find no trace of our man. Then another anonymous grudge letter showed up, written in duplicate to the New York and Boston police departments, connecting Gorch with a long string of swindles and locating him definitely at 19 Garrison Street, Boston. The fact that the second letter was written by a woman offered some hope, because the female of the grudge species could usually be relied upon to do a thorough job. This one evidently had, for the Boston police, acting on the information she had given, immediately picked up Gorch and a woman, Evelyn Klimasefska.

It was now Gorch's turn to play the grudge cards. He immediately identified the writer of the letter as the wife of a fellow confidence man, and accused both husband and wife of complicity in the Lindbergh crime.

Acting on this tip, we started out to get the man named by Gorch, and did get him nearly a year later in New York. His story not only added strength to the theory that Gorch was the kidnaper, but failed to clear himself completely from complicity in the crime; and when other witnesses turned up who offered to give direct evidence connecting both of them with the farm in Hopewell, things looked mighty black for both men.

BUT there was one thing that blocked us from proceeding against them, one thing that convinced us absolutely that we were following another false clue. The handwriting of none of the parties concerned was even remotely similar to the handwriting in the Lindbergh ransom notes.

To be sure, handwriting tests come under the head of circumstantial evidence and many important persons are on record as not believing in circumstantial evidence. It is not for me to oppose my opinion to theirs, but I ask all who feel as they do to realize that human lives are sometimes saved by circumstantial evidence. Here was a case where it may have saved two innocent men and two innocent women—innocent, at least, so far as the Lindbergh baby was concerned—from burning for Hauptmann's crime. And this was only one of many similar instances in the long pursuit of the Lindbergh murderer.

But I have not told you of the most baffling of all the clues we investigated in connection with the Lindbergh killing. It came to us just two months and one day after the kidnaping, and ten days before the child's body was found buried in the Jersey hills. And it was the direct result of Dr. John F. Condon—Jafsie to you and me and all the world—having tossed $50,000 over a bush to a couple of fellows named Joe.

Or was it John? Yes, it was John. Jafsie distinctly said that the man he talked to in the cemetery said his name was John. Anyhow, Jafsie handed over the fifty grand—just like that!—and for the first time since the search began, those crude persons they now call "X men," those unknown quantities of the New York Police Department, had something they could get their teeth into.

Ransom money! One bill of it, with its number carefully recorded before it was paid, was worth a million mouthings of a million Purple Gangs—and, as the Attorney General well said at the Flemington trial, "Colonel Lindbergh had the sense to take the numbers."

The special clue to which I have reference is so unusual, and it leads into the innermost family circle of a person who had become so vitally important, that I hesitate to tell about it after the fact. I prefer to reproduce without change, and for the first time in any publication, the most interesting parts of my official report as the investigating officer.

Here they are:

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York
January 23, 1934.

From: Acting Lieutenant James J. Finn, M. O. D.

To: Assistant Chief Inspector, 18th Division.

Subject: CO-OPERATION ACCORDED BY BANKS RE: LINDBERGH RANSOM MONEY.

On April 6, 1932, there was transmitted to banking institutions throughout the country, by the Treasury Department of the United States, a list of the serial numbers of certain notes and gold certificates, in denominations of $5, $10, and $20, aggregating $50,000, which had been paid as ransom to the kidnapers of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. . . .

On May 2, 1933, there was found at the Federal Reserve Bank 296 $10 gold certificates and one $20 gold certificate, which were received for redemption by James P. Estey of 92 St. Nicholas Avenue, receiving teller employed by the bank. Mr. Estey was interviewed and stated that some unknown person sometime during May 1, 1933, presented this money to him for redemption, but he could not recall whom. He further stated that he strapped the money and forwarded it to the Money Department, where it was discovered. All deposit slips for May 1 were examined by Mr. Miles McCahill, head of the Protection Department of the Federal Reserve Bank, Lieutenant Keaten of the New Jersey State Police, and Mr. Frank Wilson of the United States Department, in company with the writer. Our examination disclosed that there was one slip made out for $2,980 for J. J. Faulkner, 537 West 149th Street.

Further investigation revealed that a Faulkner family lived at 547 West 149th Street up to February, 1921, but a member of the said family had moved from this address for the reason that she became married to one Alvin Weigner. Subsequent to this the entire family moved from the place mentioned to an unknown destination. Accordingly, a circular letter was addressed to all of the banks in the city regarding Alvin Weigner to learn whether the said person was, or ever had been, a depositor

"I've only been here a few months . . . but I think I'm going to like it"

THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!

And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .

Here's another:

Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just for* a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.

Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

in any of the banks. We were informed by the Manufacturers Trust Co., of 145th Street and Broadway, that they had such a depositor who resided at 547 West 149th Street, but who was now residing at 120 North Chatsworth Avenue, Larchmont, New York, where a confidential investigation was made, resulting in the information that 120 North Chatsworth Avenue was the residence of Carl Oswin Geissler and that Alvin Weigner resided there periodically and at the present time was at Yankee Lake, New York. Further investigation revealed that Geissler and Weigner were married to two sisters.

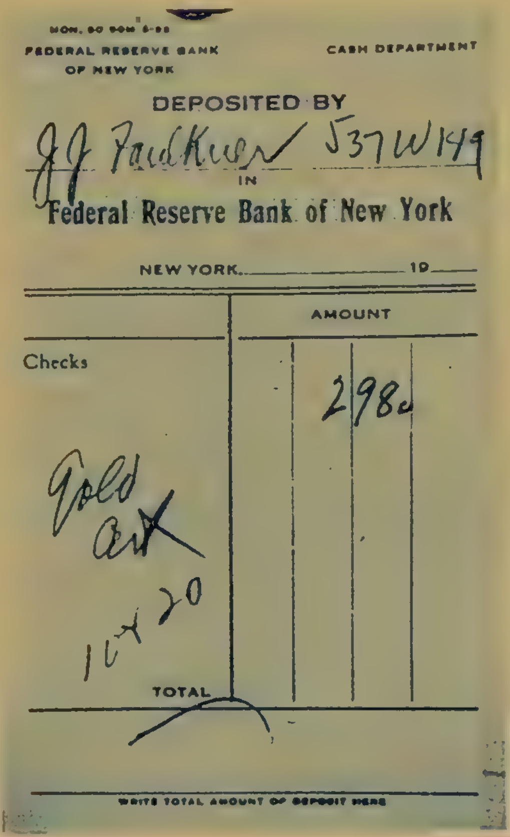
D. THOMAS CURTIN

is a famous reporter and war correspondent, and is now in full stride as author, radio dramatist, and lecturer. He followed Lieut. Finn's work in the Lindbergh case closely from the beginning. That was why Lieut. Finn asked him to be co-author of this story.

The report then went on to tell in detail of the investigation conducted into the affairs of Carl O. Geissler and his family and the extraordinary chain of circumstances which it disclosed:

On May 25, 1933, an inspection of the marriage licenses issued in the year 1921 was made, and one found issued to Carl Oswin Geissler, groom, and Jane Emily Faulkner of 357 West 149th Street, on February 17, 1921. Photostatic copies were made of the marriage license and the handwriting of Geissler was compared with that of J. J. Faulkner on the bank deposit slip by Albert D. Osborn, handwriting expert, and found to be similar.

On May 26, 1933, I obtained a photostatic copy of a passport issued to Carl Oswin Geissler of 120 North Chatsworth Avenue, Larchmont, New York, and a copy of his photograph. A copy of this passport, photograph, bank slip, and marriage certificate were given to special agent Wilson to be forwarded to the government handwriting expert, Mr. Saunder, Washington, D. C., who had been assigned to the Lindbergh case since the beginning. The following day he notified this department that he compared the handwritings on all these papers and found they were all written by the same person.



FEDERAL RESERVE BANK
OF NEW YORK

CASH DEPARTMENT

DEPOSITED BY

J J Faulkner 537 W 149

IN

Federal Reserve Bank of New York

NEW YORK ________ 19____

	AMOUNT
Checks	2980
Gold Crt	
11 x 20	
TOTAL	

WRITE TOTAL AMOUNT OF DEPOSIT HERE

The J. J. Faulkner deposit slip.

GEISSLER had two children by a former marriage: Carl D., who was in business with his father, and Phyllis Ann, who was married to one Henry Clay Liepold. Young Geissler came into the case on his own account when a check of his was found made payable to one Herman Halpern of 25 Almeda Street, Mount Vernon, which was the address of a store belonging to Max Halpern, to whose petty-cash drawer one of the Lindbergh ransom bills had been partially traced. His sister, Mrs. Liepold, was not tied up in any way with the Lindbergh money, but she further complicated her father's position by choosing this unfortunate time to buy a ticket for Canada under an assumed name, and thus caused Lieutenant Jimmy Finn a long and resultless quest into the Canadian wilds.

In the long run we were unable actually to connect any of these three people with the case. Continued observation of their movements and thorough questioning disclosed nothing further of a suspicious nature. Investigations conducted by special agent Frank Wilson of the Department of Justice into the income-tax records of the Geisslers, father and son, and of Henry Clay Liepold, husband of the Geissler daughter, did not indicate the possession of any unusual amount of money at any one time. In fact, there was every indication that we had reached the end of another blind alley—one more like the hundreds upon hundreds which we had already followed up to no purpose—when suddenly, through an investigation of toll calls originating from Liepold's home in White Plains, we found that at 11.08 A. M., April 7, 1933, he had sent this cryptic cablegram:

WILLIE KRIPPENDORF 33 BAVARIAN RING MUNICH GERMANY ADVISE YOU STRONGLY TAKING CHEAPEST STEAMER RATE POSSIBLE EVEN THIRD CLASS REGARDS HENRY C LIEPOLD

Seven months later Liepold committed suicide!

In the meantime we had lost no time in investigating Willie Krippendorf. Said the report:

In order to locate Krippendorf it was necessary to go to Ellis Island to check the records at the Bureau of Immigration, where it was found that a William Krippendorf first entered this country on the steamer Ventan on December 26, 1923, and left again in 1932. He is thirty-three years of age, born in Germany, weighs 155 pounds, is five feet eleven inches in height, has gray eyes and blond hair. In accordance with the cablegram above referred to, this same Krippendorf again arrived in this country, in company with his wife, Teresa, on the steamer Deutschland of the Hamburg-American Line, on May 5, 1933. Upon his arrival here he stated that he was going to live with Leo Rodel at 353-355 Tom Hunter Road, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

Then—

Investigation revealed that Krippendorf and Leo Rodel were closely associated with Ralph Hacker, 9 Crescent Avenue, Palisade Park, New Jersey, who is a son-in-law of Dr. John F. Condon.

Whew!

I use that exclamation because it will go through the mails. But it does not begin to represent what I said when I first learned that the trail of the ransom money might lead straight back to Jafsie Condon!

For Jafsie did have a son-in-law. And his name was Ralph Hacker. And he did live at 9 Crescent Avenue, Palisade Park, New Jersey.

Moreover, he had been very much concerned over the movements of John F. Condon during the negotiations for the ransom money.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: At this point in Lieutenant Finn's narrative it must be stated explicitly, even if superfluously, that neither "the trail of the ransom money" nor any other trail or clue turned out to lead to Dr. Condon or to his son-in-law, Mr. Hacker—or, for that matter, to any one else except Bruno Richard Hauptmann. As Lieutenant Finn will explain in next week's installment, it developed that the evidence in the Faulkner matter "didn't jell," and that in Mr. Hacker's association with William Krippendorf there was nothing to either man's discredit, nothing to connect either with the Lindbergh crime. The question how Dr. Condon came subsequently to enter the negotiations with the criminal—a question asked by Edward J. Reilly, chief defense counsel during the Hauptmann trial, in Liberty for October 5—will be answered by Lieutenant Finn.]

When the time came to pay the $50,000, it was Hacker who drew the plans for the wooden box in which it was delivered. When Dr. Condon wanted a cast made of the extortioner's footprint in the cemetery, it was Hacker—and not a government expert—who made the impression.

All this might be coincidence—but if it was, it was not the kind of coincidence that would be accepted in any fiction story ever written. The Lindbergh murder case was getting hot!

"Fingers" that pointed for the time being at Jafsie—and then proved misleading and worthless—will be disclosed next week. Lieutenant Finn will also make public the amazingly accurate description of the kidnaper that was built up, detail by detail, months before he captured Hauptmann. He will pay his respects to theorists who "could have broken the case sooner," and will discuss the effect of the news that the Lindbergh baby's body had been found.

10 years from now

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

Direct Obligations of the United States Government

will return $100 for every $75 invested in them today

YOU may invest a smaller amount (as little as $18.75) or a larger amount (as much as $7,500) in this form of United States Government security. Ten years from date of purchase you will receive one-third more than you invest.

If you need your money at any time after sixty days from the date of purchase, your Government will pay cash for the bonds. This cash is equal to the cost price during the first year and thereafter increases every six months until the bonds mature, when the owner receives the maximum return.

When you buy United States Savings Bonds, you can be confident in knowing that your savings, under the protection of the United States Treasury, will grow steadily after the first year.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

It is best to purchase these bonds with the thought in mind of keeping them for the full ten years. In this way you will gain most from your investment.

In your plans for the future you are, no doubt, thinking of the welfare of others as well as financial contentment for yourself. One of the safest means for accomplishing this double purpose is to buy Savings Bonds as often as you can.

BONDS ON SALE AT YOUR POST OFFICE

or, if you prefer, order by mail

Treasurer of the United States, Dept. L-I, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find check, draft or money order for—

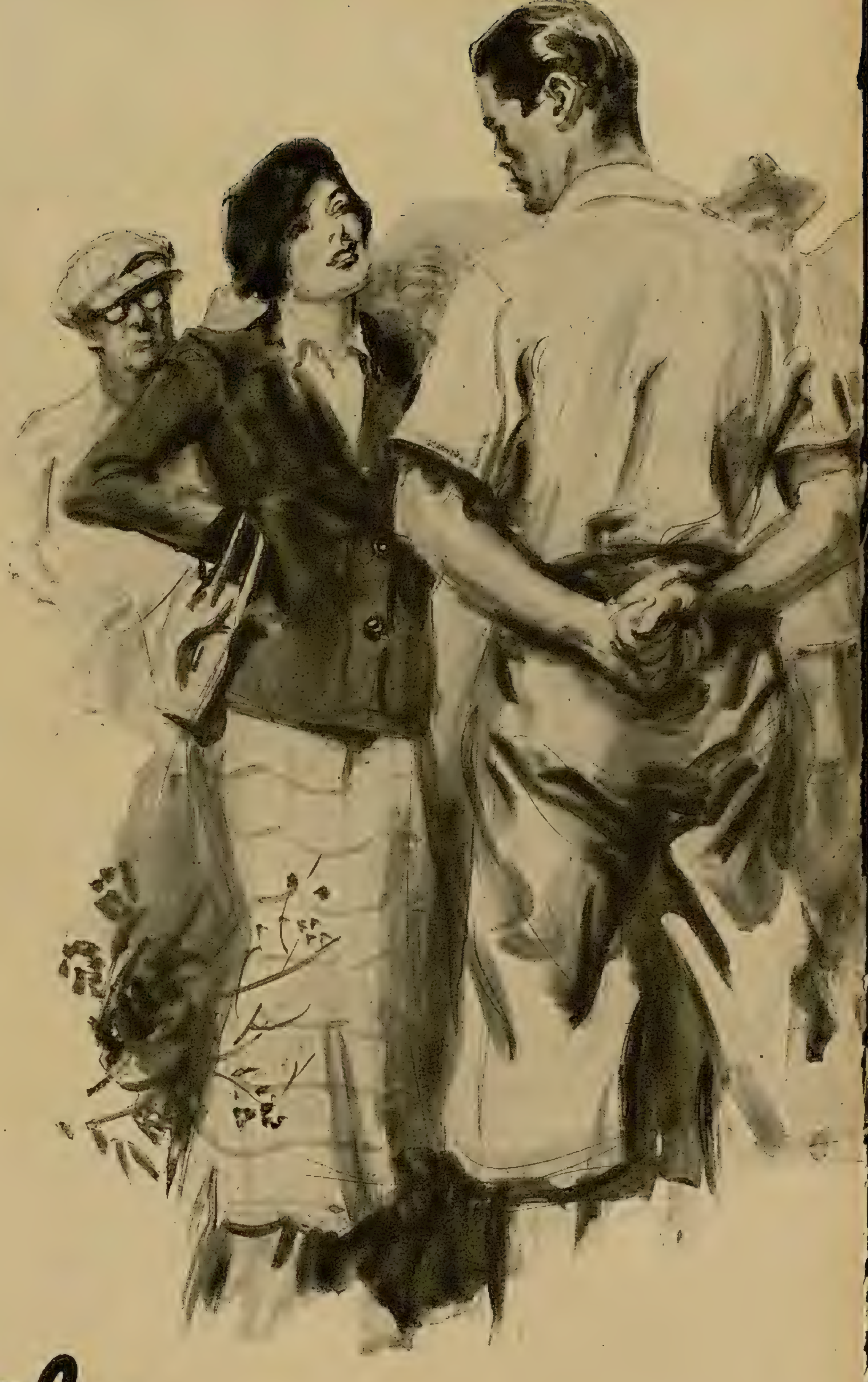
Number			
......	$25 United States Savings Bonds at	$18.75	$........
......	$50 United States Savings Bonds at	$37.50	$........
......	$100 United States Savings Bonds at	$75.00	$........
......	$500 United States Savings Bonds at	$375.00	$........
......	$1000 United States Savings Bonds at	$750.00	$........
		Total	$........

Register in the name of and send to
Name ....
Street Address ....
City .... State ....

Your personal check will be accepted, subject to collection, or you may send bank draft or money order. Do not send currency by mail. Make checks payable to Treasurer of the United States.

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Mystery Train



SUE COMPTON dashed down the marble stairs of the station, handbag in hand, caromed rapidly from a large ruddy traveler, smiled at him so delightfully that he said, " Oh, da—sorry, beautiful! " and made for a gate. A blue-uniformed official waved his arm at her menacingly, she smiled again, and he found himself letting her through. He shouldn't have, and he knew it, but one does a great many things one shouldn't when the other party concerned is as small, as blonde, as young, and as generally engaging as Sue Compton.

Another official yelped startledly as she dashed down the long platform. Sue merely ran faster pathetically. The train gathered speed. A long arm reached from the vestibule of the next-to-last car. Sue knew her moment—leaped—and was swept aboard.

" I'm awfully sorry! " she gasped. " But clocks are so nasty! They're never really on time! And I just *had* to make it! "

The young man with the gray eyes, the lean face, the knapsack, and the khaki knickerbockers rubbed his knee where the edge of Sue Compton's handbag had stricken it.

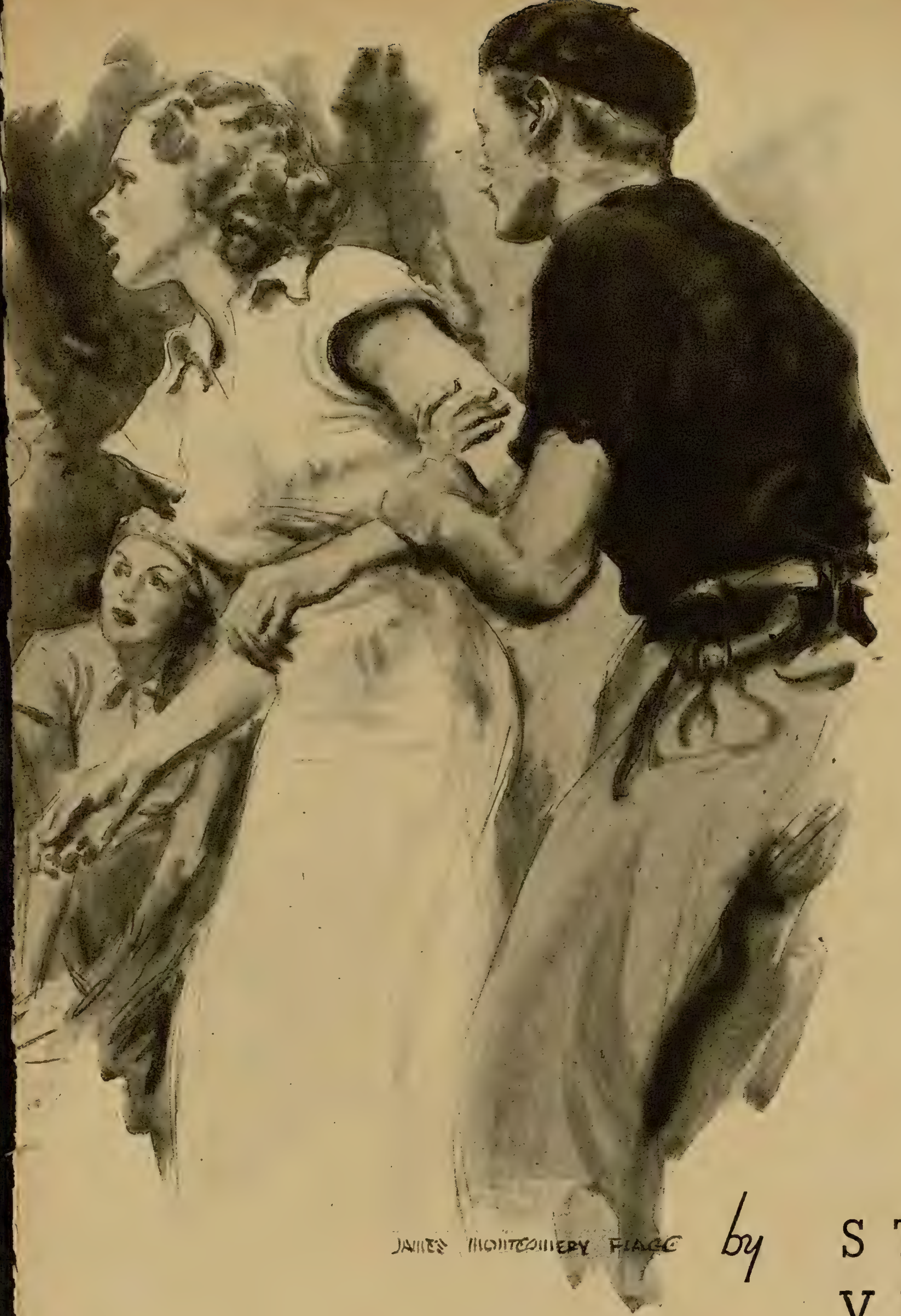
" Granted," he said a trifle bitterly. " Have you ever tried salt? You sprinkle it over the last car while the train is resting unsuspectingly in the station. And then it can't get away till you say ' Fiorello H. LaGuardia ' and spit a curve in the wind. You might try it next time." He rubbed his knee again ostentatiously.

Sue stared at him somewhat ruffled.

" I'm sorry if my bag—" she said coldly. " And of course I'm very grateful. But—"

" Don't give it another thought," said the young man politely. " After all, what's saving a life or so? I don't even wear my medals any more—just keep them in a baking-powder can for the children to cut their teeth on."

" Thank you again," said Sue firmly. " And good-by." She picked up her handbag and marched into the car, her cheeks blazing. The last car of the day coach seemed entirely full of people in hiking costume with box lunches, and she groaned to herself as she went down the aisle. However, she finally wedged herself and her handbag in the very end seat—that sideways seat in a little cubbyhole which all good railroad companies thoughtfully provide in case a pair of dwarf Siamese twins should happen to want to travel together—and sat there, glad of the air. There wasn't a Pullman on the early Saturday train—



Sue was going to do just one thing. She was going to break into the circle and tell Rita Leicester what she thought of her.

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

The Gay Story of What Happened to a Girl Who Started the Wrong Journey—and Thought It Led to Love!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

and, anyhow, a Pullman would have been an extravagance. But she hoped that a lot of people would get off at White Plains. "The great middle class may be the backbone of America," she thought to herself, "but in herds, on an October week end—well—" She sniffed.

And yet—would it be any better at Mount Bedford? Of course, if one was asked to the Leicesters', one went. And the house was perfect, and it was nice to have breakfast in bed and have Angélique press one's dresses.

She smiled a trifle sardonically. "Let's have Sue—she's always such fun. Oh, listen. Have you heard Sue's latest—when she got on the Berengaria by *mistake* and had to get off with the *pilot* in *oilskins?* Tell it, Sue!" And Sue told—and people laughed—and so one was still asked to places, instead of trying to start a hat shop or merely sinking out of sight. One might even make a good marriage in time, if one was patient. And that, too, would be a good joke—Sue's best and biggest joke.

And meanwhile one was very gay and gallant and admirable — plucky little Sue! "Plucky little Sue!" thought Sue Compton viciously. "And if we moved from that absurd apartment on Park Avenue, I could afford to take a business course. But mother never would. She still thinks I'll marry somebody like Tony Wick—she still thinks everything will go back to where it was before daddy died. And yet, what else can you do—when you've had an expensive education and rich friends all your life and yet haven't a talent for anything except keeping people amused? And I couldn't do that on the stage, and I've sense enough to know it."

She stole a glance down the car. It was going to be a big house party at the Leicesters'—they'd expect some new hilarious Sue Compton stories. That was how you paid for your supper—and the dresses that Rita bought to give away. Well, almost missing the train would make a good start, and that rude young man in the knickerbockers. As she looked, she caught his eye —he was sitting at the other end of the car now with a large perspiring family party, and he smiled agreeably and rubbed his knee. And that was a little too much, even for a story.

When the conductor came—and he was coming now—she'd ask him if there weren't any vacant seats in the coaches ahead.

"Mount Bedford—one way," she said to the conductor. No use getting a return—Rita or somebody would probably motor her back.

The conductor smiled.

"Wrong guess," he said cheerfully. "Ticket, please."

She stared at him, somewhat taken aback.

"*Wrong guess?*"

"Oh, a good many try to catch us," said the conductor, "but we're strictly forbidden to tell till the train stops."

Sue Compton felt her brain reel.

"Are you really a conductor," she said earnestly, "or is everything quite, quite mad? Oh, great heavens! Don't tell me I'm on the wrong train!"

"Well, miss," said the conductor doubtfully, "if you *really* want to go to Mount Bedford, I'm afraid—"

"I knew it!" said Sue. "I knew it when I broke the mirror this morning! Oh, well, give me a ticket to White Plains or wherever you stop first—I can telephone from there."

The conductor, for a conductor, looked curiously embarrassed.

"Sorry, miss," he said. "But you see, we don't stop anywhere. Not until we reach our secret destination," he added proudly.

"No, *I'm* mad," said Sue in a whisper, her eyes very wide; "stark, staring mad in the middle of the morning. I'm mad, and you're Dr. Fu-Manchu. And in a minute I'll scream."

"I wouldn't," said the voice of the young man in the khaki knickerbockers. "Just relax. Mr. Wing is quite right. You see—ahem, miss—this is a mystery train."

"A mystery train?" said Sue weakly, looking into his gray eyes.

"Exactly. Very popular in Europe. Starting here. Runs every Saturday. You buy ticket—destination unknown but guaranteed full of scenic beauty, like Niagara Falls. You get there—big surprise!—spend long happy day, hike, picnic, commune with nature, play games, admire the autumn leaves. Excitement. Mystery. Adventure. Cheerful associates. Community singing. Return to the city in the twilight. All the fun of ordinary family picnic with none of its disadvantages. Season ticket, good for all summer, if desired. Magnificent concept."

"A MYSTERY train," repeated Sue Compton dully. "A long happy day, with sandwiches. *Are we going to Niagara Falls?* Falls are so chilly when it's fall."

"Not this trip," said the young man, grinning. "Though I'm afraid I can't tell you where."

"I'll yell," said Sue. "I'll pull the emergency signal. I'll—"

"Tut-tut," said the young man seriously. "Temper."

She gazed into his grave lean face and burst suddenly into helpless laughter.

"Oh, all right," she said. "All right. It's the old Compton banshee working. I should have known. I suppose I *can* get off when we *do* stop? And get to Mount Bedford somehow?"

"Oh, much better stay with us," said the young man carelessly. "Very unhealthy climate, Mount Bedford. Full of beagles and millionaires. By the way—may I introduce myself? Joe Slade, assistant cruise director for Mystery Tours. Satisfied clients," he added reflectively, "often refer to the man in their wills as Honest Joe. But I'm afraid you will have to buy a ticket. We only carry ex-Presidents on the cuff."

"I can see why they call this Wild Mountain," said Sue feebly some hours later, as a red-leafed branch lashed across her face. "Even the trees are hostile. But aren't we ever going to get to the top?"

"It wouldn't seem nearly so high," said Joe Slade, regarding her sternly from a bend in the winding trail, "if you'd only worn sensible clothes." He regarded her sports suit with distaste. "No doubt well adapted for one of our better golf courses," he said, "but for real hiking —well, that Mandelbaum girl's outfit is the berries."

Sue Compton's mouth opened—and shut again. She had yearned, it seemed to her, for hours to tell Joe Slade, assistant cruise director, exactly what she thought of him and his ridiculous Mystery Tours; of the people who took such trips, from their physique to their garments; of the soft-ball game and the singing, unweariedly organized by Joe Slade; of the coffee provided by Mystery Tours; and of the style and pattern of Miss Shirley Mandelbaum's shorts. But it would keep. It would keep. It would make a great Sue Compton story—one of her best. She could hear Rita laughing already. But if they ever got to the top of this infernal mountain, she would also tell a few home truths to Joe Slade.

BUT when they did reach the top, the hardy band that had followed Joe Slade flopped down as one man on the short grass and the rocks, and Sue found herself flopping too. It was, she admitted, a View which lay before them. Far below the blue snake of the Hudson wound its way between flame-tinted enchanted hills. In spite of her fatigue, Sue clasped her hands about her knees and sat staring like a child.

"Not bad," said the voice of Joe Slade. He extended one of a number of pink-wrapped sticks that he seemed to be distributing. "Gum?" he said.

"How nasty!" said Sue Compton. "No."

"You'd better," said Joe Slade cheerfully. "No water up this far. And it starts the saliva flowing."

At the mere mention of water Sue found herself suddenly and appallingly thirsty. She hadn't chewed gum since she was twelve. But she took the limp stick obediently. Yes, it did help.

"How did you know?" she said with some wonder.

Joe Slade grinned. "Oh, just one of the old woodsman's handy remedies."

He raised his eyes. Miss Mandelbaum was sprawled in a girlish posture a little too near the edge of the cliff for Sue to regard her with any comfort.

"Miss Mandelbaum," said Joe Slade quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Slade?"

"If you'll try that patch over there," said Joe Slade, and pointed, "there are four common North American wild flowers that you can identify within a very short radius. I know you're interested—and if you draw one, I'll sign your notebook."

"Oh, you bettee, Mr. Slade," said Miss Mandelbaum eagerly, and removed herself from the cliff edge to the safe spot Joe Slade had pointed out.

"Magnificent," said Sue Compton with a chuckle.

"Well, you've got to be tactful," said Joe Slade. "And most people are pretty good sports."

"And I've been kicking and screaming all day," said Sue Compton. "What about me?"

"Oh, you weren't so bad," said Joe Slade. "Of course" —and he chuckled again—"you were a little shy at first. But you nearly got a hit in the soft-ball game, and you kept that Wilkins boy from eating the poison ivy. In fact, you were quite a help—for a first trip. And I haven't heard you ask about telephoning Mount Bedford in some time—"

"I had a hit, but you called it a foul!" said Sue indignantly. "And I may not know an oak from an elm, but I do know poison ivy! And anyway, you said the wires to Mount Bedford were down—"

"So I did," said Joe Slade with another chuckle. He glanced at his wrist watch and his expression changed. "All right, folks," he said cheerfully. "One long stretch to get the old muscles working and then—well, that hot coffee's going to taste awfully good when we get back to it! Yes, Mrs. Pepper, that's a nice little piece of quartz —I'll be glad to carry it in my knapsack for you. No, Mr. Watrous—no poisonous snakes on Wild Mountain. Mr. Jessup, will you help with cigarette policing—you remember our little talk about fire in the woods. And now —'There's a long, long trail—'"

"And if I hadn't done it I wouldn't believe it," thought Sue Compton sleepily, in bed at the Leicesters'. "And Rita would howl. They'd all howl. It's a great Sue Compton story. So why didn't I tell it?"

She couldn't think why. She had told a good one, instead, to explain her belated arrival by hired Ford at the Leicesters'. But they'd have laughed even more over the truth. Except that, queerly enough, it had been fun, going singing down the mountain. You didn't want to spoil it. And Miss Mandelbaum had wrung her hand and said, "Hope to meetcha next trip." And the train, or Joe Slade, or somebody—had—a—knapsack—and—gray—eyes. . . .

"Well?" said Joe Slade belligerently. "You would be late. Can't I ever teach you the value of time?"

Sue Compton stared at him a moment.

SUE COMPTON

"You always look so different without your knapsack. It takes me a while to get used to it."

It was the thirteenth lunch they had had together in the midtown cafeteria. And thirteen was an unlucky number. Because, after this, there weren't going to be any more.

Winter was over—tomorrow the mystery train would resume its normal course. They had run it as a sports train during the winter, and that had been fun. She'd even helped a little with the skiing. Now Joe had great plans for the spring. But she wouldn't be there to see it. She'd be on the Leicester yacht. It was a marvelous invitation—down through the Canal and a sun-bathed six months in the South Seas. And Tony Wick might be coming, Rita said, adding, with one of Rita's small feline scratches, "And of course a yacht's the best place in the world for—propinquity or anything, my dear." And mother was in the seventh heaven. But—

Sue stared at the lean winter-tanned face across the table. It hurt, but it was just as well. She wasn't going to have him insulted by mother or snubbed by Rita Leicester, or any of the things that would happen if they went on. And, least of all, was she going to have him find out that the efficient Sue Compton—the Sue Compton he'd called a good sport when she'd captained the red toboggan—was merely an empty-headed little parasite who buttered her bread by amusing her rich friends. To keep him from finding out, she had invented a mythical Sue Compton—a private secretary with heavy responsibilities whose one diversion was riding the mystery train. But that couldn't last any longer—he was beginning to ask embarrassing questions. Oh, the whole thing was unfair! She should never have gone in the first place. She should never have climbed Wild Mountain. To put it as succinctly as possible, she should never have been born.

"YOU'RE not eating," said Joe Slade indignantly. "And what'd I tell you about eating? Girls—business girls especially—never have any sense about their lunches—"

"It's so cold. I mean it's so hot," said Sue Compton with a pallid smile. "Go on, Joe—you were telling me—"

"Well—" said Joe Slade, slightly mollified. "Did you read those books I gave you about the Youth Movement in Europe?" he demanded with a scowl.

"Y-yes, Joe."

"Well, that's the point," said Joe Slade. "We're going to have one over here. And a big one. We've started it." He went into enthusiastic details of the plan. "Oh, well, I sound goofy, I guess," he finished, smiling.

"No, you don't," said Sue Compton. "You sound— oh, it's true! And nobody ever thought of it!"

"*We* have," said Joe Slade and she felt a queer stab at her heart. He leaned across the table. "Which brings me to our next item," he said. "I didn't want to tell you till we had things sewed up. But—we've gone pretty well through the winter, and now we're ready to branch out. Of course you'd have to work," he said sternly, "and it wouldn't be any cinch. Well, you've seen what it was like on the trips. Oh, Lord," he said, "I'm saying this all the wrong way! But—well—two people who were sort of partners—"

"I—" said Sue Compton dizzily, "I—"

He regarded her.

"You don't have to say anything now," he said quietly. "I'm not going to ask you to marry me over a tomato sandwich. But fair warning's fair warning. And—"

SUE COMPTON, in the shelter of her room, wrote "Dear Joe" on a piece of letter paper, looked at it and tore it up. She then wrote "Dear Mr. Slade: I can't tell you how deeply I appreciate—" and tore that up as well. She then sighed deeply and wished that lightning from heaven would strike her. But it never did when one wished.

The telephone rang. It was Rita. "Oh, yes, dear," she cooed, "I'd be glad to come tomorrow. Calling for me in the car? How swell! And it's a surprise party? Rita, that sounds divine! Where are we going—Coney Island—is it open yet? Your voice sounds very Coney Islandish. Oh, well, if it's a deep dark secret—"

She hung up the receiver at last. Tomorrow. And tomorrow Joe Slade would be on the mystery train, and Mr. Jessup in his plaid cap, and the new ones, a little shy on the first spring hike of the year at first, but warming later under Joe Slade's magnetic spell. And he'd be expecting her and—

And the only way was a clean break. Before he found out who she was and started to despise her. She wouldn't even write a letter—let him hate her instead. And sometimes, perhaps, when he was married to a nice girl—

"Oh, dammit, stop bawling, Sue Compton! What kind of a fool are you?" . . .

"So this is Rita's big surprise!" said Tony Wick jovially. "A jaunt with our soldier citizens on a mystery train! Come on, Sue—this is going to be fun!"

He propelled a silent but hopeless Sue along the long station platform, the rest of the Leicester party marching jocundly behind. It was too late to faint, thought Sue; too late to run away; too late to do anything. She should have known when the car swung into the station. But, in her worst nightmares, she had never imagined anything like this.

Tony Wick was chatting pleasantly but she did not hear him. Through the tail of her eye she caught a glimpse of some of the old reliables from last October—Mr. Jessup in his plaid cap, Mrs. Pepper, the Schnabel boy. She passed them with a stony face. They were getting on the train. "Oh, Lord," prayed Sue internally, "don't let Joe be here. Let him have measles. Let him break his leg. Let anything happen that won't hurt him badly—but don't let him be on the train! I know just how this is going to be."

It was. The Leicester party was extremely gay and united. It wasn't so much what they did. It was the manner, the tone. In the presence of the Leicester party, suddenly the whole mystery train seemed crude and futile and an imitation. The Leicester party condescended elegantly—and the March sun was hot, the March wind cold, the hike boring, the coffee bitter. Miss Mandelbaum no longer attempted to identify North American wild flowers—her eyes were fixed in sullen envy on Rita Leicester's perfectly cut tweeds. Mr. Jessup had taken off his plaid cap and crammed it in his pocket. He marched along indignantly, his bald head exposed to the raw winds. Even over the three giggling girls—there were always three giggling girls on every hike—a strange pall had fallen. Some one toward the rear of the party struck up The Man on the Flying Trapeze. But the Leicester party took it up vociferously—and pretty soon the Leicester party was singing alone.

“Are our worthy friends always as mumchance as this?” said Tony Wick, falling into step with Sue. Mumchance was a word of the year—a word of the Leicesters'. And Sue Compton ought to say something very amusing in answer.

“I don't know,” she said miserably.

“Hope we'll have a lecture on nature lore from our friend, Daniel Boone, up in front,” said Tony, his eyes bright with amusement. “Rita says they often do. It must be good clean fun. I say, Sue, you're not looking too vigorous. Want to turn back? Rita ordered the cars for five at the station—but they're bringing mine along a little early.”

“Oh, no—no, thanks, Tony. I'm all right—and Rita would have fits if we left her,” said Sue. Hours ago she would have jumped at a chance of escape, even with Tony Wick. But nothing mattered now. Joe hadn't even spoken to her since that horrible moment in the train when she'd tried to get him alone and explain, and he'd just said, “Quite so, Miss Compton. You have quite a large party, haven't you?” As if he didn't even know her. Or didn't like what he knew.

She saw blue through trees—the lake. The Leicester party bounded toward it with sportive cries. Somebody—Dickie Fife—trod heavily upon Mrs. Pepper's foot and apologized with exaggerated gallantry. Sue felt something burn in her throat. “Please—Tony—” she said. She simply couldn't stand it any longer.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET *was born in Bethlehem, Pa., in 1898, and was graduated from Yale at twenty-one. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1929 for his work, John Brown's Body. For it he also received the Medal of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. He has written several novels.*

She was somewhere quite far away from the rest of them. In fact she was behind a large damp pine tree with Tony Wick. And, for some reason or other, she seemed to be crying on his shoulder.

She hadn't meant to cry on his shoulder, but it seemed to be all right. And Tony was being very decent about it. He was patting her back and saying, “Here, here,” and the things people always said.

SHE blew her nose violently on Tony Wick's handkerchief, gave a last gulp, and smiled through her tears.

“Thanks, Tony. I—I'm terribly sorry I made such an ass of myself.”

“Oh, that's all right,” said Tony understandingly. “And if it's anything serious—well, could a fellow help?”

“Oh—it's kind of hopeless,” said Sue. “But thanks all the same. Tony, you're a dear.”

“Same to you,” said Tony comfortably. “Wouldn't care to make it a permanent arrangement—shoulder to lean on, I mean? No? Well—worth asking. And, Sue—if you ever change your mind—”

“I'm—I'm honored, Tony. Honestly. And I wish I could. But it's no.”

“Well,” said Tony, regarding the lake—“friends anyway. And if a fellow—”

“You see,” said Sue, “I'm so mixed up—I—” She stopped and glanced at the circle back by the lake. “Tony! What are they doing?” she said in quite a different voice.

“Well,” said Tony comfortably, as he also looked, “it looks as if they were taking our young friend Kit Carson for a ride. Not quite fair of Rita,” he went on, shaking his head, “but Rita doesn't care what she says when she's bored.”

“Come on!” said Sue violently.

“Hey, where's the fire?” said Tony protestingly. But he came.

And as they reached the edge of the circle, Sue understood. In the center of the circle of sprawling figures stood Joe Slade. He was answering, very courteously, the questions that Rita Leicester was asking in her slightly drawling voice. But the line of his jaw was hard and there was a tenseness in the air. They were not impossible questions—that was the trouble. But they were Rita's act—Sue had seen Rita do it before to bores and people whom she considered bores. And the end was devastating. The faces of the Leicester party were grave as they listened—but already Sue saw Tom Leicester's shoulders tremble and Dickie Fife unobtrusively hide his mouth behind a handkerchief.

“But about the—er—dear little petals, Mr. Slade?” said Rita Leicester brilliantly. “You've told us *just* where they are on the dear little arbutus. But I'm so stupid—*would* you mind telling us again?”

There was a strangled snort from Dickie Fife. Sue saw red mist in front of her. She tugged violently at Tony's restraining arm. She was going to do just one thing. She was going to break into the center of the circle and tell Rita Leicester what she thought of her. And then, very probably, she was going to slap Rita Leicester's mocking face.

BUT just at that moment, and before Joe Slade had a chance to reply, Mr. Jessup rose from the sprawling figures on the ground. He was old and ungainly and his bald spot flamed red with windburn. And yet, somehow, he had an odd dignity as he walked between Joe Slade and Rita Leicester.

“I guess that's about enough, lady,” he said to Rita. “I guess you've had your fun.” He cleared his throat. “Funny,” he said. “Some folks just can't act decent. You take 'em to a nice place or on a nice trip and they just naturally mess it up.” He turned to the others who were not of the Leicester party. “Some of us have been coming on these trips since last year about every Saturday,” he said, “and we've always had a good time. We appreciate Mr. Slade and all he's done for us. We appreciate his telling us lots of things we wouldn't have known. Well, I say, we appreciate him. And if any one wants to make fun of his telling us things—or of answering smarty questions polite and like a gentleman when anybody could tell they're fool questions and meant to annoy—well, we don't think much of those people. Mr. Slade, he can't answer 'em back, but I can—I've paid for my ticket—and I'm doing it. We're with you, Mr. Slade. And now I guess we might start back to the train.”

There was a burst of indignant hand clapping, and, over it, Rita's cool, “Oh, dear, Tom! I feel horribly snubbed!” and her tinkling laugh. But most of the Leicester party sat rather still.

Joe Slade looked down at his wrist watch.

“I'm afraid Mr. Jessup is right,” he said quietly, “about getting back to the train. Please see your cigarettes are extinguished—you remember our little talk about fire in the woods. And then we'll start.”

“Joe! Joe Slade!” said Sue desperately. But Joe Slade, assistant cruise director, was already looking beyond her to the rainy homeward trail.

At the end of many day coaches there is the sideways seat that a thoughtful railway company has built in case a pair of dwarf Siamese twins should happen to want to travel together. It is not the most comfortable of seats—and apt to be chilly on a cool March night on the last car of a train. But the chilliness mattered little to Sue Compton. By craning her neck uncomfortably, she could see the steel rails click back into the night from the speeding train, and that was all that she seemed to care to do.

In the body of the car they were singing—she could hear Mr. Jessup's cracked old tenor wavering on the high notes. She wished she were in there with them, but she couldn't be. She was a pariah, an outcast. An outcast, indeed, from both worlds. She had not slapped Rita's face, but she had spoken to Rita on the trail coming back. Well, at any rate, she wouldn't have to go on the yacht now—that was one consolation.

And then she had sneaked aboard the train from the wrong side of the tracks and watched, crouched in her cubbyhole, while the Leicester party left, in its limousines, for Mount Bedford.

They hadn't even played fair, she thought dully; they'd found out where the train was going and ordered the cars to meet them. But Joe had kept the others from booing as they left, and that was decent of Joe.

Nobody had seen her board the train and nobody had seen her since, except the conductor. And she would be able, somehow, to get off without Joe's seeing her—even if she had to stay on the train till it went to the yards. And after that—well, a business course, in spite of anything mother said. She could earn her own living somehow. She mightn't be the amusing Sue Compton, doing it. But she'd be real—not a dummy that walked and talked to make other people laugh.

A broad back and a pair of khaki knickerbockers suddenly blotted the steel rails from her view.

She didn't look up—it was no use to look up. Then the angle of the back shifted.

He didn't start or say "You!" she noticed with relief. He merely said, "Where's your ticket? Oh, yes—they did pay for returns."

SHE said, "Why aren't you in there with the other people? They're singing. You—you always used to sing too."

"Why aren't you in the canary-colored roadster with the Duke of Mount Bedford?" he said grimly. "That's your habitat."

"Tony Wick?" she said. She spoke rapidly. "You idiot!" she said. "I'm not rich. Or swell. Just shabby-genteel. And a parasite. And sick of it. That's why I made up all those stories. Because I didn't want you to know. And Tony asked me to marry him and I won't. And I didn't know we were coming on this ghastly trip. And then I tried to explain, but you wouldn't let me. You just got pretty North Woods about it. And the very handbag I've got is Rita's old one—"

"Look out!" he said. "You're throwing it out of the window!"

"I mean to. And I'd have slapped her face, if Mr. Jessup—and I told her anyway. And you won't like the rest of the family, except my brother George. He got out five years ago and started as a telephone lineman. And he's swell. And do I have to do all the talking?"

But by that time there were two people in the space which the thoughtful railway company had provided for a pair of Siamese twins. "'O-o-oh—He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,'" sang Mr. Jessup's cracked tenor from the body of the car.

"Your knapsack's bumpy," sighed Sue Compton comfortably, "but it's nice to float through the air."

THE END

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One of the few houses that seemed certain to be finished before snowfall. Standing in the doorway is Mr. Doherty.

PALMER
POST OFFICE
GENERAL STORE

The postoffice and general store at Palmer, which the colonists call Valley City. It's the headquarters camp.

I LIVED WITH THE

The Truth About America's Most Notable Experiment in Colonization—A Vivid and Outspoken Eye-Witness Story from One Who Was Sent by Liberty to Get the Facts

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TWO men bore the little box into the half-finished recreation hall, where rough planks laid crossways over a couple of paint-stained and whittled sawhorses awaited it. They put it down gently and stepped back, that the minister and the mourners might come near.

The minister closed his book and raised his voice in song. Men, women, and children, many of them weeping, joined in with him, flooding the plain with nostalgic melody that echoed, half heard, against the mountains that fenced in the cloudy sky:

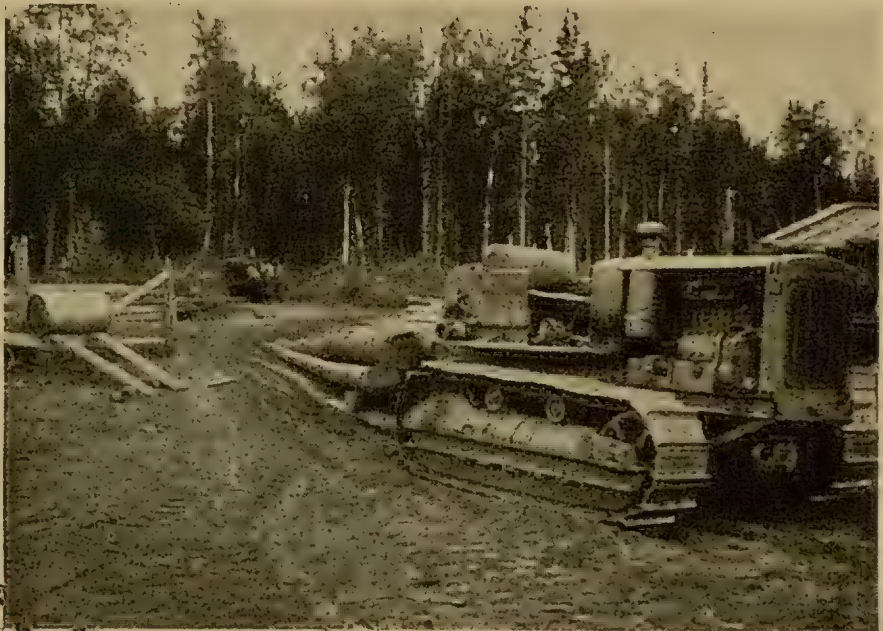
> " Goin' home, goin' home—
> I'm agoin' home."

It was William Arms Fisher's song written for the music of Anton Dvorak's New World Symphony.

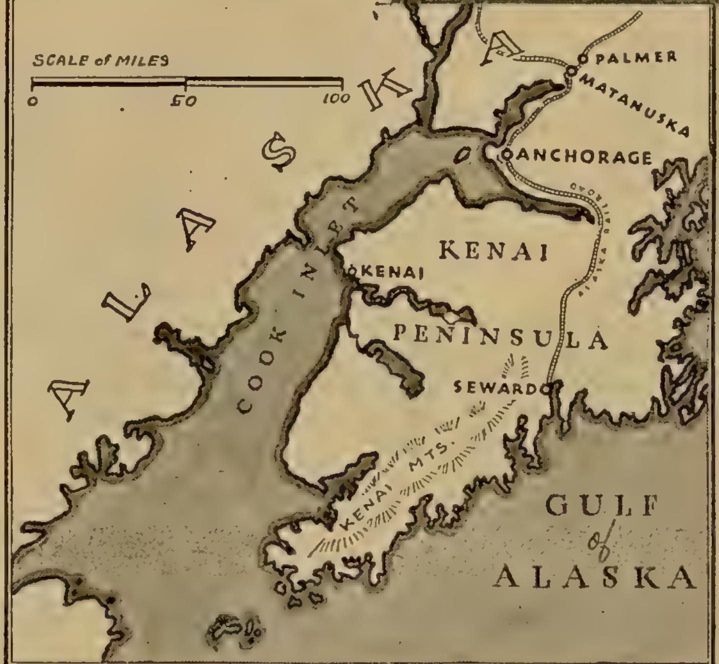
The singers crowded about the box on its unorthodox altar. Two men had stayed up all the night before, making that little box, measuring pieces of fir, sawing, hammering, planing, while rain drummed on their tent. In the morning some women of the camp had lined it with pieces of silk and satin, with memories of weddings and christenings and gay times of long-gone days beyond these bleak Alaskan horizons.

> " Quiet like, some still day,
> I'm jes' goin' home.
> It's not far, jes' close by,
> Through an open door."

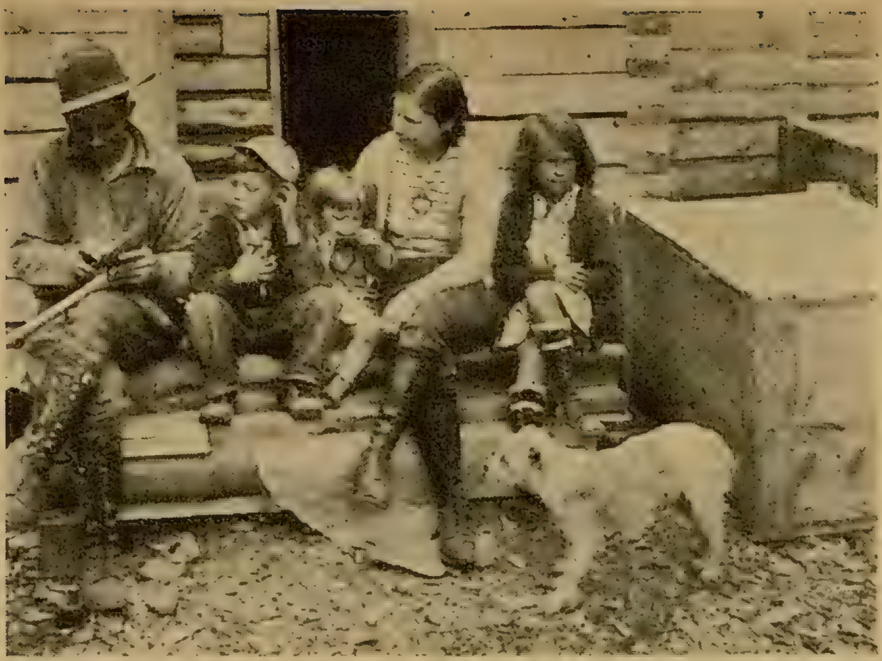
The box smelled of the forests from which it came, and of the wild flowers heaped upon it, and the dust that blew across it.



A tractor on the job as logs are hauled for housebuilding.



The "lay of the land," showing the rail connection of Palmer and Matanuska with Seward. One car makes this round trip daily. There are no automobile roads.



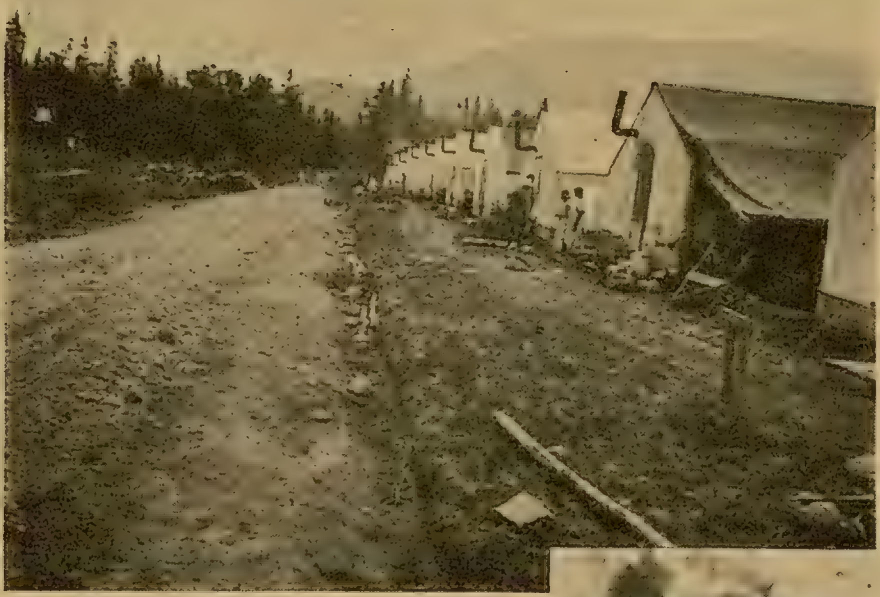
The first house ready and its occupants, the Olmsteads. Colonists finished this one with such tools as they had.

The mountains, the mere sight of which seemed unbearable till help arrived, as they look from one of the colonies.

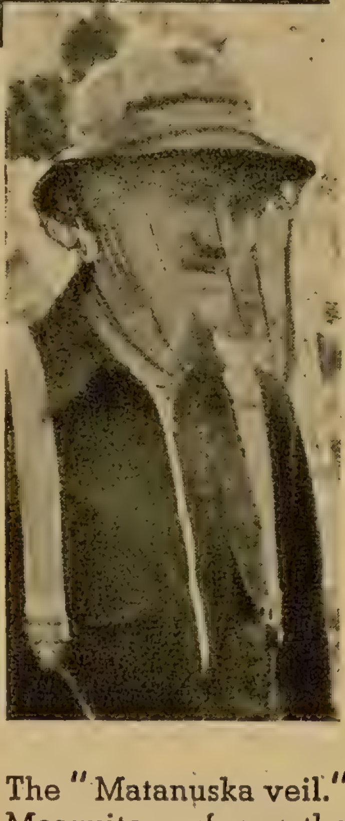
ALASKAN PILGRIMS

by EDWARD DOHERTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



A street of tents. Can families winter in these if they have to?



The "Matanuska veil." Mosquitoes force the men to keep them on.

One of Carr's police, who had to keep tabs on transient workers.

The wind covered everything and everybody with dust, the fine dust of the Matanuska Valley, swirling in over the unfinished rough-board walls of the hall. People coughed, blinked, rubbed their eyes, dug their fingers into their ears, turned their heads.

A wan tired sunlight slanted in on the homemade coffin and the tired thin faces of the mourners. At least, the light seemed tired. It had been shining all day long, day after day. Even last night, when it rained, and people went into the hospital tent to look for the last time on the white face of the child—with the flickering blue lights shining on it from behind the isinglass windows of the stove—the sun had been shining, painting rainbows on the clouds.

The recreation hall rested on a little hill in the center of the headquarters camp. There were swings for children near by, and a row of tents for officials. Below and to the left were the tents of the colonists, standing in straight rows, smoke eddying out of bent metal chimneys. To the right were the tents and the wooden buildings of the administration—men and women sent out from Washington to help the colony; the mess hall; the building used by the Signal Corps; piles of supplies; beds and stoves; crates and boxes of machinery; heaps of chimneys—vast quantities of everything set down without regard to order, uncovered, exposed to the dust or the rain.

Directly in front were the railroad tracks, lines of old red boxcars, flatcars full of new trucks, full of new lumber; and, beyond, acres and acres of brush, forests of spruce and birch and poplar and cottonwood and willow and fir, and farther on the snow-covered mountains and the gleam of Knik Glacier, a river of blue-white ice that caught a ray of the sun.

The services ended. The little box was carried out to a truck. The flowers were heaped about it. The truck moved off, going slowly, and the mourners followed on foot, picking a careful way through the brush.

The grave had been dug in a clearing approximately five hundred feet from the edge of the camp. The box was lowered into it while the minister, the Rev. J. B. Bingle, prayed aloud. Rich black loam was shoveled over it and heaped into a tiny mound.

And Donald Henry Koenen, four-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koenen, formerly of South Range, Wisconsin, had found his permanent home—the first home made by the American colonists in Alaska.

A man coming back from the funeral paused and shook his fist at the mountains.

Many were sick. There was only one doctor, and he had a district of sixty square miles and no auto of his own. Like every one else, he must wait for a truck to come along and give him a lift.

Little children lay on cots in humid tents, and fretted and cried while mothers and fathers and big sisters fanned them and kept the mosquitoes away and prayed for the doctor to hurry. Transient workers with crushed fingers and blistered feet and broken heads cursed and smoked and made bawdy jokes, and waited for the doctor. Men and women ill with rheumatism complained, played solitaire, wrote long letters home, and wondered when the doctor would get around to them.

The rain fell; the dust blew; it was hot by day, cold by night; the mosquitoes never let one alone; the darkness never came; and when the doctor arrived he could stay but for a few minutes. There was always somebody else waiting for him.

This was no country to die in, this strange, primitive, cold and lonely land—this valley shut in by those austere impassable snow-covered peaks.

It was the mountains one could not endure. They hemmed one in, especially if one were sick or the father of sick children. They smothered one, chilled him, frightened him. They were beautiful, yes—at first—with their dazzling white summits that turned to red and pink and mauve and gray and blue with the dying sun. But one got over their beauty after a time, and saw only their grimness. And they were symbols of the land—this land where the colonists were set down with their families, their household goods, everything that was theirs.

Why, in the name of God, had they been sent here? To be trapped by those mountains? To freeze in tents? To die while the hard-pressed doctor tarried? Why?

For millions and millions of years those mountains had stood there, barring the way, guarding the valley, changing it, sending rivers of ice down to make gorges in the rock, to make hills and depressions in the plain, to make rivers and lakes and swamps.

SNOW covered them eternally. Some of it melted in summer and formed lakes in back of the glaciers. The water cut through the bases of the glaciers. The sun attacked from above. In August, usually, the glaciers broke with a mighty roar and freed the lakes they had dammed, and tons and tons of water plowed down into the valleys, bringing great blocks of ice, great quantities of rock and earth and gravel, and sometimes great quantities of gold and other minerals.

The floods subsided, leaving acres of rock and gravel and sand and silt; and the winds came and sent the silt and sand flying everywhere, to make black loam, to make fertile land, to cover the valleys with trees, with brush, with wild flowers.

Millions of years these mountains had been altering the surface of the Matanuska Valley—with no man to defy them, and none to take advantage of the rich soil they had made. Some men had lived in the valley hundreds of years ago—Indians who had given it its name, Matanuska—Muddy Waters. The town and the valley take the name from the river. The Indians had gone and left no trace. White men had come, a few of them, packing their supplies on their backs, to build log cabins, to stay for a few months or a few years, to trap, to hunt, to fish, to look for gold. But it was only recently they had come to make a living from the soil.

And now here was a little army of Americans come to fight the wilderness, the long days, the hordes of mosquitoes, the unchanging mountains. Here they were, comparable to the Israelites in the land of Canaan.

It was a brave adventure—at first.

It was a rich land. It would grow almost anything. The season was not long, but the sun shone twenty hours a day or more, and there was plenty of rain. It wasn't too hot in summer, and it seldom got any colder than thirty below zero in winter. It was virgin country. It was carpeted with moss. There was no frost until one dug very deep. It was covered with brush, with trees, with lush vegetation. Some of it had never felt the blade of the plow nor the tread of a man.

Millions and millions of years it had waited, growing richer and richer every year—waited for men to come and make themselves a living if they dared.

It had been a gay adventure, for most of these people were poor farmers. They had done their best, but they hadn't managed to make much of a living back home. Here they would have forty-acre tracts, houses with running water, barns, wells, livestock, all the supplies they needed, and government advice and help in growing and marketing their crops. Moreover, they would be extended credit, and they would have thirty years in which to pay for what they obtained.

THEY had come eagerly across the continent, along the long trek by water and up the railroad from Seward. And here they were, dumped into rows of little tents with all their possessions, set down on a dusty wind-swept plain—and apparently forgotten!

There were inadequate supplies. There were no houses, no barns, no churches, no schools. They had to fetch water from the community wells. Work that should have been done before they arrived hadn't been started. Supplies that should have been there couldn't be found. They were confused. No one seemed to know who was in charge. No one could tell what was what.

The feeling of adventure had faded when the first child took sick.

And now one of the kids had died.

There were tears of hopelessness and rage in the eyes of the man who shook his fist at the mountains—tears and dust. He pulled down his mosquito veil, stumbled through the brush and the rocks and the dust into camp, into his tent. Two of his children lay there burning with fever, asking for the doctor.

Most of the men in this region wear the "Matanuska veil"—a band of black netting you can pull down around your head. It circles the average man's hat when not in use. I never saw one on a woman. Apparently only the men go veiled. They look very coy peering through that black mesh. But veils are needed especially in the woods, for the mosquitoes nest in the moss. And there are miles and miles of moss.

In Seward they say you can always tell a Matanuska mosquito because it has a spot as big as a dime on each wing. This is probably an exaggeration, since I never found any spots on a mosquito's wing, though I saw plenty of the pests.

Two more children died in the next few weeks, and more than a hundred persons were sick. Dr. E. E. Ostrom could stand the strain no longer. He called up Dr. J. H. Romig of Anchorage and begged for aid.

Anchorage is about thirty-five miles away from the headquarters camp at Palmer, or Valley City, as the colonists renamed it. A branch line of the Alaska Railway, owned and operated by the United States government, runs between the two localities. One car, driven by a Diesel motor, makes the round trip daily. There are no automobile roads. One was started out of Anchorage some time ago, but it has only reached Eklutna, the home of the Indian School. Some time next year it may be cut through all the way to Palmer.

"For God's sake," Dr. Ostrom said, "come up and help me, or send somebody up here. There are a dozen children sick—very sick. They may die if I can't get help. I need at least one more doctor, and I need nurses."

Even as he talked a special train had pulled in from Seward, bearing S. R. Fuller of New York and his party. They had come to Alaska on the Coast Guard cutter Shoshone. They had been sent by President Roosevelt, after Eugene Carr, commissioner in charge of the camp, had asked for reinforcements.

Dr. Romig hurried down to the depot to meet Mr. Fuller, who called two of his party into consultation, Dr. R. G. Davis of the United States Navy, and Dr. J. R. Murdock of the United States Public Health Service.

"Dr. Ostrom must have whatever help we can give him," Fuller said. "You can get nurses?"

"Yes. We have a good hospital here. And I can send a doctor up there, too, Dr. E. C. Albrecht. A young man, but a good doctor. I'll send them up tomorrow."

"Today," said Fuller.

"There's no train out until tomorrow morning."

"Why don't you put them on this train?"

"Impossible—unless you wait several hours. I must get some supplies ready to go up with them."

"Then hire a special train. You must get there tonight."

The Fuller train pulled out a few minutes later.

Drs. Davis and Murdock visited a number of tents in the headquarters camp, and then visited other camps—thumbing their way. They were astounded at what they found—the many sick, the prevailing despair, the hopelessness, the bitterness.

"CHEER up," they said. "Your kids won't die. We're going to build a hospital. We'll take care of everybody. Wrap up that child and get him ready to travel. There'll be a hospital to take him to before morning!"

They toured the entire valley looking for a hospital site. Some one suggested the dance hall in the town of Matanuska. The doctors hurried there. They shook their heads. The building was inadequate and the town is in the glacier-flood zone.

"How about the recreation hall?" asked Commissioner Eugene "Watch-Out-for-the" Carr.

Within half an hour every available carpenter in the camp was at work, and many of the colonists. Within six hours there was a hospital. Its floor had been swept and mopped, its windows cleaned. The stoves had fires in them. The beds had been arranged. They had clean sheets. The doctor and the nurses had arrived. And a crowd of men stood about the door, silent.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The sun had just come up. Trucks went thundering over all the roads. Trucks came thundering back with patients. Men and women got out of them, carrying their children.

They handed them over to the nurses. They stood outside, peeping through the door, looking at the starched white nurses, the competent reassuring doctors, the row of inviting beds. The place smelled of clean lumber, of disinfectants, of hope.

Some of them sat down in the shadows and wept a little, and listened for the cries they had heard so many nights in their tents, and talked to each other in low voices. They left reluctantly in the waiting trucks. It took courage to go—but courage had returned with hope.

A new world dawned that morning at two o'clock.

The kids were safe.

Not only that, but a big building had been finished in six hours. There was a chance that every family would have its home and ten cleared acres and a well before snow fell.

It had been good to hear that six hours of hammering and sawing last night—even though it had kept the headquarters camp awake. It was good to see the Red Cross flag flying—as fine a sight as Old Glory itself rippling in the dusty wind.

Men went out that morning to work with a will—men who up to this time had sulked in their tents and cursed Alaska, and themselves for ever coming to it, and talked seriously of going back to Michigan or Wisconsin or Minnesota.

The greatest experiment of recent times in American colonization, the first great migration outside the United States, had come close to disastrous failure—closer than any man

Why doesn't it
EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum! Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor*. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never lack invitations for *this* reason. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

realized until weeks later. But the doctors had saved it.

Only twenty-five families out of the two hundred who went to Alaska have returned. And most of the others will stay there for the rest of their lives—unless more blunders are committed.

Some of those who went back to their homes were advised to go by medical authorities. Several of these should never have been chosen for the colony. They were arthritic, asthmatic, rheumatic—totally unfit for the climate and the conditions. One man had a wooden leg.

Those who were well and strong had excuses:

“I'm not a farmer, exactly. I thought I could get a job barbering. Not a chance. So why should I stick?”

“The kids couldn't stand it. Look at their legs and arms. Just eaten by mosquitoes! Besides, they had colds.”

“Everything went wrong. Oh, I ain't blaming anybody. A lot of politicians in Juneau, Alaska, and Washington, D. C., interfered with everything. Everything was balled up from the beginning. Besides, I got to thinking—how can you market the stuff you raise? Where you going to sell it? There are only sixty thousand white people in Alaska—and they're all provided for. No market in the States. Freight rates are too high. So is water transportation. And besides, what crops could we sell in San Francisco or Seattle? I should have thought of that before, maybe—but I didn't. The picture they painted was too rosy.”

EDWARD DOHERTY

once again serves Liberty's readers as the distinguished reporter he is. He has contributed fiction also; his novels, Murders on the Roof and The Diamond Eye, were widely acclaimed as Liberty serials. His home is in Larchmont, N. Y.

“They ain't goin' to get those houses done before winter. Expect me to keep my family in a tent all winter?”

“They made a lot of promises they didn't keep. They told us we'd have running water in our homes. Running water! Say, that was a good one! Fellow showed me the plans for my house. ‘Where's the sink?’ I asked him. ‘Where's the running water?’ ‘Running water?’ he says. ‘You got a well, ain't you? Or you're going to get one. Stick around long enough and we'll dig you one. Well, there's your running water.”

It's raining now in Alaska as these words are written.

It has been raining for days. Sometimes it has come down in torrents. Sometimes it has been merely a drizzle.

Roads have been washed out. Automobiles cannot get over them. It is difficult to traverse them even with tractors. Building operations have been checked, men have been idle, valuable time has been lost—and the fear of winter has grown.

BUT go visit all those sopping, dripping tents in the Matanuska Valley. Inquire how many of the modern pioneers intend to stay. And ninety-nine out of a hundred, men, women, and children, will tell you the same thing:

“Mister, we're going to stick it out. This is a grand place. We love it. We didn't come here expecting a picnic. We know it's going to be tough this winter. But what of it? We're tough too. And if anybody tries to drive us out he's going to have a battle.”

Only one house has been completed. Twelve or more are being finished. But most of them haven't even been started. And snow falls here in mid-September.

Nearly a thousand men, transient workers from California at a dollar a day and Alaska carpenters at a dollar an hour, are racing against time. But they have a terrific job to do. They must build over 150 log or frame houses in less than forty days. Can they? And if not, will the government house the colonists in hotels until next spring? Or let them live in their tents?

The situation changes so rapidly it is impossible to make any predictions.

There have been blunders. There has been sad mismanagement. There has been lack of co-operation. There has been confusion on the part of the administration, and bickering and serious quarrels between transient workers, colonists, and Alaskan labor.

Considering these circumstances, it is almost a miracle that even one house has been made ready in time.

When Carr came into the tent city, fresh from New York, he found that little had been done—and almost everything that had been done had been done badly.

Four hundred and some men had been brought up from California: men on relief; capable fellows down on their luck and eager to make a dollar by hard work; carpenters, sawyers, woodsmen, machinists, chauffeurs, caterpillar-tractor men—most of them young, headstrong, and full of hell, some of them out-and-out radicals.

They were promised spending money they didn't get. They were promised a lot of privileges they didn't get. They learned that men recruited in Alaska got big wages for the same work—one dollar an hour. They learned that Alaskans despised them as “imported coolie labor.”

A lot of them believed they had been lied to, cheated, and sold into virtual slavery. They “went haywire.” They wouldn't do a nickel's worth of work. They picked quarrels with the Alaskans. They insulted the colonists—because the latter wanted credit for working on their own acres.

Some of the transient workers quit and took other jobs. Some went home. Some got drunk and stayed drunk. They hadn't any money to buy booze—but they could always steal some government property and sell it. And there was plenty there to steal—uncovered and untended.

ONE of Carr's first actions was to organize a sort of unofficial police department. “Watch the transient workers,” he said. “Some of them are stealing everything in sight. Few of them are worth a damn. Watch them, keep them sober, and make them work.”

One night in Wasilla a young man appointed to the police force went to a dance hall and saw twenty or more transient workers lying stiff and cold outside a saloon. He nudged one with the toe of his boot. The man moved, so he wasn't dead.

The policeman backed a truck up as close as he could. He lifted the first man to his feet. The man grew limp. Mr. Carr's young man cracked him under the chin, knocking him cold and stiff again, and hurled him into the truck. One by one he lifted and stiffened the others. One by one he threw them into the truck.

Then a man staggered out of the saloon.

“That's the way all you guys feel about us,” he said mildly. “All we get is the worst of it. You ain't got no call to be so rough, though.”

He reeled close to the policeman, smacked him under the chin, knocked him as cold and as stiff as any of the drunks, picked him up, dusted him off, and threw him on top of the others in the truck. Then he climbed up on to the seat, started the motor, and went singing back to the tents.

Carr could do little with the transients. He could do little with the colonists—and little for them. They always wanted something he couldn't give. They were always doing something that had to be undone. A bunch of them started their own houses. Carr found chinks in them big enough to stage a cat-and-dog fight. He condemned them, had them pulled down.

There was trouble in the commissary, in the sawmills, with the freight. There was trouble everywhere. So he wired Washington words to this effect:

“This job's too big for me or any one man. Send me some help. Send me some experts. Let's get together on what we need here and what we don't need. The immediate and essential thing is to get homes built. And I can't build homes unless I get competent help, men who will work, and adequate building supplies.”

It was in answer to this plea that Fuller came to Alaska and took the Matanuska veil.

There were men in charge before Carr came—but nobody ever got it straightened out in his head which was in authority. There were good men and indifferent men. And there were some who were harmful. None of them ever agreed on anything. Each opposed all the others on everything.

One thing Carr saw clearly.

Those experienced men on the ground who had advised Washington not to send the colonists this year, but to wait until their homes were built and some of their acreage cleared, had offered sane advice. But Washington hadn't listened. Washington knew better.

The thing had to be done, Washington said. Let the Alaskans say it was impossible; nothing was impossible! The colonists must go now. Let them live in tents. There was plenty of time to get them under roofs, to build roads to their houses, to give them all the modern conveniences "including running water," and to get their crops growing.

So the colonists went. Most of them sold all their furniture and gave away their old clothes. They took with them only what they couldn't do without. Most of them sold their tools or traded them for leather coats or sweaters or a new pair of high boots. The government had told them they wouldn't need tools; there'd be plenty of tools on hand when they arrived.

THEY arrived eventually. They had no tools to speak of. They needed tables, chairs, benches. There were none. They asked the government for tools. There were no tools. Eight camps lay out in the Matanuska Valley—and in all the rows and rows of tents there weren't twenty saws or twenty hammers.

A census was taken in one camp. Six men had tools of various kinds. One even had a crosscut saw. The men in that camp were the only ones who could make their own furniture handily out of the lumber available. And it was in this camp, and with the help of these men, that the first house was finished—the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Olmstead.

The Wisconsin delegation arrived at night. The tents were ready for them. But some of them had no bedding. Others had stored it in the baggage cars—and the cars were sealed. It was cold and drizzly and the women and children must have blankets. There were no blankets.

In this emergency the despised transient workers volunteered to give up their own blankets. The offer was accepted. Hundreds of blankets were transferred, and hundreds of sheets and pillows. For weeks some of those dollar-a-day men slept on the bare boards of their tents, covered only by their overcoats. Most of the blankets never were returned—and the men who gave them up were scolded by their superiors "for losing or destroying government property."

Tools came—in time to fashion the little coffin, in time to put up the hospital. Everything needed came—after some time.

Recently two drills were ordered. They were urgently needed for drilling wells. The required size was given in the requisition, the name of the manufacturer, the catalogue price, all the essential particulars. Yet when the drills came, after weeks and weeks of delay, they were too small to be of any use whatever. Because of the desperate need, a plane was chartered and a man sent to Fairbanks to shop for the right drills. The added cost to the government was about $6,000.

These were but a few of the things that bothered Carr—and everybody else in Matanuska. But nobody would have made much of these things if only there hadn't been such an epidemic of illness, if only those children hadn't died. As it was, there was virtually a panic when Fuller came and brought the doctors with him.

The panic died when Davis and Murdock came down from the hospital hill. Then the colonists ceased complaining. They began to believe in themselves again. Things began to move.

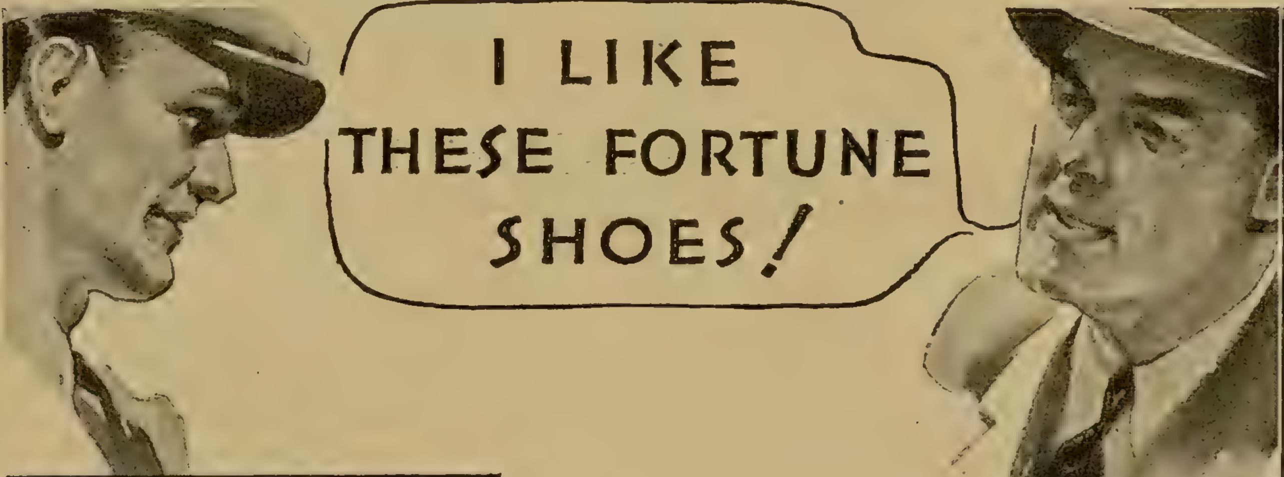
"Thanks," Carr said. "You've put a new spirit in this camp. Now why don't you get some rest and—"

The doctors looked at each other. They hadn't slept in forty-eight hours.

"Sure," Carr said. "Get two-three hours' sleep. I'll call you in three hours and you can make a medical survey of the entire camp."

THE END

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Other eye-witness articles by Mr. Doherty on the Alaskan Pilgrims and their colony will appear in Liberty as received from him in the field.)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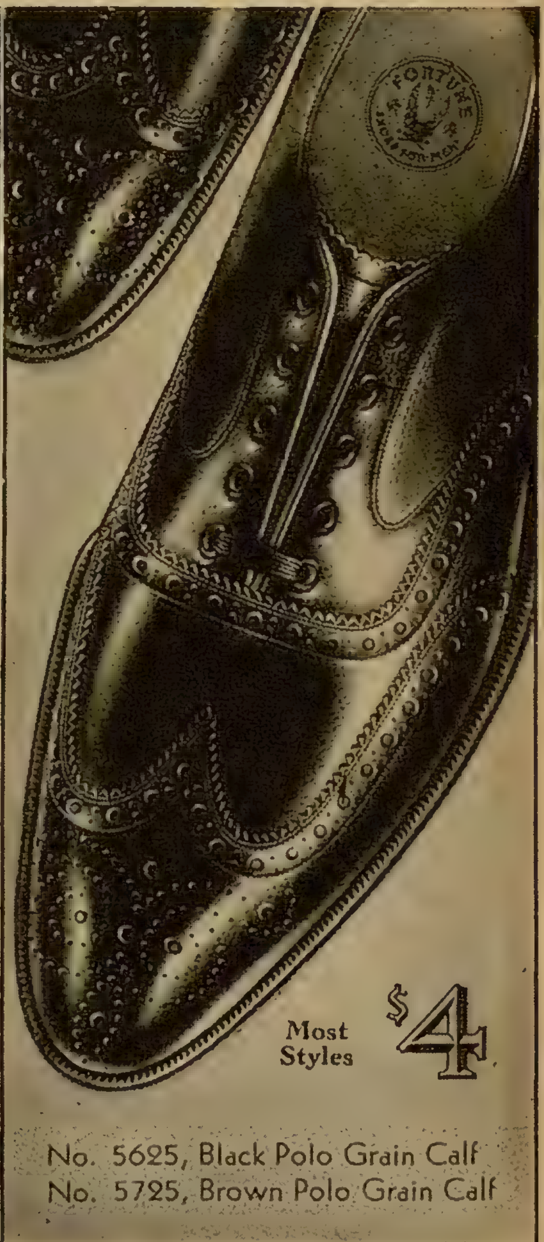

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BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATION BY
J. B. WATROUS

PART FOUR—DEATH ON THE WINGS OF A SMILE

THE wife of Lee Breckinridge gave a little start. A message for her? Queer, she thought! Queer, too, that Tao should tell her his name. And yet—came her next thought—it was, somehow, not queer at all.

"What is the message?" she asked softly.

Nor did it seem queer that he did not answer directly, but should add:

"I have been waiting to give you—this message"—spreading eloquent thin brown hands—"twelve years."

"And my heart—locked up tight—kept you off?"

She wondered why she replied as she did. But the words had spoken themselves. They had appeared natural and logical and inevitable; had appeared—what was the expression?—foreordained—as the whole meeting. Or rather—she imagined a moment later—it was like an incident, forgotten and vague, from a former life which she was now reliving.

In this former life Tao had been her good friend. He was still her friend. He smiled at her. A beauty that was beyond all language passed with that smile across his wrinkled features. He put a bouquet of little flowers in her hand. Then he broke the silence:

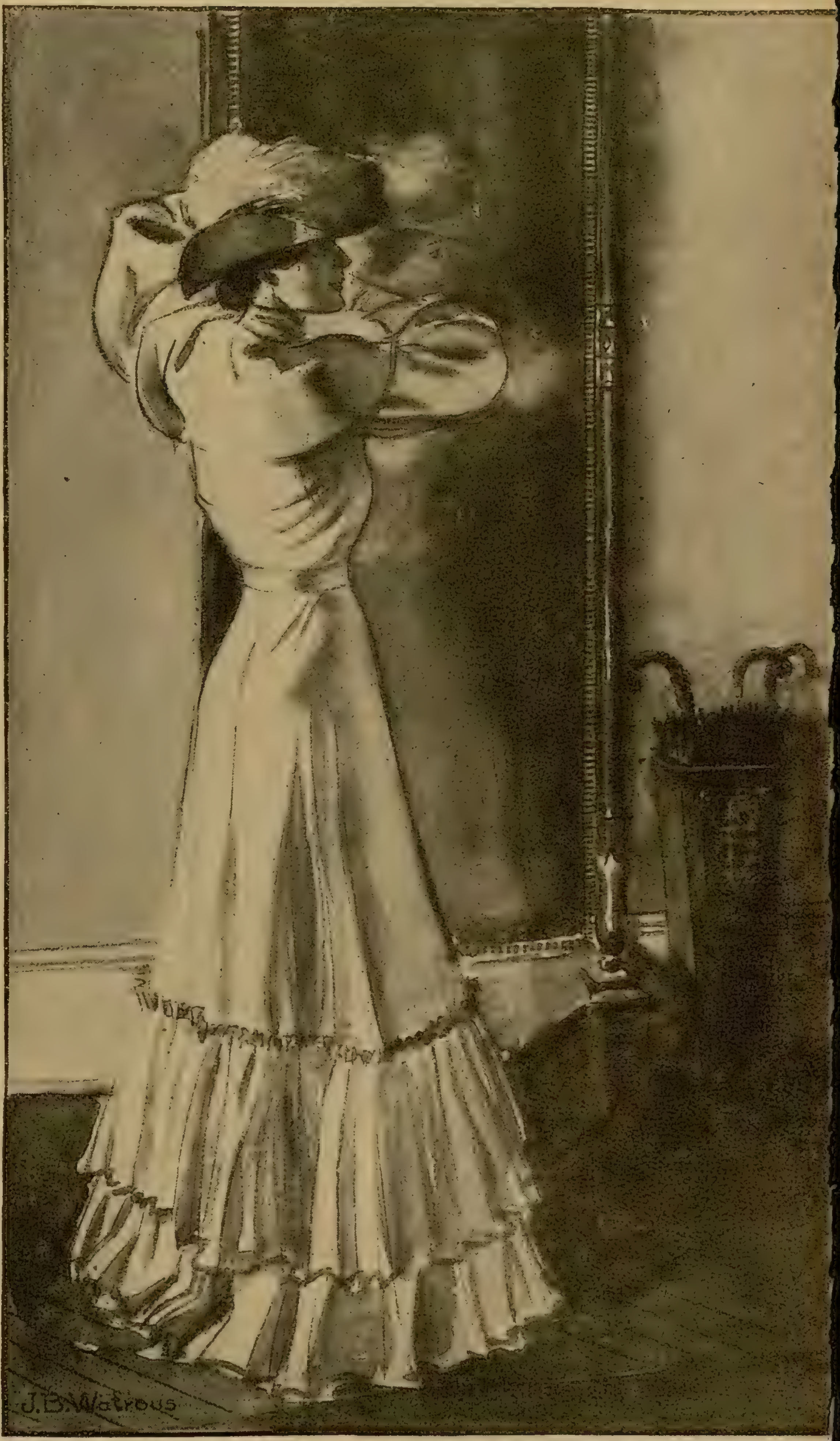
"I have a special flower for you."

She picked up the blossom which he held out to her. It was a lily, medium-sized, lilac-colored. She raised it to her face. Its fragrance was amazingly sweet.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "It's lovely. What do you call it?"

"The Flower of the Gods." He stretched forth a hand. "Give it back to me."

"But," she begged, "can't I keep it?"



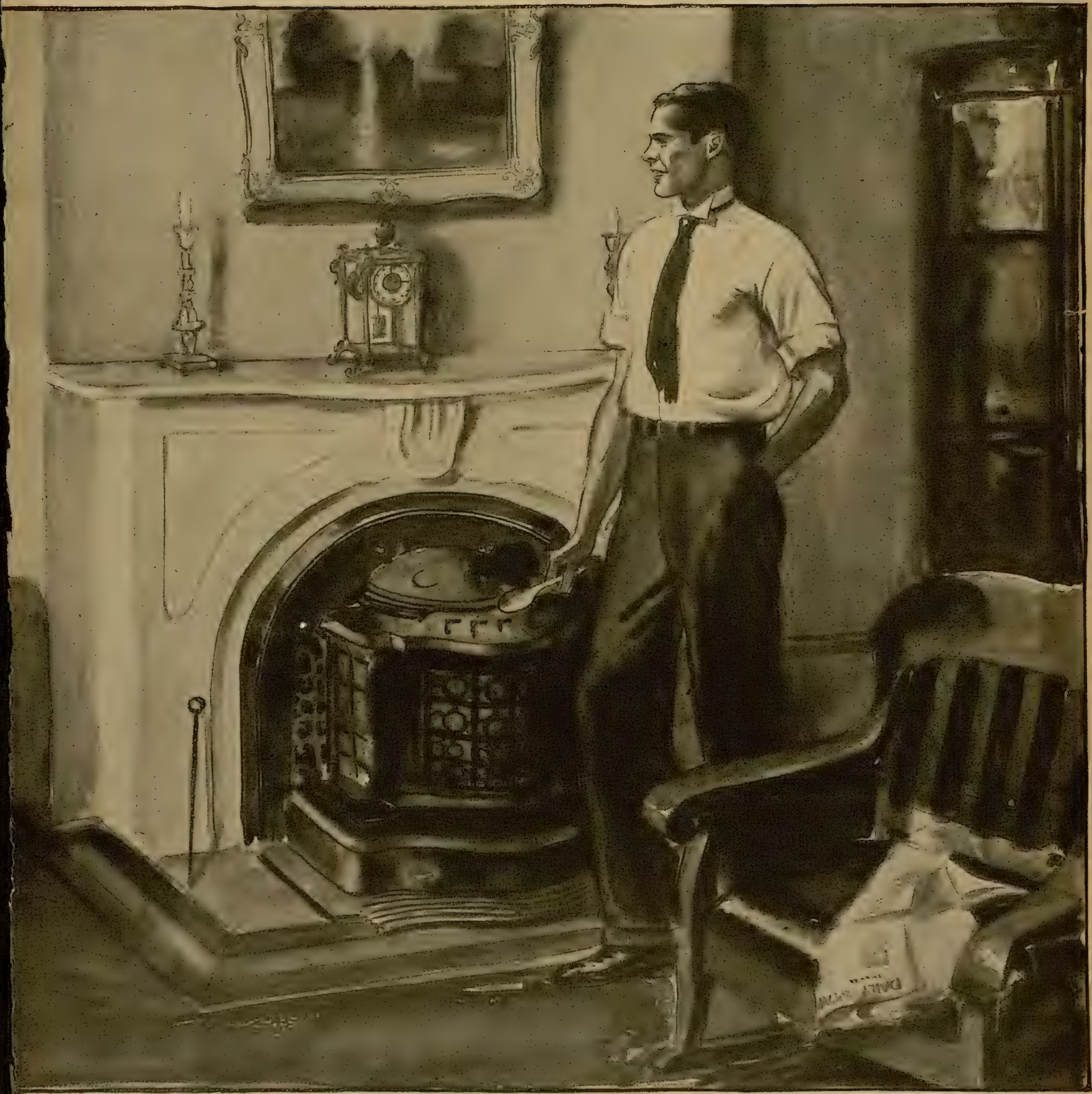
She saw her son, tall and sturdy and go

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

FLOWER

NOW, STRANGELY, EAST MEETS WEST IN THIS GLAMOROUS TA

AND ANTHONY ABBOT



oking. She was proud of him. "Know what I've been doing, mother?" he asked, his voice an eager treble.

OF THE GODS

OF MODERN LIVES AND ANCIENT, INSCRUTABLE MYSTERIES

"Others may need it. You see, its touch brings happiness—to some."

"I long for happiness."

"I know." He paused. He leaned forward a little. "There are times when justice can be too just. Will you let the Flower of the Gods decide what *is* your happiness?"

Gravely he asked the question, and as gravely she replied:

"Yes."

He stared at her out of his gray kind eyes. The power and gentleness of the look passed straight into her heart. She thought again of Lee. She thought of him no longer with revulsion and hard vindictiveness, but with pity, with the returning of love. She saw herself, saw Lee, as they had been years ago in their small Virginia home town, walking hand in hand on the day before their wedding. How young they had been, how sure of themselves—and all the world had seemed blue as the summer sky and their future golden as the sun. Lee's future! Why, it was over, done with! There was nothing left but dregs.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ENTRANCING tales woven around the mystic properties of the Flower of the Gods lure Lee Breckinridge, adventurous young American diplomat, into forbidden Tibet in 1893 in quest of the sacred plant. High in the Himalayas, in a garden guarded by monks, Lee finds the coveted prize. Spurning all pleas and warnings, he cuts a blossom, and when he tries to escape after his attempts to buy the flower are futile, he is knocked unconscious and thrown into a cell.

The following morning he is confronted by Tao, aged abbot of the monastery, who informs him he must atone for the sin committed against the gods—that of one impure of heart and thought and deed touching the Flower of the Gods. Denying the omnipotence of Tao's gods even after the monk astonishes him with knowledge of his wife Laura and son James, whom Lee has never seen, the American bargains for his release. If the gods can reveal one unknown secret in his life he is willing to atone for the sin. "Peggy Ann Rivers," whispers the monk, and reveals the reason Lee's boyhood sweetheart committed suicide. In a fury Lee strikes the abbot. And the curse of the gods descends. His mind becomes blank for a weird, fantastic interval. When he regains his senses he finds himself in a dive in Calcutta, the naked body of a half-caste woman in the same room. His knife is buried in her breast. Before he can escape he is arrested, charged with murder.

He is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to life at hard labor in the Andamans, India's Devil's Island. All attempts to locate his wife during the ensuing twelve years are fruitless. She believes him guilty of the disgraceful crime. Resigned to his fate in the jungle, Lee's thoughts turn to Laura and his son. At precisely the same moment she is passing through San Francisco's Chinatown on her way home. She is thinking of Lee. As she passes a flower stall a strange old man stops her. "I am Tao," he says, "and I have a message for you . . ."

She sighed. She whispered again:

"My poor, poor Lee!"

And then she felt Tao's fingers on her arm; she heard his words:

"Once the Buddha said that a man must lose his life—to find it; that the petty self must be merged in a larger, nobler one before it can know peace and happiness. You understand, my sister?"

"No; but I want to understand."

He gave a twirl to his wooden prayer wheel.

"*Oom ma-ni pad-me! Hong!*" he cried sonorously.—"Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!"

Was there an answering voice behind her? She turned—looked. No one! Back she turned. But the old man with the claret robe was gone. . . .

She went home.

Home was two furnished rooms and kitchen in a lodginghouse the other side of O'Farrell Street.

She entered. She saw her son, tall and sturdy and good-looking. She was proud of him.

"Know what I've been doing, mother?" he asked, his voice an eager treble.

"Well, James?"

"I've started supper." He pointed at the kitchen. "Can't you smell it?"

"H'm!" she teased. "I'll trust you with everything except the salad." She kissed him. "You're a good boy, Jim."

No doubt of Lee's son being a good boy. He was studious, earnest, diligent, well behaved. And he was ambitious.

His mother had made up her mind that there should be nothing careless or lax in his make-up. She talked to him frequently about his father—and she lied. She created a new Lee; an ideal figure for James to look up to.

It was so tonight, across the supper table, when he ked her, suddenly, for no special reason:

"Father died a hero's death—didn't he, mother?"

"He did. In China. He sacrificed his life—for the poor and persecuted."

The boy's eyes shone.

"I'm going to be worthy of him," he said.

"Haven't you changed your plan—about studying law?"

"No, mother. I want to be a judge."

She looked at him; and, momentarily, she grew aware of a vague uneasiness.

"Son," she said, "a man told me today justice can be too just. And then it becomes injustice."

"That isn't what you used to tell me that justice is—most important—"

"I know," she cut in. "But this evening, as I walked home, I thought of something."

She hesitated. Should she relate the queer meeting with the Tibetan?

No; no, she decided—she could not. The whole thing was too secretly of her own life; her own life—and Lee's.

So she said no more until later in the evening, when the dinner dishes were washed. Then, what she said to her son did not differ much, except in mere phraseology, from what Tao had told her. She said:

"Today I got to thinking very seriously of the Bible—and of our Saviour. I thought how, before they crucified Him, He prayed for all the erring race of men—and how He exclaimed: 'They know not what they do!'"

She got up.

"I'm tired, James," she went on presently. "I'm going to bed." She kissed him. She left.

HE stared after her. What, he reflected, was the matter with his mother? Why had she been so unlike her usual resolute, unbending self? He was puzzled.

For quite a while Laura lay awake.

Her thoughts roamed back. Back through the years to the day, home in Virginia, when the Rev. Bretherton Griggs, who had baptized her and her little son, had brought her the news of Lee's trial and sentence; had said:

"Let us pray for him. Let us ask the Lord to forgive him."

"Let the Lord forgive him," she had replied, slowly, heavily. "I cannot forgive him—ever!"

For marriage had meant immeasurably more to her than love, passion, a close physical bond. It had meant an ultimate and consecrated goal. And this goal had been smashed to pieces by Lee's deed. The result, to her, had been a feeling of utter revulsion, bitterness, even a certain morbid vindictiveness.

Until, so strangely, so suddenly, larger vision had come to her. Had come to her tonight, in Chinatown, in the old Tibetan's gentle words:

"A man must lose his life—to find it."

She prayed aloud:

"Dear God, send peace and happiness to Lee—my Lee!"

With that prayer, Laura dropped off to sleep. The hours slipped from west to east.

She dreamed.

The figments of waking life—its ugliness and squalor, its drab sorrows and futile cruelties that had bruised her heart—fled.

Lee's crime and punishment, his black dishonor, her love for him changing to revulsion, almost to hate—why, it was a trinity woven of lies that existed no more, had never existed. And, with its ceasing to exist, the grief and unhappiness caused by it also ceased to exist.

And it was to her as if Time—past and present and future—had died; as if she had been transported to some hollow of creation where the centuries roared by and vanished, negligible and unremembered. And she heard God's voice speaking to her with a silence that was like thunder, inviting her toward an ancient peace and a new bliss; and out of this thunderous silence there boomed the echoes of muffled temple gongs, deep and soft and resonant, and a great chanting of:

"*Oom ma-ni pad-me! Hong!*—Hail! Jewel in the Lotus!"

And she knew that the end of her life was near—the end, which was the beginning—and she gave a cry of gladness and of joy. . . .

Her son heard.

He sat up—he had been asleep for hours—and rubbed his eyes. He jumped out of bed.

"Mother!" he called. "Mother! What is it?"

No answer came; and he ran to her room.

It was dark, with the curtains drawn. He pulled them back. Outside the young sun was rising. Gold brushed over the roofs of San Francisco; it stole across the lintel; it stabbed through the window and danced an elfin saraband on Laura's features.

TRANQUIL, pale features. A smile tilting her mouth. A serene smile. A happy smile. But—he thought—curiously carved and chiseled, as if—

He trembled.

He came a step nearer.

"Mother!" he called again. "Mother! What is it?"

There was no reply—and he caught his breath sharply. He touched her wrist. He felt no pulse beat. And fear passed over him in a violent gust, and he hurried out of the room, out of the house, across the street.

Dr. McCracken lived there. He returned with the boy. He made a rapid examination.

"It's all over," he said, looking up.

"You mean—"

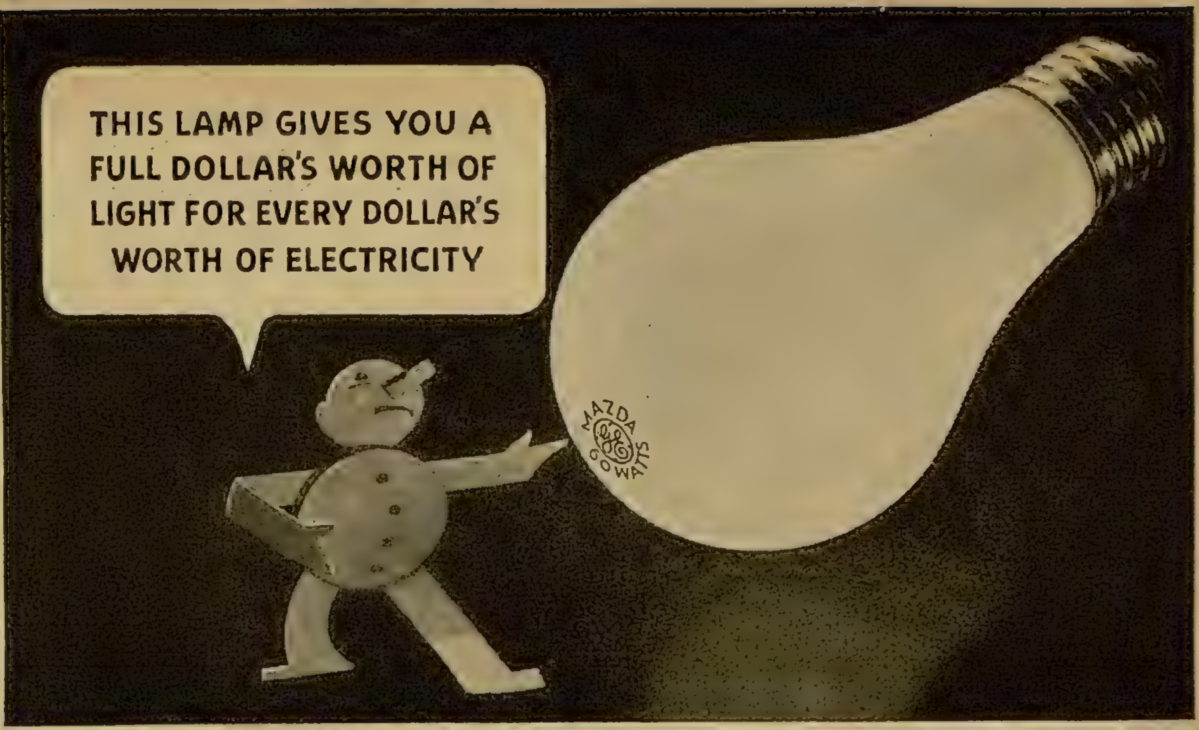
"Heart failure."

Jim stared at the physician almost accusingly, as though the man were to blame. Then he stared at his mother—at the clay of her, the empty shell.

All over?

Oh—he could not believe it! It could not be true. How could it be?

How could her lips be still forever—her lips that had loved so to kiss him, to talk to him, to advise him, to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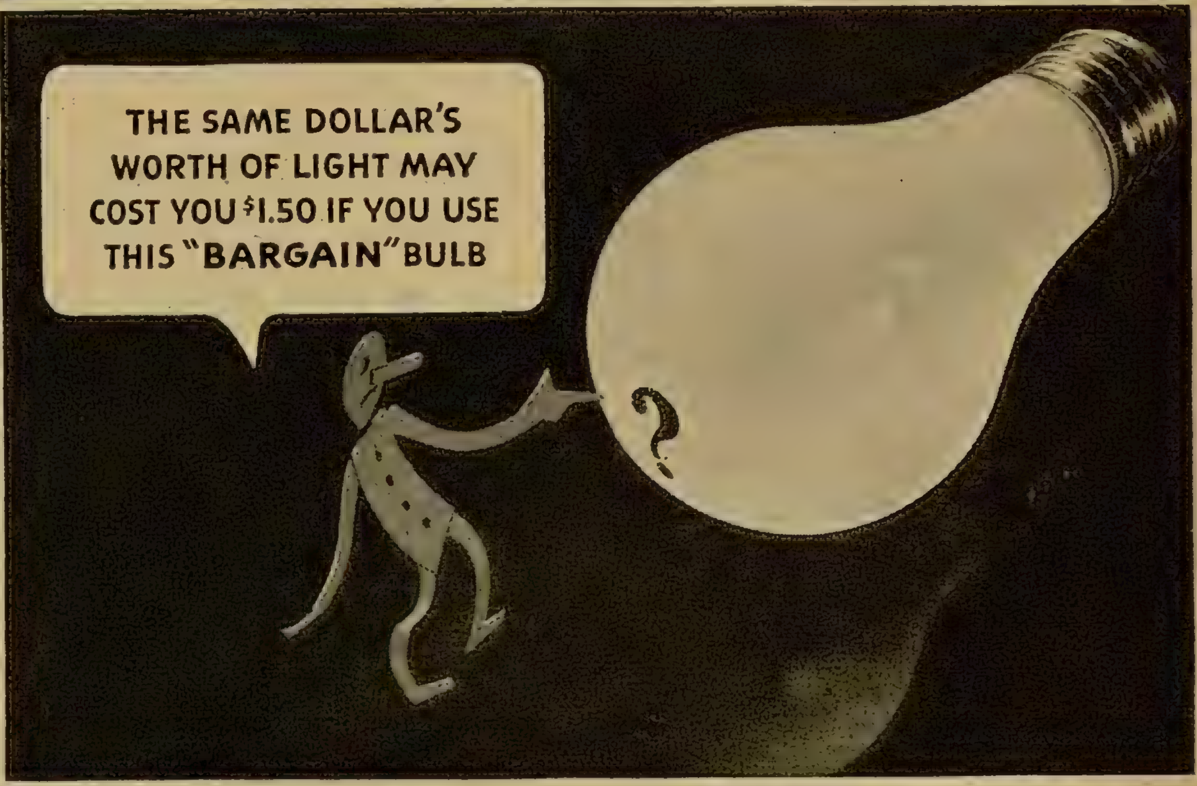
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WHEN you buy a lamp bulb always remember that its value is not measured merely in terms of the price of the lamp. As a matter of fact, the true cost of light is the cost of the bulb plus the cost of electricity it consumes during its lifetime of service.

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Is it worth while taking chances when good lamps . . . Edison MAZDA lamps . . . are so inexpensive? Why not get a fresh supply today? And be sure to include some of the comfortable reading sizes, 75 and 100-watt, which you can now buy for only 20¢. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
They stay brighter longer

fire him with high ambition? And how could her hands be still forever—her narrow, strong hands that had never rested from work, that had toiled for him all day and half the night, doing a thousand things for his comfort—wise things and nice things?

He sobbed.

He said aloud:

"I'm all alone in the world."

And the next moment he told himself that he was not alone. For there would be always, in his soul, the memory of his mother to drive him on. And the memory of his father who—he reflected proudly—had died a hero's death. . . .

His father, who just then, working side by side with the Afghan and the Tibetan, looked up and asked his friends:

"Did you notice the black cloud that passed so suddenly across the sun?"

"It is a sign, we say in my own country," replied the Afghan, "that somebody died—somebody close to one of us here."

Lee was silent; and the Tibetan demanded:

"Of what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking of my son—whom I have never seen—shall never see."

Earlier in the morning they had taken Laura Carson, who had been Laura Breckinridge, down the narrow winding stairs of the lodginghouse and out to the cemetery across the bay.

Then James had driven back to town with Gregory Henderson. He was a lawyer and the only human being in all San Francisco with whom his mother had been on a footing of friendship.

Now James was in the lawyer's office, facing him, listening to a tale: an amazing tale to the teller, but accepted without much wonder by the boy.

It appeared that, on the afternoon of Laura's death, a stranger had called on the attorney: an old foreigner from some Eastern land who had introduced himself as Tao. He had entrusted Henderson with a considerable sum of money—"for you, Jim," the lawyer explained.

The boy was surprised. "Money—for *me?*" he echoed eagerly.

"More than enough to pay for your education and to give you a start in life after you're through college." The lawyer smiled. "Aren't you glad?"

"Yes. Of course. But who is this—this foreigner?"

"That's just what I was going to find out from *you*, Jim."

"I—I've no idea."

"Think hard. Didn't your mother ever mention him to you?"

"No, sir. Never."

THE lawyer shook his head.

"Darned if I can make head or tail of it," he went on. "You see—he knew that your mother had died that morning. Well—how did he know? And who put him wise to the fact that you're penniless?"

"Why don't you ask him, Mr. Henderson?"

"I haven't the faintest notion how to get hold of him. Besides, he allowed he was leaving town within the hour—was returning to a place called Tibet, the back of the beyond, he said." Henderson lit a cigar. He repeated: "Darned if I can make head or tail of it."

"Maybe," suggested James after a while, "he was a friend of my father. Father died somewhere in Asia, mother told me. He died"—proudly—"a hero's death. And this old foreigner—"

"Was beholden to your father, you mean?"

"Maybe."

"Sounds reasonable. Anyway, the money is there. Good sound American dollars." Henderson paused. "You've no relatives living, I believe?"

"Not a one—mother told me."

"Very well. I'll look after you. Want to study law, don't you?"

"Yes. And become a judge."

It is difficult to explain how ambition, hard ambition of success, mirrors itself in a child's mind. But—no doubt of it—James had this ambition to a degree far beyond his years. From the beginning he mapped out for himself certain principles, a certain path.

Nor, in the long decades to come, did he deviate the fraction of an inch from this path and principles. Years later, as he sat at his desk in the pompous dusty chambers in San Francisco's Palace of Justice, feared and respected by men, he would remember it. He would think:

"It is the way. The right way. By striving materially, I shall profit spiritually." . . .

"To profit spiritually by striving materially," said Ugyen Garyo to Lee Breckinridge, "is impossible. As impossible as fishing for the moon reflected in the water."

He walked away from the humble little temple in the tropical jungle whence drifted the nasal chanting of the convicts at worship:

"Thou art the Supreme Ruler, O Buddha,
Immortal and unmodifying!
Thou art the eternal Law of Righteousness!
Of all the virtues Thou art the reason,
And Thou the Support!
Oom ma-ni pad-me! Hong!"

"*Oom ma-ni pad-me! Hong!*" echoed Ugyen Garyo—and he turned to Lee Breckinridge and Ali Hamdi, the Virginian and the Afghan, his two old friends.

They were all white-haired, bent, wrinkled.

FOR thirty years had passed since they had been sent to the Andamans; twenty since Laura had died. It was now the year of the Lord 1922.

"There is no happiness," Ugyen Garyo went on, "in things of the body. The body is a lie. Only the soul exists." He paused; then addressed the American: "How is it with your own soul, O my brother?"

"My soul is happy," replied Lee. "At times"—he shrugged his shoulders—"when I think of my wife, of my little son—"

"Now assuredly quite a big son, a full-grown man," interrupted the Afghan, with a laugh. "Time rolls on."

"I know. And yet—when I think of the past, when I try to imagine what has happened to my wife, to my child—I no longer worry. My soul has come to peace."

He stared into the distance, his eyes suddenly charged with memories. Memories—at this moment—not of his wife but of Peggy Rivers.

Oh, yes, he thought, Tao had been right: blood stained his conscience, his soul. Because of this stain and—more—because of his cowardice at the time, the feeling of relief he had felt at her death, the gods, the Flower of the Gods—had sent him punishment; and punishment had brought remorse; and remorse had brought more than a hope of salvation—the hope that his old, good dream might know reality. Oh—he wished fervently—if he could go forth into the world, to do a great and virtuous and unselfish deed—to further this salvation!

He looked up.

"There is in my mind," he continued, "a saying from our Christian Scriptures. A saying which has given hope and comfort to countless millions. Listen, O my brothers!"

And standing there like a priest at the altar, with his hands raised and his face uptilted to the sky, he recited:

"'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Words," said the Afghan, "that ring out like great music in a hushed and darkened mosque."

"In a lonely and frightened soul," chimed in the Tibetan—and he kowtowed deeply as, again, from the humble little temple in the jungle drifted the nasal chanting of the convicts at worship.

The chant was drowned by a loud beating of gongs; and the three friends turned and walked toward the governor's garden where their work was.

Slow work. Hard work. For they were old.

Lee, digging in the brown clogged soil, felt the heat like a stabbing pain.

But his spiritual exaltation of a few minutes earlier had not vanished. Peace had come to him.

The soul? Why, it was all that mattered. The body did not matter. His aching, agonized, sweat-soaked body.

And he thought of a Virginia day, a lost day, so many eternities ago, in early summer—soft, scented summer in the Blue Ridge—when he had kissed Laura's red lips, and she clinging to him because they loved each other—and then the two of them slowly strolling in the woods, arm in arm, and the birds, the orioles and tanagers, tearing through the green tunnels of the trees, and down the hills above their little town the flowers spilling like gold on a stair.

He sighed with a strange and resigned peace. He stopped work, leaning on his spade. He whispered:

" Dear God—"

Then he gave an unfrightened glance at Jaiwal Singh, one of the Sikh overseers, who approached, rawhide whip coiled about his bare brawny forearm.

LEE salaamed, as he was required to do. But he did not cringe. There were so many scars on his back, his legs, his chest, he cringed no more. Peace had come to him.

But this time there were no blows. Only a message:

" The governor sahib wishes to see you immediately. Come! "

Lee followed the overseer. He was at peace and incurious. He had an idea what Sir Harry Baines wanted. Some new seeds, doubtless, had been sent out from England, and Sir Harry, with his nostalgic, pathetic longing for the simple blooms of Devon and Dorset, would have intricate, fussy directions about planting and fertilizing.

Lee shrugged his shoulders.

Well, he told himself, Sir Harry had no occasion to be nervous about his precious seeds. For Lee had worked in this garden many, many long years. He knew all about its soil and drainage, and he was an expert with flowers. They bloomed for him as for nobody else. They smiled at him, as he passed along the neat beds, with their starry friendly little faces. They loved him—he was convinced—with an almost human love: shy tulips and delicate forget-me-nots, flaunting roses, brazen marigolds, chaste, pale Madonna lilies.

Yes, all flowers loved him.

All but one. The Flower of the Gods—such a long time ago, in Tibet. The small lilac-colored blossom—he reflected without passion—that had brought him here and had changed all his life. . . .

He entered the office.

" Good afternoon, Sir Harry."

The latter, too, had aged. His monocle had given way to utilitarian spectacles. His close-cropped mustache was drift-white. A senile quaver toned down his overhearty Etonian phraseology and his thickly veined hand shook as he picked up a sheet of parchmentlike emblazoned paper.

" Breckinridge," he began, " I've news for you."

Lee caught his breath sharply.

" News," he asked, " from America? "

" No. From Calcutta."

" Oh—"

" No reason to look so disappointed, my lad," was the jovial rejoinder. " Corkin' news! Felt sorry for you, y'know, dashed sorry. So, some time ago, I pulled a few wires—recommended you for parole—and—"

" You," stammered the other—" you mean—"

" Righto! The viceroy has been graciously pleased to act upon my recommendation." The Englishman pointed at the emblazoned paper. " You'll return to America just as soon as transportation and a few necessary details can be arranged."

Lee stood quite still.

Freedom, he thought. America! And Laura!

Freedom? Perhaps from the dreaded Andamans, yes; but have Tao's gods been appeased in their demands? Or will ironic fate weave a more bitter plan and bring together an ex-convict father and a son who upholds justice to the last letter? Don't miss the new and exciting thrills in next week's installment.

THE WORLD of TOMORROW by RAY CUMMINGS

Nothing Can Be Hidden!

You are sitting, now at midnight, in the instrument alcove of the Questioning Room at the Bureau of Crime Investigation when they bring in this young man suspect.

The Questioning Room is brilliant with actinic light, but the instrument alcove is dark. The suspect's clothes have been taken from him, when a few minutes ago in the adjoining laboratories his body was microscopically examined. He wears a cotton robe. His heart is pounding. The black-light beam is photographing it.

The dial needle recording his impulses of thought is violently oscillating. You can't read the thoughts themselves, but you know he is thinking under stress.

The girl was found, an hour ago, dead at the edge of Jared's Lake, just outside town. She was clad in a bathing suit; her clothes were piled near by. What seemed a blow from a rock fractured her skull. Perhaps she slipped and fell; perhaps some one hit her. This young man, for instance, with whom she was in love. She died at nine o'clock; the chemical condition of her blood shows it clearly.

The suspect says, " I didn't see Bertha tonight. I left home about eight—went for a drive alone in my car—went out the Mill Creek road an' nowhere else."

" That's a lie," the director whispers to you. " The clay of the Mill Creek road is on his tires—but it's earlier—other things later."

The reports are coming in now from the adjoining laboratories. The suspect adds:

" I drove straight home—an' your men were there to nab me an' tell me Bertha was murdered."

You can see the suspect's heart quieting. His thought impulses are calmer. He has told the simplest story he can think of, and he's convinced it cannot be disproved. But the director has all the reports now. He says:

" You had your hair cut this afternoon? "

" Yes. Sure I did."

" We found some of the cut hairs on your clothes, but none on your neck or in your hair. The barber reports he didn't give you a shampoo. That swim you had tonight washed your hair. That was about eight thirty; it's had time to dry since."

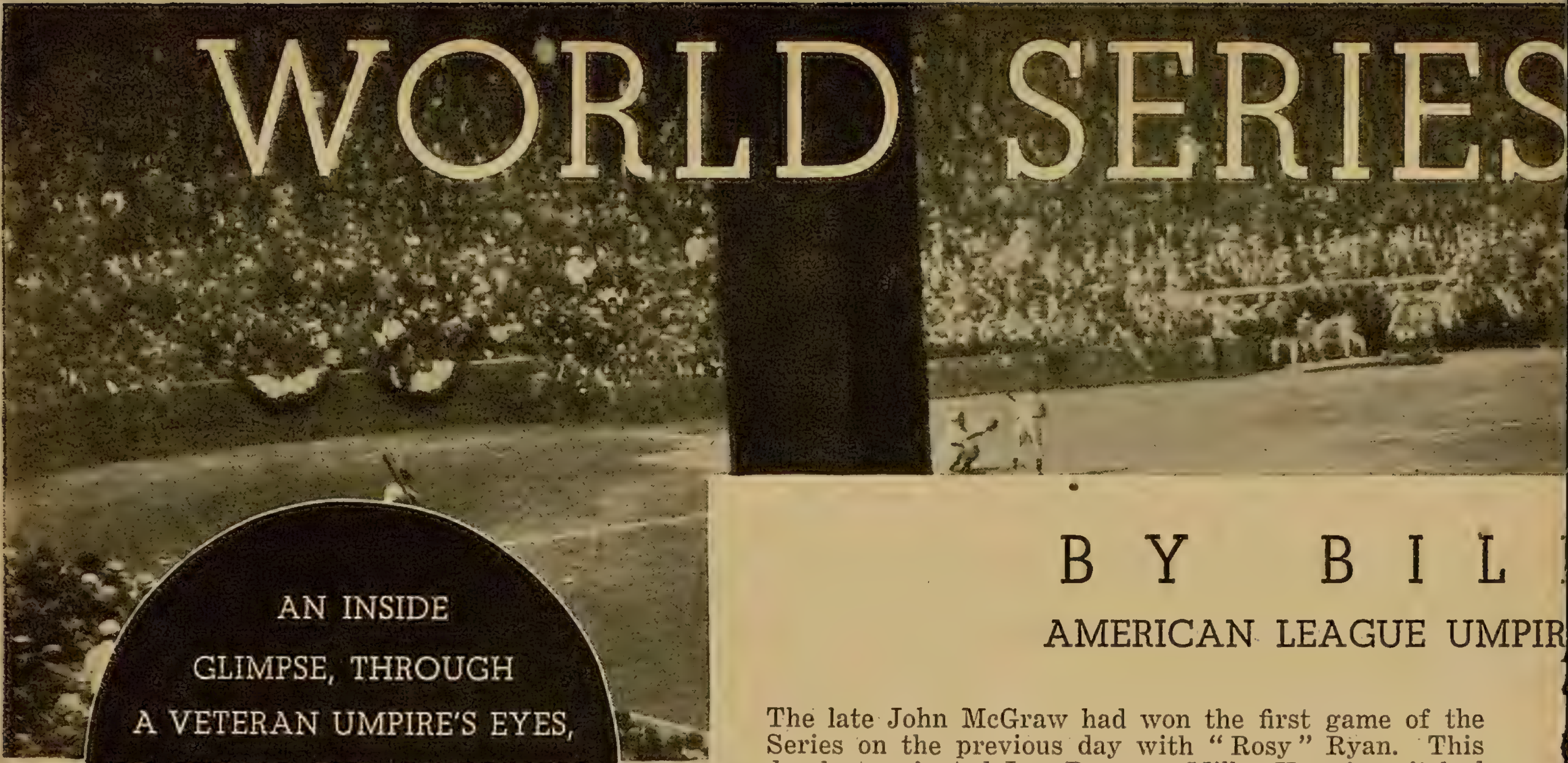
You can see, on all the instruments in the dark alcove, the horrifying effect the chief's calm words are bringing to the suspect.

The director is saying: " Bertha's starched linen skirt came from the laundry this afternoon. She put it on after supper. It bears the imprint of the leather buttons on that seat of your sport car. A regular pattern. You drove her to Jared's Lake. We know that because the pebbles of that stony lake road are on top of the Mill Creek road clay sediment—wedged into the tread of your tires. After swimming, you and she must have sat down a while at the water's edge. She never smoked. You smoked a cigarette, tossed the butt into the lake. But you were excited. You dropped some of the ashes on your wet bathing suit. And in the struggle it got smeared also on hers—ashes from the same brand of cigarette you always smoke. You must have had quite a struggle with her as you killed her. Her fingernail made that tiny scratch on your shoulder—your epidermis flakes are under her fingernail. It was a slimy green rock that hit her on the head—some of the slime got in her hair. You picked up that slimy green rock and cracked her head with it. Then you washed your hands in the lake. But that didn't remove the spores of the green-slime algae. The spores are still in the crevices of the skin of your fingers."

The suspect presently confesses.

Now this is an idealistic, futuristic scene of crime detection, of course. But the photography of human blood vessels and the recording of thought impulses were both recently announced. And M. Edwin O'Neill, microscopist of the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University, is making his methods of procedure available to police agencies throughout the country. Many crimes have already been solved by clues as infinitesimal as the spores of green-slime algae!

WORLD SERIES



BY BIL

AMERICAN LEAGUE UMPIR

AN INSIDE GLIMPSE, THROUGH A VETERAN UMPIRE'S EYES, OF THINGS THE CUSTOMERS DON'T KNOW IN OUR ANNUAL BASEBALL CLASSIC

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

THERE will be some two million people either watching the World Series or listening to broadcasts of them. Millions more will read about the teams' battles for the world championship. But there will be four men who will be absolutely neutral; four men who will not—in fact who dare not—allow themselves the natural luxury of rooting for their favorites. Those four men will be their majesties the umpires.

There are ballplayers whom we like and ballplayers whom we dislike—off the diamond. Once an umpire steps on to the field there are no favorites. We never watch the batter; we watch the ball. If it crosses the plate, you must call it a strike. What difference does it make, you ask, whether we call it a ball or a strike so far as we're concerned? I'll tell you what difference it makes to us.

We have just as much incentive during the regular season as the players, for the president of each major league chooses the two umpires in his circuit who have, in his opinion, done the best officiating during the year. We do not share in the gate receipts of the Series, but instead are paid a flat salary of $2,500 plus expenses. That may seem like a lot of money to you for just umpiring a couple of ball games, but, take my word for it, we earn every nickel of the money.

It takes more than the mere ability to count up to three strikes and pronounce the words "safe" and "out" to do a good job of umpiring. We make mistakes, but who doesn't? Over a full season of 154 games the average major-league umpire will make two bad decisions a game. That is on balls and strikes, not on the bases. Two may seem like a very high average to you, but why not try to step out on the sand lot in your own neighborhood and umpire a game? Why do I ask you to do that? Surely you must have heard the line about what misery loves.

How comfortable, for instance, do you think Umpire Hildebrand was on the afternoon of October 5, 1922? Consider what happened before you answer. The World Series that year was between the Yankees and the Giants. The late John McGraw had won the first game of the Series on the previous day with "Rosy" Ryan. This day he nominated Jess Barnes. Miller Huggins pitched Bob Shawkey. In the tenth inning the score still stood 3 to 3. It was getting dark. Whether or not the teams would be able to play another full inning was up to the umpire. The Giants had been hitting Shawkey in the late innings, whereas Barnes, always a great money pitcher, had been getting stronger as the game progressed. Besides that, the fans had paid their good money to see this game, and if it were called now they would not see a victory for either team. Nothing in sports is so aggravating as a draw.

In the face of all that, Hildebrand called the game. McGraw was furious, but he was calm compared to the Giant fans, who were now streaming out of the stands toward Hildebrand. Only prompt work on the part of the New York police saved him that afternoon.

Many people have asked me from time to time just what it is that the catcher says to the pitcher when they meet in the middle of the diamond. Sometimes, of course, it is something silly. Catchers will do that sometimes with nervous pitchers to take their minds off the game for a moment. But here is an actual incident that took place in the 1929 World Series between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics.

During the regular season, if you remember, "Lefty" Grove, George Earnshaw, and "Rube" Walberg had proven the pitching bulwarks on which Connie Mack had depended to win the American League pennant. Grove and Earnshaw especially had had great seasons and the experts spent many a moment wondering which one Connie would pitch in the opening game.

Cagey old Connie didn't use either one. Howard Ehmke, in the sere and yellow of his career, had come to Connie and begged to pitch the first game. "I know," he pleaded, "I can beat them if I get the chance." Mack gave it to him. Even his teammates were surprised when old Howard trotted out to the mound.

Inning after inning went by while Ehmke, calling on reserve strength, carried along a slim 3-to-1 lead. In the ninth inning the Cubs put two men on bases. With two out, Joe McCarthy, then managing the Windy City crew, sent up "Ivy" Tolson, fresh from the minor leagues, as a pinch hitter.

As Tolson came to the plate, catcher Mickey Cochrane said to him: "Kid, you're in the toughest spot you'll ever be in. This guy will strike you out and make you look like the minor-league bum you are."

By that time Tolson was shaking like a plate of jelly in a strong wind. Ehmke got two strikes on the kid in quick order. Tolson wanted to hurry and get a crack at the next pitch. He almost cried as he called to Ehmke, "Put a good one over and I'll knock it out of the park."

HIGHLIGHTS

McGOWAN

— as told to JERRY D. LEWIS

Bill McGowan: "We make mistakes, but who doesn't?"

Then Cochrane called "Time!" and walked out to Ehmke.

"Let's sell this kid an idea," Mickey said.

"Sure," Ehmke answered. "What'll it be?"

"Well, he'll be looking for a fast ball to knock over the fence. But you hand him a slow curve. Be sure it comes over, though. I want him to swing."

Cochrane then walked back to the plate and started to talk to Tolson. "Too bad, kid. You looked like you might be a hitter, but I guess you can't hit those fast balls. Wait till you see this fast ball Ehmke's got for you."

Ehmke cut loose with the curve. Tolson, who foolishly listened to Cochrane's every word, was looking for a fast ball, and he had his swing completed before the ball was halfway to the plate. That was how Ehmke got his thirteenth strike-out victim to set a new World Series record.

Mickey, I guess, is just a born salesman.

Next to "What does the catcher say to the pitcher?" the average fan's favorite question concerns what the player says to the umpire. The fan, you see, doesn't know what's going on all the time. Take the second game of the 1928 World Series, for instance, in which the Yankees faced the Cardinals.

GEORGE PIPGRAS pitched for the Yankees, and on the mound for the faltering Cards was Grover Cleveland Alexander.

With Earl Combs on second base the Babe came to bat in the first inning. Alex got two strikes and two balls on Ruth. Then Alex threw a beauty of a curve ball. It just nipped the inside corner of the plate and I called "Strike three—you're out!"

The Babe threw his bat in the air. The fans, thinking he was sore at my calling the third strike, started to yell those endearing remarks which are a vital part of every fan's repertoire.

What actually happened, though, was that the Babe turned to me after the pitch and said, "Dammit, Bill, I was hoping you'd miss that one. This old guy must have gotten monkey glands. He never showed me a curve ball like that before!"

So wait a few moments next time before you start calling the wrath of the gods down upon some umpire. The player you think is squawking over a bad decision may only be wishing the arbiter a happy birthday. It could happen.

The toughest decision I ever had to make in a World Series resulted in a fellow umpire doing the nicest thing any one has ever done for me on a ball field. It was the ninth inning of the seventh game of the 1931 World Series. The Athletics opposed the Cards that fall.

Burleigh Grimes was pitching one of the great games of his career. For eight innings he had shut out the heavy-hitting Athletics, allowing them only five hits. Al Simmons was the first man to bat in the ninth, and he walked. Grimes bore down and Foxx popped up to Jimmy Wilson, the catcher. "Bing" Miller came to the plate.

He had broken up the 1930 World Series with a long double, and well the Cardinals remembered that he was a dangerous threat in a pinch. Grimes pitched carefully to him and he hit a scorching liner to the right of the shortstop, Charlie Gelbert.

Gelbert leaped for the ball and made an amazing stop and throw to Frisch at second. Frankie then whirled and threw to Bottomley to try for the double play which would have ended the game and the Series. The play was close at first base, and I called Miller safe. Immediately Frisch, "Gabby" Street, Wilson, and all the other Cardinals surrounded me, shrieking to the high heavens that I was an American League umpire and that I was a blind bum, robber, etc. It looked for a moment like I would have to throw a couple of the Cardinals out of the game, including Grimes. How those St. Louis fans would have loved that!!

At that moment, though, the umpire at second base, Bill Klem, came breaking through the crowd of angry Cards. He is a National League umpire. Bill walked up to me without looking at or saying a word to any of the complaining ballplayers. He grabbed my right hand and started to pump it. "A great decision, Bill, a great decision," he said. Then he turned and walked away, most of the Cards following him.

Last year, of course, the Series highlight was the sensational pitching of the Dean brothers. This year—?? I wish I could tell you what the highlights of this Series will be.

It may be a strike-out with the bases loaded; it may be a home run in the same situation. It may be almost anything. That's what makes baseball the kind of game it is, both delightful and unpredictable.

THE END

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Crossed Wires (Collect) Cause Sparks to Fly as Ginger Makes Her Debut in Hollywood Society

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY

SO SAILOR FROM THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS SPREAD YOU LIKE ROUGE EH STOP AM I LAFFING STOP AS A SOCK PEDDLER YOU COULDNT WIN DECISION FIGHTING OFF SORE THROAT

GINGER

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN · HIGHLAND AVENUE HOLLYWOOD CAL

CAN THE MALARCHY STOP THATS WHAT EYE GET FOR TRYING TO WIN YOU A SWELL ENGAGEMENT RING STOP EYE GUESS IM JUST A SAP

SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY

SAP IS RIGHT

GINGER

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL

LAY OFF WISE CRACKS AND QUIT SHOOTING WIRES COLLECT WHO DO YOU THINK EYE AM JOE MELLEN

SOCKO

Highland Avenue,
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Socko:

As long as you wish me to quit tossing you wires, I'll give the fountain pen a workout.

Listen kid, whats the use of you writing me all that bunk about your " swell fights " and " how you drape 'em over the seats " when you know *I* know all the answers? Good grief, its the same old story—they *slap you* and you *fold* like a camera!

Yes, and what am *I* supposed to do while youre being pushed around in the assult and cauli-flower business? Sit in a mop closet and bath and bite my finger nails? Oh, yeah! You watch me! Not while Rex Holmes the good looking snapshot hero is *mine* for the *taking!* Whats more, he offers me a matrimonial engagement whereby I can park my hips in a Beverly mansion and be serviced by Filipinos.

And thats exactly what its coming to unless you quit aceing around with those footlight floosies and earn a pugilistic rep for yourself.

As for that french widow—whos trying to beat my time—if she had any *class,* she wouldn't be wasting her time on a 10th Avenue ham and egger like *you!*

Dunk that in your java!

GINGER.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT HAM AND EGGER STUFF STOP AT LEAST MY OLD GENT WASNT A BUSINESS MAN WITH A PICK LIKE YOURS STOP LAF THAT OFF STOP IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THE FRENCH FRAIL IS THROWING ME A RITZY PARTY

SOCKO

Highland Avenue,
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Socko:

So youre trying to make me jealous because that Fifi dame is throwing you a party, eh? So what?

Listen, let me give you the low-down on a *real Hollywood* party, the one Rexie took me to the other night:—

This particular party was thrown by Mr. Goodwin—the ace director—to young Jake Fishbein, whos father is President of Static Productions—one of the largest studios in Hollywood. Jake had just been thrown out of college because he sported a vacuum jug between his ventilators so his old gent made him *chief* of his *scenario* department. That was the reason for the party.

The place was jammed to the statues with people of every description. They were all there to do themselves some good.

Well Socko, Ive met some funny looking birds in my travels, but that party topped them all. Suppose I call off a few of the numbers:—

First came Jake Fishbein. Jake was twenty-one. He sported a large markee on his pan and wore a moth eaten thing on his upper lip that looked like the remains of a mascarra brush. Above this, he had on shatter proof cheaters reinforced by Lizzard skin rims. His red curly hair stuck out like he'd been tossed off the third rail.

His old gent was a cute number too. He had no more than been in the house ten minutes, than he was down on his knees shooting crap at 500 bucks per fade. As for Jake, he was out in the patio manufacturing love with a burlesque queen by the name of Rosie Quinn.

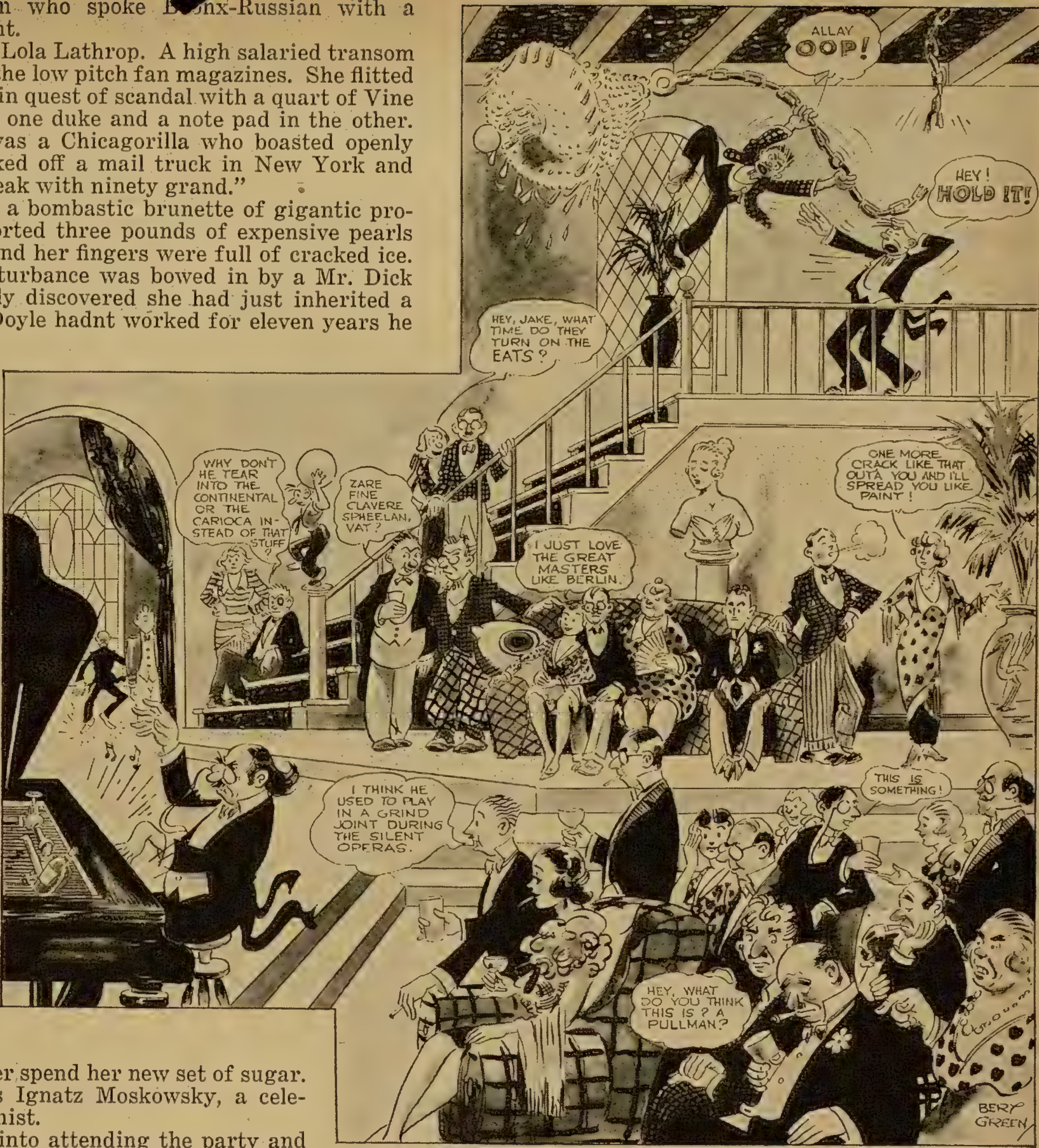
Also present, was Delores Del Rock—Hollywood's sweetie. Delores was a blond, pash, jewel coaxer with more curves than a Turkish lamp. She ankled in in a black velvet gown trimmed with white sequins over which was a silver wrap. The gown was a pip. It would have ruined any beauty judge.

Delores was ushered in by her husband Vi Count Gayzitski, a synthetic nobleman. A tall, hansome, dark complexioned man who spoke Bronx-Russian with a Canal Street accent.

Then there was Lola Lathrop. A high salaried transom peeper for one of the low pitch fan magazines. She flitted among the guests in quest of scandal with a quart of Vine Street bourbon in one duke and a note pad in the other.

Also present, was a Chicagorilla who boasted openly that he had knocked off a mail truck in New York and had " copped a sneak with ninety grand."

Then there was a bombastic brunette of gigantic proportions. She sported three pounds of expensive pearls around her neck and her fingers were full of cracked ice. This giggling disturbance was bowed in by a Mr. Dick Doyle who recently discovered she had just inherited a cool million. As Doyle hadnt worked for eleven years he intended to help her spend her new set of sugar.


ALLAY OOP!
HEY! HOLD IT!
HEY, JAKE, WHAT TIME DO THEY TURN ON THE EATS?
WHY DON'T HE TEAR INTO THE CONTINENTAL OR THE CARIOCA INSTEAD OF THAT STUFF?
ZARE FINE CLAVERE SPHEELAN, VAT?
I JUST LOVE THE GREAT MASTERS LIKE BERLIN.
ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT OUTA YOU AND I'LL SPREAD YOU LIKE PAINT!
I THINK HE USED TO PLAY IN A GRIND JOINT DURING THE SILENT OPERAS.
THIS IS SOMETHING!
HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? A PULLMAN?
BERT GREEN

"Just as the Professor was in the middle of the fireworks, the Admiral leaped the rail and then something went haywire."

Then there was Ignatz Moskowsky, a celebrated Polish pianist.

He was kidded into attending the party and urged to fan the horse teeth with a concerto or two on the pretense that he might move the mighty movie magnets into signing him for pictures.

Oh I tell you Socko, we had some celebrities.

Then there was Admiral Hobbs, a philosopher and Hollywood wit. The Admiral had written plays, slept with Mansfield, played stock and could do a nip-up if needs be. He blew in in an array of expensive garments donated—or acquired—from distinguished stars.

Well, Socko, the guests certainly had a good time. They danced, necked, played games, gambled or went swimming—some in their dress clothes. Those who were not hoisting the laughing syrup were laying on the lawn or doing a Frank Buck in the pepper trees.

As the evening wore on and the guests wore out we had quite some excitement. The Admiral was up on the balcony holding a heated arguement over a certain kind of back-flip with Tony Silvester—one of the worlds greatest acrobats. The Admiral was trying to convince Tony that he could *leap the railing,* turn *six back flips down the stairs* and *land on his dogs.*

The Professor was down stairs tearing the living judas out of Mr. Liszts Dream of Love. Just as the Professor was in the middle of the fireworks, the Admiral leaped the rail and then something went haywire. Somehow he managed to grab the huge crystal chandalier and the works hit the deck with a crash that was terrific. The guests ran for cover thinking the water heater had exploded. As for the Admiral, he busted his gam in fourteen places and drew a lump on his co-co the size of a summer squash.

To top the fun, the Chicagorilla went East with Genevieve McGuires pearls when Dick Doyle wasnt looking.

As for *me,* I had the time of my young life. My boyfriend Rex Holmes was just a dear. All he did was follow me around and tell me how georgeous and beautiful I looked. He added . . . " that I was a perfect little fool to waste my time on a *no good, crackpot pug like YOU!* "

Comb that one out of your beard! GINGER.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT OUTA THAT PANSY REX HOLMES AND I WILL FLY OUT THERE AND LAY HIM LIKE A ROOF
SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
NUTS TO YOU GINGER

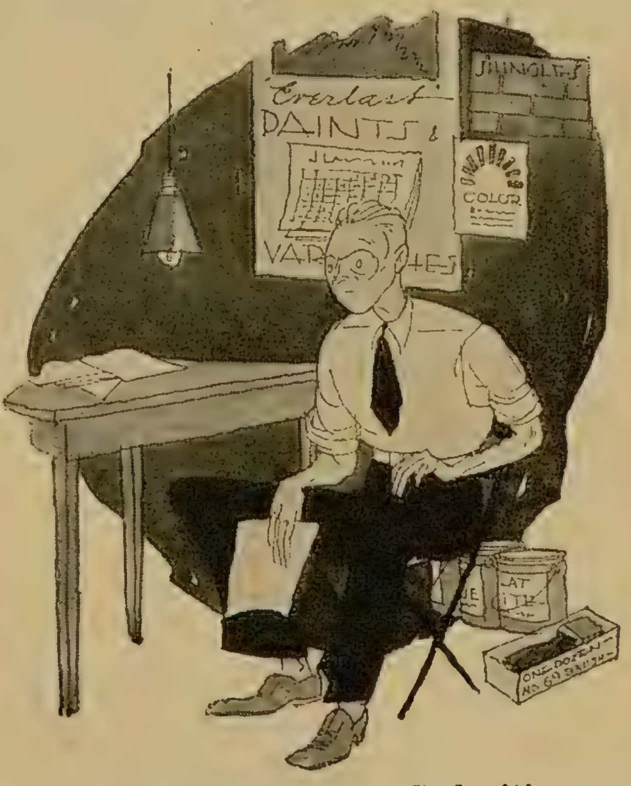
More letters between this loving couple will be published soon.

Liberty's Short Short

AMEN

by BERNICE C. CAUGHEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



JOHN GILPIN glanced at the circle of tense faces around the table at the rear of his store. They were his creditors. The Gilpin Paint Company was on the rocks, all because of a deficiency judgment, pernicious result of the sharp decline in real-estate values. The judgment was for fifteen hundred dollars, and this is how it happened.

Five years before Gilpin had borrowed the money to build a house. He sold the house to Howard Jones, subject to the mortgage. Gilpin's name was still on the mortgage note, and the mortgagee would not accept Jones without recourse to Gilpin. Of course Jones was supposed to pay off the mortgage, but instead he bought a lot of fine furniture and a new car or two. The mortgage finally fell due, and right when nobody was paying anything at all, or so it seemed, the holder of the mortgage foreclosed. The house sold for fifteen hundred dollars. Gilpin couldn't raise the bid by a nickel. Imagine it—a fine five-room bungalow, hardwood floors, tile features, double garage, California climate thrown in—all for fifteen hundred dollars!

The mortgage had gathered a little moss by the way of delinquent interest, hence the judgment for fifteen hundred. Now sock that on to a little paint store that had struggled through a period when half the world was warped for lack of linseed oil, and what have you?

It was almost fantastic. Here was a business that had been meticulously tended for years. It had yielded a comfortable living for Gilpin and his family—had seen the two oldest boys almost through college. The silent salesman, the front window, had been changed every week. Gilpin loved color. He needed no tissue-paper flutings to cover a paucity of ideas. Real interiors, deftly designed, brought passers-by up short. Snatches of comment frequently floated into the store: "Look, Ethel; that's the way I am going to have my kitchen when Tom gets back to work. Won't orchid curtains look sweet with that cream wall and green trim?" The wistful voices would trail on as the women passed out of hearing.

When painting houses became the least popular of pastimes Gilpin had pared his expenses to the minimum. The family tastes were simple. Somehow, until now he had managed to ride neck and neck with the depression.

Although he had opened his store at seven thirty in the morning to accommodate the painters on their way to work, and had kept open until eight in the evening to catch the evening strollers, yet he had managed to keep his mind fresh with an avocation that was not too strenuous. Before breakfast and on Sunday mornings and holidays he raised iris—or is it irises? Right now, at the creditor-infested table in the back of his store, Gilpin's mind, harried with figures, escaped for a brief visit to his garden. The ball and chain of his finances fell away from him for a delightful instant. Abruptly he brought his attention back to the sheets spread out before him. Solinski, of the dry-color house, was speaking:

"I think we got it all the assets checked up, eh, Gilpin?"

Gilpin started guiltily, drew his chair closer to the table, and glanced down the long row of items. At the bottom of the list were two iridescent lines. Of course Solinski could not see them:

One Imperial Iris, rich bronzy purple falls, red-purple standards, gold beard.

One Golden Iris—

Down the long room the telephone shrilled excitedly. Bentworth, wholesale shellacs and varnishes, reached for the extension and lifted it over the circle of heads toward Gilpin. The cord looped over Solinski's ear. Gilpin gasped. Just so the garden hose had once almost decapitated one of his Golden Irises! He carefully lifted the receiver to his ear.

His daughter's voice greeted him.

"Dr. Brandenburg is here," she said, and there was a tense quality in her voice.

"Dr. who?" shouted Gilpin. "Who's sick? Is it mama? Oh, my God, it's mama!"

Gilpin had thought he had hit bottom when the dark ugly clouds of bankruptcy hung over him. But now unfathomable depths opened and let him through. Mama sick, maybe dying, and he had thought only of losing money.

His daughter's voice pierced his agony: "Nothing's the matter with mama, silly. Dr. Brandenburg is here from Germany. He came clear on here from New York to see your Golden Iris. He thinks it is wonderful and wants to buy it. He will pay you two thousand dollars for it. And the way he talks, maybe he will take your Imperial also. Come on home as quick as ever you can! He has to go back soon. You know who he is. You had letters from him. He has something to do with the International Iris Society. Hurry, pop!"

Gilpin did not push back his chair. He slid out of it. Then he straightened suddenly, made a few brisk motions indicative of bestowing a paint store on the assembled company, and darted down the aisle toward the front door.

His creditors gazed after him solicitously. Solinski interpreted for the rest of them: "It's his wife, I guess. She maybe has the high blood pressure. Poor devil!"

Gilpin galloped across the sidewalk and plunged into the stream of traffic in the middle of the block. A screeching of brakes, a few flung curses, and his thin form miraculously emerged on the opposite side of the street where his car was parked.

In a few minutes he was home, the business of greeting the famous horticulturist was over. There was a delightful visit during the inspection of his garden. The rhizomes of the Golden Iris—yes, and the Imperial as well—were packed as carefully as if they were diamonds, and the doctor's check was being tenderly held by Mrs. Gilpin.

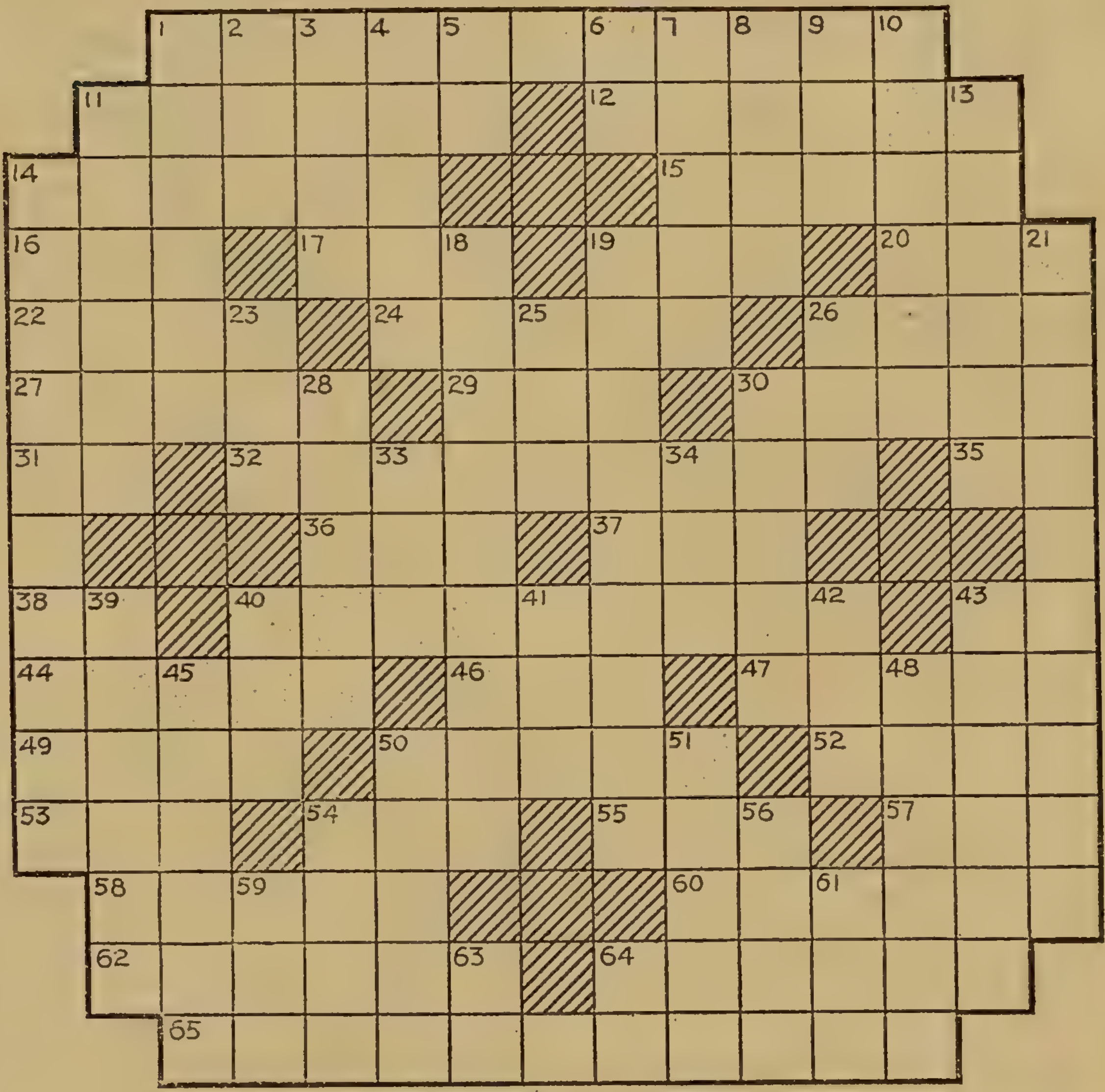
Gilpin was not an expressive man, but imaginative, yes. He pictured himself carrying a check for exactly fifteen hundred dollars to the waiting group at the back of his store, and incidentally thumbing his nose at the deputy sheriff at the front door. His soul was filled with a variety of hosannas, which he kept carefully bottled up inside of himself. But what he said when he found himself thus on top of the world was as fervent as a prayer or a hallelujah. What he said was, "To hell with the paint store!" And in Mrs. Gilpin's good Methodist face a vivid light was turned on that said as plainly as any neon sign, "*Amen!*"

THE END

Puzzle #35 10/12/35

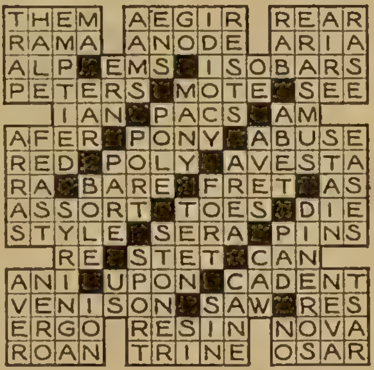
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Where the weak common man looks down on his physical superiors and jeers (plural)
11 Here's where Mussolini keeps his important papers
12 Her relatives
14 Izaak Waltons in a big way
15 French dog house
16 Horse meat
17 Footballs' original home
19 Your opponent's opinions
20 What fathers take at shotgun weddings
22 What Hawaii's been seeking relief from for years
24 This rolled along merrily till the crash
26 You fight with him one year; against him another
27 Gave up with a struggle
29 This always follows a Suthin cunnel
30 Things to help you remember what the laundry loses
31 Put an eye in this and right away it's possessive
32 Mussolini's remedy
35 They have to curb this in big cities probably because there's always an upheaval in it (abbr.)
36 The gal maw was
37 Old Honest
38 You start off this way
40 A bomb-ist
43 The chip's blockhead
44 This kills more people than hard work because more people tackle it
46 The gals of '76 (abbr.)
47 Big Good-by man
49 To circle in reverse
50 Gold digger's favorite vegetable
52 He played a hot fiddle many years ago
53 Everybody's avuncular relative, mighty paternal these days



THEM AEGIR REAR
RAMA ANODE ARIA
ALP■EMS■ISOBARS
PETERS■MOTE■SEE
IAN■PACS■AM
AFER■PONY■ABUSE
RED■POLY■AVESTA
RA■BARE■FRET■AS
ASSORT■TOES■DIE
STYLE■SERA■PINS
RE■STET■CAN
ANI■UPON■CADENT
VENISON■SAW■RES
ERGO RESIN NOVA
ROAN TRINE OSAR

Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Horse meat
55 Kind of life O'Brien led before retiring
57 The first printing press, carried on the person and operated by hand after big losses
58 To croon with a stomach-ache
60 Small follies
62 A windy word
64 Crows' nest
65 Where ivory clashes with ivory for supremacy in the diamond field

VERTICAL

1 The kind of cheese Mussolini puts down
2 The thing that the nudists sleep in
3 These come to the point quickly
4 Sin spots that affect tabloid reports
5 Just an old cutup from Johns Hopkins (abbr.)
6 This starts and ends a thief (abbr.)
7 What a burning shame this is
8 Doesn't hang up her things on the floor
9 Light sock
10 These resound as schooners cross Norwegian bars
11 The first male quacks
13 With a pair of these you can look down on the upper classes
14 What professors clamor for on fall Saturday afternoons
18 Today tomorrow
19 Bright college brays
21 What a cutie can't fail looking behind false eyelashes, plucked eyebrows, rouged cheeks, and a lipsticked kisser
23 The best-known dry in France
25 If you see this you see double
26 A nondrinking sick spell
28 He's been hanging around Kipling's verse for years
30 Falsifiest
33 Conditions remain unsettled here, bringing up many unpleasant things
34 The only thing that gets round the Japs these days
39 A bossy way to hunt around for fodder
40 They usually hang this instead of the artists
41 What the drunk was a smashing sensation in
42 Not backward
43 Every golfer takes count of this
45 The first movable bar; the drys always took things on it with a chaser (two words)
48 These'll get you, you poor fish
50 Scow path
51 An interior decorator
54 Something Julius Caesar never had on his mind
56 Three for those Nazimen
59 Stick-and-ball's lost its head here
61 Mime but not yours
63 Bismarck's native state (abbr.)
64 This puts you in your crossword element (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

SHUCKS! HAVE TO SHAVE BEFORE DINNER. WISH I COULD GET A SHAVE THAT LASTS!
I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM—LOOK!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM GIVES A SKIN-LINE SHAVE

● **ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER** is made of bubbles too big to get to *base* of beard! Air pockets in most lathers keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

● **COLGATE SMALL BUBBLE LATHER,** as shown here, makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE in the "after shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are cleaner . . . true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!

Colgate After-Shave Lotion and Colgate After-Shave Talc... perfect follow-ups to a perfect shave!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Make mine an old-fashioned

Romance, 1935-Style! . . . The Astonishing Love Story of a Young Man Who Had Too Many Wives

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

by SEYMOUR

SAM TEMPLIN braked so suddenly that his rear wheels skidded on the wet asphalt and went to the very edge of the old upcountry Connecticut road.

"Whoa!" said Sam. "Forgot something. Of all the dumb tricks!"

Gabrielle Templin, who had been Gabrielle Morse a half-hour before, said, "Don't go back—don't think of it, Sam! Bad luck to turn around on a honeymoon."

"That right? I haven't been married often enough to know all the voodoo of it. This is pretty important, though, Gabby. Nothing less than the bride's gift to the groom. That grand pigskin kit—brushes, comb, razor, and all. Sentiment aside, I'm going to need it. Especially the razor."

"Drive on, Sammy. I'll seize the excuse to think you left it behind through loverly agitation over marrying me."

"Did, absolutely." Sam leaned across to kiss her. "Maybe you'll like my beard, Gabby. It comes in sort of carroty and tufted. Very attractive."

A new gust of rain beaded the windshield. The road was a winding woods path, deep with glistening autumn leaves.

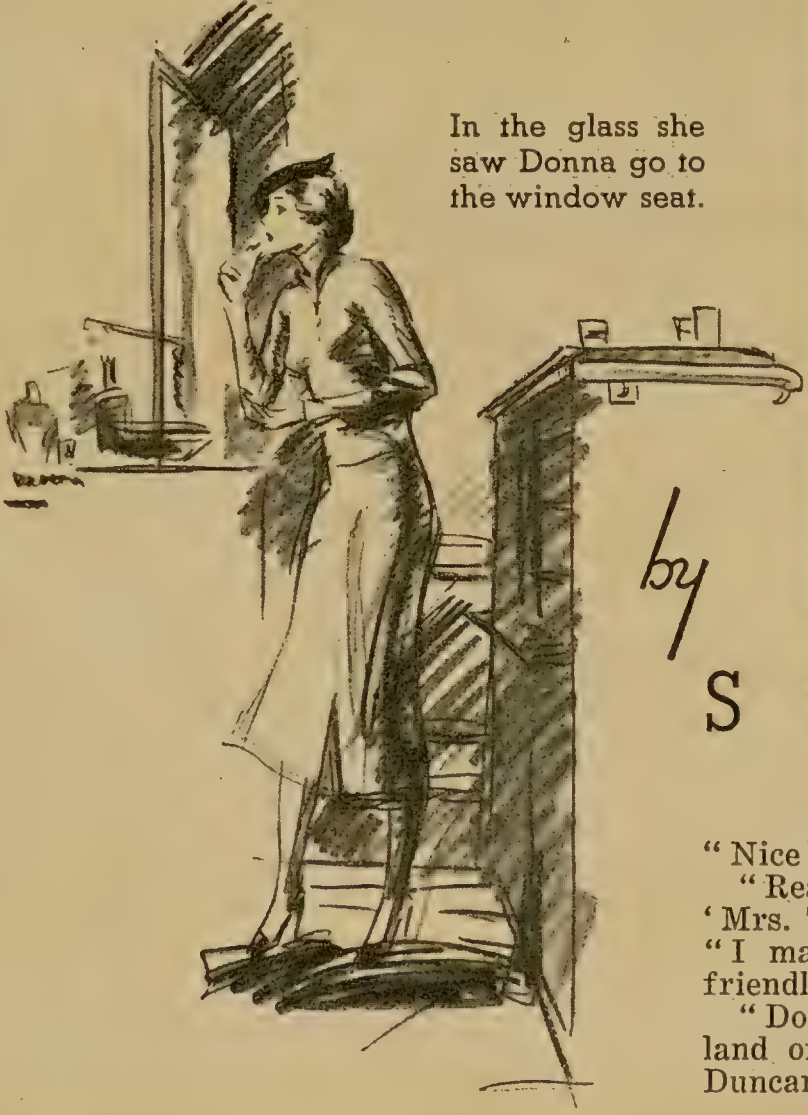
Sam felt guilty. He had behaved precisely as if Gabby were Donna and he and Donna, starting off on some ordinary week-end trip with the accustomedness of six years of married life, had remembered their unpacked bathing suits. He'd have to watch himself and try to act more like a newly married man.

"Well," said Sam cheerfully, "I suppose wedding trips shouldn't click too perfectly. And so now we've had our hilarious little mishap."

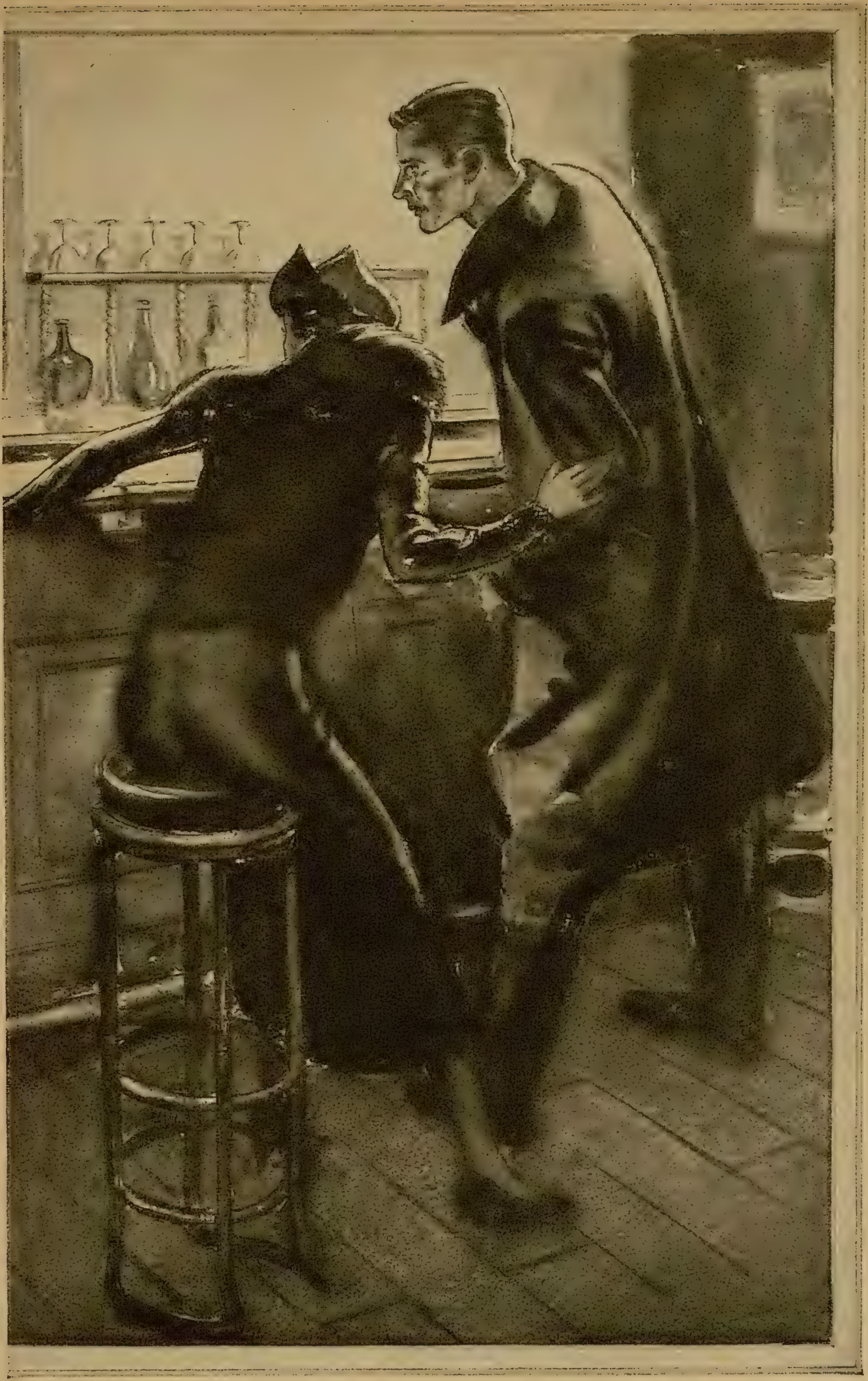
"Sam, you're very nice," said Gabby, looking at him fondly. "Nice and friendly and human and amusing."

"Reasons enough for marrying any man. 'Mrs. Templin, in talking to reporters, said, "I married him because he was nice and friendly and—"'"

"Don't," said Gabby. "I just probably will land on page one: 'Gabrielle Morse Potter Duncan in Surprise Marriage.'"



In the glass she saw Donna go to the window seat.



Her eyes were wide and frightened; she was breathing very fast. Sam stood staring at her.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN B. WATROUS

WINSLOW

"With picture. And wouldn't dear old gran'ther kick and scream!"

"Dear old gran'ther, let me say, would be just about mad enough to remake his will and put me into the unrecognized claimants' group. That's what."

As the granddaughter of old Alex Pelletier Gabby was news. On top of that she had a spectacular quality and a forthright way of saying things. Her first husband, Potter, and her second, Duncan, both had been bad guesses, and the publicity that came with getting rid of them had been enough to make conservative old Alex Pelletier promise her that one more sensational divorce would automatically erase her name from the list of his heirs. And Gabby knew he meant it.

Sam said suddenly, "Bright idea! I've got spare brushes, razor, and everything up at the house. We'll just swerve over there and pick 'em up. Mind?" The country house was his property alone. Donna hadn't wanted it at the time they separated.

"No-o—guess not," said Gabby. "No one's there, I suppose?"

"Locked and dark. And it won't take a minute."

A mile farther along he slowed for a turning into a generously planned residential park.

"The old familiar stamping ground," said Gabby. Then, impulsively: "Sam, let's not go to the house! I'd really rather not. I mean—it sort of isn't nice. Let's not."

"Oh, say, I'm sorry, Gabby. No reason why you should feel that way, though. Besides, we're already there—as good as."

"Well, all right."

Here he was dubbing things again, dragging Gabby to the house where for so many years she had known Donna and himself as a married couple.

He wheeled in the driveway that led to a big Georgian house. As they swung around to the side Gabby said quickly, "Sam, there's a light in there! A light in the bar."

"Couldn't be." Sam pulled up near a side door and got out. "Our first separation," he said, and kissed her.

"Wait, Sam! I'm coming too. In a battle with a burglar I'd swing a nasty chair, or wield a wicked slipper."

Gabby stood just behind Sam as he worked with his key, and followed him into the darkness of the game room. Sam switched on lights, opened the door into the bar, switched on more lights, and dusted off a tall chair for Gabby. "See?" he said. "Nobody home. Now, if you'll perch here for just a sec, I'll dash up to the—"

Gabby stood still. Her face had gone white. She pointed toward the window seat at the far end of the room. On it lay a bright-red waterproofed silk raincoat.

Sam, following her look, felt his heart thump. He took a step forward. At the same moment Donna Templin appeared behind the bar, rising to her feet from a crouch. Her eyes were wide and frightened; she was breathing very fast.

Gabby gave a little shriek. Then, "Donna! For heaven's sake!" She put a hand to the bar for support.

Sam said, "Donna! Good God—what a scare!"

He stood staring at her. All he could think of at first was the rapid beat of her pulse where it showed in her neck below the ear. She was wearing a suit of rough country tweeds and a low-crown brimmed felt hat that shadowed her face obliquely. She stood with both hands on the bar as if to serve a drink to guests, just as Sam had seen her stand so many times before.

In a strained voice Donna said, "A scare all around. Maybe you think I didn't have the creeps when I heard some one coming in the door!"

Gabby sat down weakly and murmured, "I can't get over it."

DONNA said more naturally, "You two act as if you were seeing things. Stop popping your eyes."

Sam took the chair beside Gabby. "But, Donna—the way you rose up there. A man's nerves!"

Gabby, recovering, said, "Sam, I did see a light in here! Didn't I, Donna?"

"I had one on when I heard your car. Why, Gabby, you're trembling. Wish I could offer you a drink. Nothing here, is there, Sam?"

Sam shook his head. "Not a drop." He glanced along the line-up of decanters. It came to him vaguely that there was something different about the arrangement of things on the back bar since last he had seen it.

Gabby shivered. "We'll all get pneumonia sitting around here," she said. "Donna, aren't you freezing?"

"Frozen," said Donna. "And I'm leaving." She took a step away, then turned and faced Sam and Gabby. "I want to tell you," she said, "that I wouldn't for the world have put myself where you'd bump into me. You both know that, don't you?"

"Certainly, Donna," said Sam. "Don't be silly."

Gabby said, "Nobody'd ever think such a thing, Donna." Then, "That's a very good hat."

Donna smiled her thanks. "A little storm number. Well, anyway—to get this over with—tonight of all nights I wouldn't have expected you'd be coming here. So"—she turned to Sam—"I drove over to get my old boots—my hikers." She swung up one foot in a little back kick to show a boot. "Got them; put them on."

Sam remembered her hikers. Donna had worn them on their tramps together. It struck him that the boot she had just showed him was wet on the sole; and its heel carried a trace of yellow clay. She had worn those boots to the house that night.

Sam hoped Gabby hadn't noticed. He felt a strong surge of protectiveness toward Donna. She was entitled to her secret, whatever it was. He was wholly to blame for having caught her here and forced her to lie.

Gabby was saying, "Donna, it's nothing. Nobody cares. It's nice to see you."

Sam had a thought. "Donna! The Cache! There might be a bottle in it."

"There just might," said Donna, her face lighting.

Sam rushed around back of the bar. He and Donna stooped at the same moment to reach for a cupboard latch. Their heads bumped. Sam opened the door, got down on his knees, reached far back and brought out a quart whisky bottle three quarters full.

He and Donna had discovered the hiding place soon after the house was built. They called it the Cache and always had tried to keep a bottle or two there, putting them away, usually, in the midst of a party when it began to look as if the supply were going to be wiped out.

"Well, sir," Sam said, rummaging for a corkscrew, "it came to me like an inspiration."

Gabby said, "You never had a brighter one. Let the pouring begin."

"Being odd man," said Donna, "I'll tend bar."

"Say, how about old-fashioneds?" said Sam.

Donna and Sam rummaged for the ingredients. "Pineapple will have to do for orange," said Donna. "And no ice, of course."

"I'm the ice," said Gabby, as Sam took a chair by her side.

Sam said to Donna, "Build them up in a big way, now." He rubbed his hands together.

Donna concocted three old-fashioneds and pushed one each toward Gabby and Sam. She raised her own and said, "To your happiness." She was smiling as she started the words. She put her glass to her lips in a rush on the last syllable.

Gabby downed half her drink and said, "Donna, you're the grandest girl I ever knew."

Sam drank gratefully. He was burning all over with uneasiness. He puzzled over what Donna had come to the house for. He could scarcely believe all this was really happening.

"Sam," said Gabby, "how about a fire? Look, Sammy, look at Donna's fingernails—they're blue!"

"FIRE?" said Sam. He was a little surprised that the suggestion had come from Gabby, since asking for a fire was usually a wife's privilege and if any one were to suggest he build a fire it certainly should be—oh, Gabby, of course! Yes, he was married to Gabby. He broke into a sweat.

"Don't make a fire for me," said Donna. "I'm going." She pulled her hatbrim lower.

"Won't hear of it," said Sam. "You've got to warm up first." He took off his topcoat and started for the furnace room. "Gabby, you scream if she starts to leave."

The phrase "a hell of a note" went over and over in Sam's mind. He couldn't seem to get beyond it. As he raked some kindling together his hand found a ten-inch length of black-walnut flooring, a remnant of the long-ago housebuilding. Donna had wanted black-walnut flooring in the dining room, and after they moved in Donna would sit at dinner, her food forgotten, lost in the jet beauty of that polished surface and its dark mirroring of candlelight from the buffet.

Sam placed the scrap of flooring carefully on a jutting

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Cream of Kentucky
Straight Whisky
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FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

beam-end. He wouldn't burn that. He went at the kindling and logs again, and lunged back into the bar with both arms full. Gabby was saying to Donna:

"What do I miss on the back bar, there, Donna? Wasn't there a centerpiece—a plate, a platter?"

"What could it be?" she said. "Maybe you're thinking of those drawings Boz Cator used to do with soap on the mirror. Flying elephants—remember?"

"Boz Cator!" Gabby exclaimed. "Where did he ever vanish to?"

"He's on the Coast, I heard. Certainly not too far from where the horses run."

"Boz Cator," said Gabby again. "Somehow I never minded his brand of monkeyshines. Old Boz the Bug!"

Sam stooped to touch a match to crumpled paper. As the little flame appeared there came to him an after-image of the back bar as it used to be. Service bottles, bowls of oranges and lemons, a flying elephant on the mirror, and just below it, as a centerpiece, he saw what no longer was there—two old Sandwich-glass bottles—one a portly man in a stovepipe hat; the other, and smaller, a full-skirted woman in a poke bonnet. Side by side, they had been there since the night of the housewarming. Every one called them Sam and Donna. They had been the mascots of the house. He and Donna had picked them up in Nantucket the spring they were married.

Sam thought back. Those bottles had been there in March when he closed the house. He knew suddenly and without question what had become of them. He looked across at Donna's bright raincoat on the window seat. Beneath it was something lumpy. The knowledge that Donna had come to the house to take the old bottles gave him a quick happy lift, which was gone at once.

Sam stood looking down into the fire. How had he ever got to the point of being divorced from Donna and married to Gabby? He loved Donna! That was so clear it didn't even need thinking. He felt married to Donna. And he always would.

GABBY? He liked Gabby, liked her immensely—yes, even tenderly. They were the best friends in the world. But that was all. It never would amount to more than that. What a hideous, wretched botch he'd made of things! And how in God's name had it all started? Just how?

Well, parties mostly—parties that stretched into week ends, into whole weeks. And money—too much money to spend.

Donna had seen they were going too fast, throwing their marriage away. She had spoken the simple truth in their last big quarrel. Everything about their social life would have to change, she had told him. He couldn't agree. And so now everything had changed. Changed to calamity.

He turned abruptly away from the fire and said, too loudly and heartily, "Donna, come out here and soak up some of this heat. I'll tend bar." He held the little swinging door open for her.

Gabby got to her feet and she and Donna converged on the hearth.

Sam started a great senseless clatter of spoons and glasses. "Now, then, the old master himself will throw something together. And of an artistry. How did the first one hit you, dear?"

Both women turned to answer him.

Donna Templin, wishing miserably she hadn't spent all that time in walking mournfully over the whole house until finally she was caught there, said:

"Make mine very thin, Sam, please."

"Donna, that's no way to talk," Sam boomed.

"NO," said Gabby; "because we all need fortifying."

Donna and Gabby took adjoining chairs at the bar. Donna reached out to deflect the pouring bottle from her glass.

"Vichy has been my strongest drink for months," she explained.

She cast about for some way to get out of this and still be civilized about it. She came back again to blaming herself for ever coming to the house.

It never had seemed to Donna that she and Sam actually were divorced. Her six weeks in Reno were unreal—a crazy sick imagining. Then that dreary eight-months tour—Japan, Australia, Bali, Tahiti. All alike. And the day she got back to New York, two weeks before, she had been so absurdly sure that Sam would call her up and say he had to see her at once. Foolish, foolish!

But tonight would cure her of all such nonsense—cure her forever. Sam had married Gabby. More like it, perhaps, Gabby had married Sam.

She wondered if Sam believed that yarn about her boots. Sam took notice of small things—a wet sole, a muddy heel. He might even have missed the Sam-and-Donna bottles from the back bar—might have divined she had them. She prayed he hadn't. It would kill her to have him know she'd been such a softy.

Sam sampled his drink and said, "Not bad for catch-as-catch-can." He got out a cloth and wiped the bar with long, caressing strokes.

Gabby, watching him, said, "That takes me back, that arm exercise. Sam, I bet you've put in a total of a thousand hours trying to rub out The Mark of the Wench." She put her finger on a tiny crescent-shaped dent in the perfect brown mahogany of the bar.

Donna said, "Closer to five thousand, Gabby. Accompanied by muttering."

"That crazy girl!" said Sam, and gave the heelprint a hopeless rub.

"One of Terry Beck's fancies," said Donna. "Complete in Yale-blue slacks, I remember."

It had been one of the more horrible parties, Donna recalled. Guests had

Snapshot of James H. Caldwell of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Paid fiddler for the last time!

Gentlemen:

Several years ago, I bought my eighth Buick—the first seven I owned had died at the early age of 50 or 60 thousand miles. (That's nothing against Buick but it was something against me, because I'd been trying to "save" all these years by buying cheap oil.)

As I started out with Buick No. 8, I swore that I had paid the fiddler for the last time. I "gambled" those extra pennies I had been "saving" on cheap oil, and used nothing but Quaker State. The results were overwhelming. I saved money on oil and saved the car from an early grave—got 130,000 miles out of it.

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brought other guests. Neighbors came in. There must have been fifty people in the house at one time. And Terry Beck had arrived with a chorus girl who thought to treat this bucolic crowd to a touch of urban ginger. She had clamored to be hoisted to the bar, and was about to go into a fast tap dance when Sam grabbed her and set her on the floor.

"What a trollop!" said Gabby reminiscently. "Boz Cator called her Cleo. And poor Sam had to make torrid love to her the rest of the evening to keep her off his precious mahogany." She threw back her head and laughed.

Donna, too, had to laugh. But with the next breath she felt a frantic need to escape from the room, the house, Gabby and Sam. The memories that were being stirred up now would torture her for months to come.

She said resolutely, "Well, I'm shoving off. It's late for me."

Gabby said, "Donna, sit down. We're all going in a minute. One more round will act as a perfect luller to sleep."

"Something to that," said Donna, wondering if she would ever sleep again. Gabby married to Sam!

"And speaking of sleep—" said Gabby. She paused to drink. "It seems I've just got to hark back. But that same night I went from top to bottom of this house looking for a bed. All taken—even the living-room sofas. I opened every door. Finally—you two never knew this—I came to that smallest maid's room, way back over the kitchen. Better than nothing, I thought. Well, I swung the door open and started unsnapping my dress at the same time. And there, dead to the world, in that little three-quarter bed, lying like spoons in a holder, were mine host and hostess. I almost wept for you. The same as crowded out of your own house. That touched me, now. I want you both to know it."

Sam said, "Say, it touched me at the time." He added, "Barflies!"

Donna bent her head and poked at her piece of pineapple. Did Gabby have to bring that up? It was rotten mean of her. She hadn't had that much to drink!

Donna said quietly, "I'm afraid I was no hostess at all that night. Where did you finally tumble in, Gabby?"

"I boiled up to the third floor and banged on the door of the stags' dorm. Told my grievance loud and clear. At last Andy Tichenor dragged me out a cot and set it up in the trunk room. And he said, 'Go to sleep now, baggage!'" Gabby buried her face in her hands and rocked with laughter.

"Bad medicine," said Sam without smiling. "That's what those nights were."

"Poison," said Donna, not knowing she spoke aloud.

Sam's last words went through her mind. Bad medicine! Sam must have changed. He used to think those big noisy parties were wonderful. And now, when it was too late, he had come to see things her way.

REVOLVING her glass absently between her fingers, Donna wondered if there might have been a solution less final than divorce. She could think of none. She had lost Sam to save him. She had saved him for Gabby!

And yet, Sam could be in far worse hands. Gabby had character; had a fine tolerant generosity. When it had come to divorcing the philandering Potter, she had given him a sporting break by pleading merely mental cruelty and from her own small funds had secretly paid back his unofficial borrowings at the bank. Donna was reminded of something she'd better tell Sam right now, since she planned to take care they would never meet again.

"Before I forget," said Donna, "I found a plumber's repair bill in my mail when I got back. That third-floor shower."

Sam looked up from a study of the bottle label. "Fix it, did they?"

As if no conversation were going on, Gabby began, "Who was it originally that—" and broke off to give an unnoticed curious study to the absorbed faces of the other two.

"Guess they must have," Donna said to Sam.

"Remember the date?"

"No, I don't, Sam. I'll send it to your office."

"Please. Not that having the shower fixed matters a darn, because so far as I'm concerned all those good-time Charlies who used to inhabit the place have slept their last sleep up there."

Gabby tried again: "What genius was it who evolved the idea of the stags' dorm?"

Sam and Donna emerged from their mutual world and looked at her vacantly.

"Sam," said Donna. "He even suggested a girls' dorm, too. I unsold him on that."

"Well, I should hope so!" said Gabby. "You'd have a sorority house."

Memory of a gusty blue-and-white afternoon in April came to Donna. She and Sam had climbed carpenters' ladders to the skeleton third floor and walked about on the beams, calling to each other to notice the view across the valley.

"We're wasting a lot of good room space up here," Sam had shouted through the open studding.

"Got to have an attic, Sam. For spinning wheels."

Then Sam suggested the stags' dorm. The changes had cost them an extra two thousand. But they had been able to sleep some twenty guests—and too often had.

GABBY finished her drink. "Sam, you've worked enough. I'm going to wield the jigger for this last round." She put her fox furs over the chair back and went behind the bar, replacing Sam.

With precisely that unctuous solicitude of the old-time bartender, she leaned forward and, looking from Donna to Sam, said, "A little nightcap, gents? On the house?"

All three burst out laughing. The room was full of the sound of a party—a sound that pierced Donna sharply, tearingly.

Gabby, breaking up a lump of sugar in the bottom of a glass, said, "These last three will be locker-room size. And that will end our debauch. *Sommelier*," Gabby directed Sam, "make a tickler notation to restock the bar. And the Cache." She felt at once that her words sounded a little foolish. Yet she wasn't at all tight. She wished Sam and Donna would say something so she'd know what they were thinking. What were they thinking—those two who had always thought so much alike?

Donna said, "Not so much for me, Gabby."

"Now, Donna, none of this self-denial!" Gabby wished intensely she could get some effect out of the liquor.

Sam came over from the fireplace and sat down beside Donna. "You needn't stint on mine, Gabby."

Gabby said, "I'll decide where to stint and where to unstint," and concentrated on her mixing.

She said to Donna conversationally, "You know, after a drink or two I always find myself thinking in symbols. Everything has an interpretation."

Sam put on a face of vapid attentiveness and said, "Tell us more of the powers and propensities of this strange other you."

Gabby told herself to play up and said, "I'll tell nothing to a scoffer. I'll speak only to Donna." She excluded Sam with one shoulder. "Now look, Donna. These old-fashioneds—the different things that go into them. First—"

Sam said, "Hey, there's one of those different things missing from mine. Hunk of pineapple."

"Pineapple has no part in it," Gabby told him. "But I suppose I can't ignore you at your own bar."

"It's been done," said Donna.

"And too often," said Sam. "Far too often. And here's what I'm going to do—and I mean it. Have the bar taken right out of here and turn this room into a little workshop. Yes, sir. Place to tinker in." He looked from one woman to the other defiantly.

"Oh, you never would!" said Gabby.

If Sam Templin could substitute a workshop for a bar, he was not the Sam Templin of old times. The thought knocked all the pretended gaiety out of her. Was the Sam Templin she married the same man she used to know? Not that it mattered too much. Sam was a dear. She cared more for him than for any man she knew—any man she was ever likely to know.

Donna said perfunctorily, "Might hang out a little sign: 'Lawn Mowers Sharpened.'"

The words lawn mowers brought Gabby a hazy-bright memory. "Wait—now wait!" Gabby said. "Who was it, on a Fourth-of-July party, I think, who insisted on mowing the side lawn here by moonlight?"

"How can you ask?" said Sam. "The Boz."

"Oh, certainly—Boz!" said Gabby. She added, "We did use to have fun here."

Donna said, "Every rooster in the county was crowing before he got through."

Gabby, speaking a thought aloud, said, "I always meant to get around to marry Boz Cator—after Minna divorced him. Something deflected me."

Sam and Donna gazed speechlessly across the bar at her.

Those looks! thought Gabby. What did I say? Oh, yes. Well, it was so. Why should Sam and Donna, her two oldest married friends, sitting there side by side across the bar, stare at her like— Well, they used to be married. And they looked as if they were married still.

The way it was about Boz, she recalled, she had fallen in love with Boz—or sort of, anyway—and was about to do something about it, when this Adelaide Somebody came along, bold as brass, and pursued him from New Orleans to Pimlico to Churchill Downs. And you couldn't stoop to compete with a hussy like that.

And so she finally had married Sam Templin—gosh, just tonight!—because there he was, foot-loose, sort of confused and pathetic and lovable, and partly—it was the truth!—because she was a good friend to Donna.

Gabby lifted her drink to finish it. Her eyes caught the unaware faces of Sam and Donna across from her. She set her glass down. Never since the days she had known them as man and wife had she seen Sam look so alive and interested. If ever a man and woman were mates— Well, what was done was done!

SHE emptied her glass, came from behind the bar, reached for her furs, and said, "Time to close up, my ducks. Bottle gone, fire low, rain over."

Donna stood up quickly. "Long past time," she said.

Sam got to his feet. "Party's over." He walked to the fire and scattered its embers very deliberately, then got out a fire screen.

Gabby turned to the bar mirror and put on lipstick. In the glass she saw Donna go to the window seat and very carefully bundle up her raincoat and tuck it in a tight roll under her arm. Reflected to Gabby also were Sam's and Donna's drinks, Donna's scarcely touched, Sam's a third gone.

"Can't bear to see this wasted," said Gabby. "Here goes!" She finished Sam's and half of Donna's.

"Guess we're all set," said Sam, taking minutes to get into his topcoat.

Donna led the way out. Gabby followed her.

"I'm parked on the far side of the

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house," Donna said. "So I—I guess this is where we—"

"Not at all," Sam broke in. "We'll see you to your car." He started up the sloping lawn, Donna behind him, Gabby third.

Gabby's feet were soaked with her first steps. She hoped the liquor she had drunk would act as a cold preventive since it had done nothing else for her. She heard Sam up ahead saying something to Donna about "Dartmouth had everything" and "That second touchdown—"

Donna, trying to hear, ran a step or two forward. As she did so Gabby caught the glint of something shiny falling from Donna's rolled raincoat. It thumped softly to the grass. Neither Sam nor Donna turned.

GABBY stooped to pick the thing up. It was one of the old Sam-and-Donna bottles that had stood on the back bar. Her fingers identified it as the man of the couple—umbrella, stovepipe hat. So that's what Donna had come to the house for! Donna had the mate to it, of course—rolled in her raincoat. She had wanted those two old bottles badly enough to come and get them secretly. She was taking them away as a memento of her marriage, of her lost happiness—of Sam.

Gabby tucked the bottle beneath her fur and crooked her arm on it. As she reached Donna's coupé Donna was already at the wheel. Sam stood at the open right-hand door, leaning in toward Donna and saying, "Gas enough? Need anything?"

Like married, thought Gabby. Like married—and always would be. Well, they ought to be married. They loved each other. It showed in a hundred conclusive ways.

Gabby pushed past Sam and got into the car next to Donna. She pulled the door shut after her with a bang.

"Sam," she said, "you're being deserted. So go get my bags from the other car."

There were some smart things in those bags. They'd go well in Reno—later in San Francisco. She should be able to pick up Boz Cator's trail in San Francisco; or at Santa Anita as soon as the race meet opened.

It would be an uncertain life married to Boz Cator. She'd never again come as close to thorough respectability and position as she had been headed for with Sam Templin.

Sam put his head in the door and said, "Quit it, quit it, Gabby." Then, as Gabby put a quick arm around his neck and gave him a hard crushing kiss, he said, "What is this?"

"I told you what," said Gabby. "I'm afraid you're going to get some mean publicity, Sam. But nothing to what I'll get. Those bags—quick! Run!"

As a newspaper story it would be a house afire, Gabby knew—"Gabrielle Morse Potter Duncan Templin Deserts Third Husband Three Hours After Ceremony." And no amount of cajoling would get her back among the heirs of old Alex Pelletier after this story broke. She could say good-by to her inheritance.

Gabby twisted around in the seat and, behind Donna's back, transferred the old bottle from beneath her fur to the roll of red raincoat on the shelf.

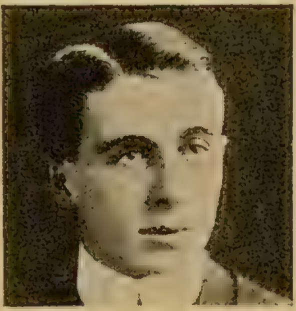
Donna said tensely, "Listen, Gabby. You've had something to drink, you know. Hadn't you better sleep over this?"

"In a sleeper, Donna. A westbound sleeper. Drop me at any station—the nearest one." She raised her voice: "Sam! Are those bags all stowed?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Who is the outstanding radio personality in the photograph to the right?

2—What English portrait painter said, "Damn it, madam, there's no end to your nose!" to what actress?

3—Where was the United States' worst drought?

4—Who designed the modern golf ball?

5—What great philosopher was known as the God-intoxicated Man?

6—How much does a three-minute telephone call between Singapore and New York cost?

7—What is the name of the highest mountain in Florida?

8—Which two of the Moore brothers were married to leading moving-picture actresses?

9—Who is the only man in Europe to be born a king?

10—What is the best bait for mousetraps?

11—What humorist said, "A jay hasn't got any more principles than a congressman"?

12—Who first dubbed Department of Justice agents "G-men"?

13—Which New Jersey town has eighty bars but no moving-picture theater or cemetery?

14—What is the largest testing machine in the world?

15—To which of the following races do the Ethiopians belong: Caucasian, Malay, Mongolian, Indian, African?

16—Has the United States more desert area than Mexico?

17—How far is it possible for a termite to progress in its lifetime?

18—Who is Lady Peel?

19—What two propagandic novels, written by American women, helped give new deals to oppressed races?

20—How much capital does it require to drill a wildcat oil well?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

Evangelist Billy Sunday has been a big thriller at county fairs in recent years. Above: A revue of Broadway show girls, typical of the stage productions being featured.

From Prize Pumpkins to Gorgeous Girl Shows and Thrills—How the American Playboy Has Grown Up

JOHNNY'S Not Home from the FAIR

by GEORGE A. HAMID

as told to SAMUEL DUFF McCOY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

THE county fair used to be regarded by the city slicker —if he thought of it at all—as a hick event which was of interest only to rubes. All it had to offer, he thought, was trotting races, a couple of big ears of corn, and a prize pumpkin. No excitement.

The city man who attends a county fair today is apt to come home with the impression that Broadway is a tame and unexciting thoroughfare compared with the farm. For the county fair has undergone a startling transformation. It's got thrills.

Agricultural fairs have been, of course, a feature of American life for more than a century. But the new "bigger and better" show business in connection with fairs is a phenomenon of extremely recent appearance. I've seen this sudden change, this astonishing transformation, from the inside—during the thirty years I've been in the business.

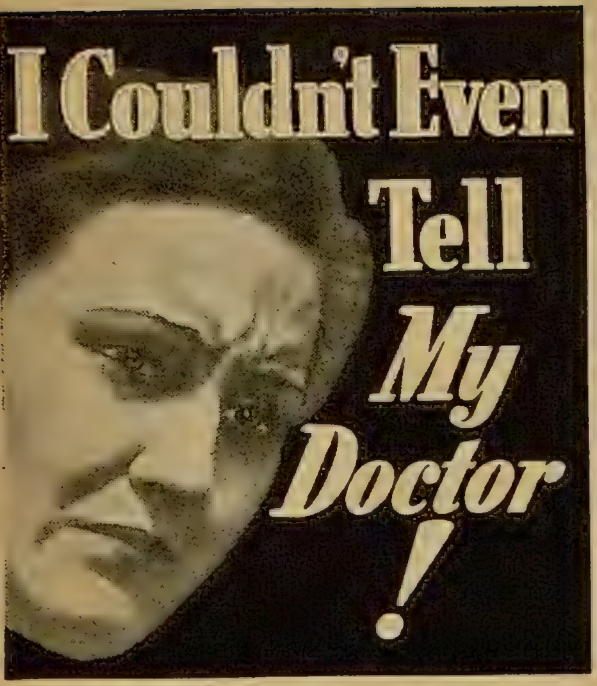
I started my career when I was eight years old. I was at home, in the village of Brummâna, Syria. All our section was agricultural, and the Sâheleen grapes and figs, grown on the fertile plain of Sâhel, a few miles south of our village, were and are famous.

In these villages, as the fruit came to ripeness, the farmers would hold fairs in the village squares. The farmer-merchant at each booth in the bazaar would try to gather buyers by providing entertainment of some kind at his booth—a flute player, dancers, wandering magicians, Arab fakirs, or Bedouin gun spinners.

Around Brummâna everybody liked best to watch acrobats. Naturally, all the boys of my village, including myself, began to learn acrobatic stunts as soon as we were old enough to walk. By the time I was six or seven I used to be sent for, with my chums, by the merchants, to do our tumbling and somersaultings in the village market place. One afternoon when I was doing handsprings and cartwheels in the street I heard a patter of hand-clapping. I stopped and looked around. There stood two English tourists. They laughed and called out something to me. I didn't know a word of English. But the man tossed a coin. Money speaks all languages. I grabbed it and ran.

Those two tourists are historic to me. They were my first spectators—the first who paid money. That first penny I got for turning cartwheels looked bigger than a cartwheel to me at the time. It was the key that opened the door to success for me in the circus, road show, and carnival business.

Twenty years ago the amusement attractions at a county fair, known more or less contemptuously as "the free acts," were never treated seriously as a business proposition by the management of the fair. They would include the inevitable balloon ascension, the "big" feature of the fair; a high-diving act; a high-pole act; a mule race perhaps, with a few local contests thrown in. This type of amusement deviated little until long after the World War. Then, gradually, came the change.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Let's take a look at the present setup.

One entertainment booking house now has $250,000 invested in portable stages, and trucks, costumes, electric-lighting apparatus, for elaborate productions in towns remote from any theatrical center—productions which equal and sometimes even surpass the most ambitious Broadway revues in size and beauty. With this equipment an amphitheater is actually erected in the open spaces, its roof is the sky and the stars, its back sets are the trees. Cows may be mooing and roosters crowing fifty feet away from the gigantic stage, but on to the stage will troop the pick of Broadway's singers, comedians, musicians, and pretty girls, and an audience of 20,000 people witnesses the entertainment—free.

Then there are the new "thrillers" and other new acts which draw such crowds as these in small communities as well as large ones.

In the old days an acrobat team used to get a big hand for just a double somersault. That wouldn't satisfy a child nowadays. Today a jump from a teeterboard catapults one man after another upward in the Picchianni Troupe's act, until four men are standing one on top of the other.

In the high-wire walking, back in 1907, the sensational stars worked alone.

Today the average high-wire act includes *six* performers. One famous team is composed of two girls and four boys. One of the girls will ride out upon the wire, dizzily high in air, upon a bicycle; one of the boys is perched upright upon her shoulders; the other girl stands upon his. Or two bicycles will follow each other out upon the wire, with a stout bar resting on the shoulders of the two wheelmen, and two others of the troupe pyramided coolly upon the bar. They do this on a wire fifty-five feet above the ground and with no net beneath them.

These thriller acts have been getting successively better year by year, as the public demands.

THEN, recently, the "superdaredevil" show was introduced. The crowd sees cars, with their drivers sticking at the wheel, race toward each other into a head-on collision. It sees cars driven deliberately out into space, turning over and over with their drivers, till they crash. It sees cars and motorcycles driven straight into, and crashing through, solid plank walls. It sees twelve daredevils jump out, one after another, from a big plane 3,000 feet above the fair grounds, catapulting downward like a swarm of bees—till their parachutes open just before you scream. Finally the crowd sees a girl daredevil step calmly out from a plane as it circles half a mile above; drop like a stone for two thousand feet, so fast that you can hardly follow her. And just at the last split moment, in the last breath—her parachute opens.

Still other thrills are provided at the modern county fair by the automobile races, in which professional race drivers, stars of such classics as the Memorial Day races at the Indianapolis Speedway, compete.

Yes, none but the brave deserve the county fair.

But don't think for an instant that all such exhibitions are mere excitements and serve no useful purpose. The exact contrary is the truth. They serve a distinct and priceless social and economic purpose, a service so valuable to Canadian and American rural communities that their cost is negligible.

They are the nation's best remedy for the alarming restlessness which seized the postwar generation. "Keep the boys and girls from leaving the farms!" was and is a cry of alarm which was mothered by a real and grim necessity.

MORE and more of the smaller cities, as well as rural counties, are actually raising substantial sums to pay for professional entertainment during a week of celebration which will not only bring new life to the community but will bring contentment to its people.

Yes, the county fairs pay handsomely for these attractions. Star high-diving acts bring the performers from $500 to $1,000 a week. Owners of troupes of trained elephants, an unfailingly popular county-fair attraction since their earliest days, are paid from $1,000 to $1,500 weekly for the performance of a troupe of from three to five elephants.

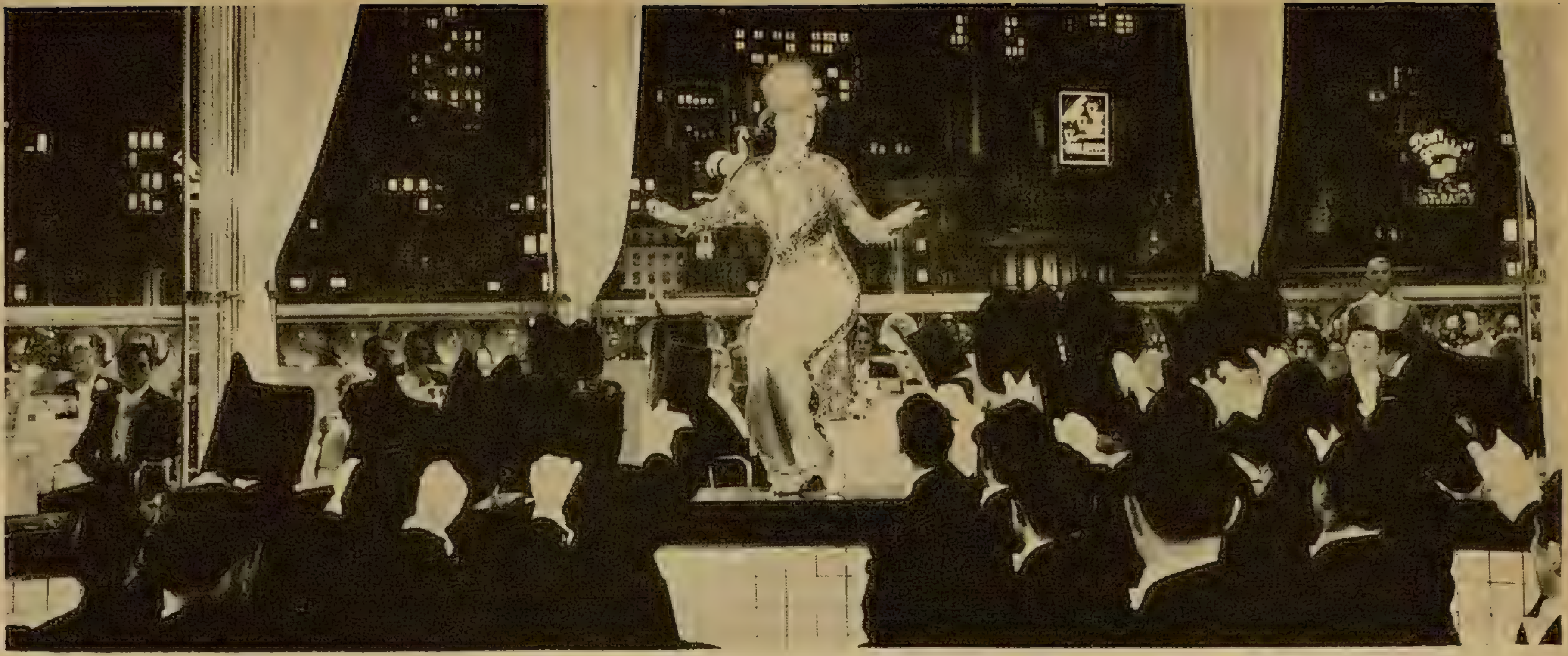
Dog acts are popular too and bring their owners $1,000 a week.

But the individual thriller acts bring in more, of course, to the performer. Those two fellows who let themselves be shot out of a cannon every night in the Ringling circus—the Zacchini brothers—draw down about $2,000 a week for that diversion. They were recently billed in county-fair shows. And Oscar Babcock, who shoots down a 175-foot runway on a bicycle at county fairs and caroms off the runway across a gap as wide as a river—he earns a pretty penny too. One of the biggest thrillers in another way, and among the best paid, was the evangelist Billy Sunday. He got $300 a day to preach at county fairs—and he was generally booked six nights in the week.

I look at all these things—the crowds, the excitement, the spectacular feats, the superthrillers; at the new, the modernized American county fair, and my mind races back to the little Syrian village in which I was a barefoot "Arab" boy drawing the crowd around me in the bazaar as I turned somersaults in front of the fig-seller's booth. And it seems to me that people are the same the world over, and have been through the centuries, ever since the fairs of five thousand years ago.

The only difference is in the magnificence of the show. That's brand-new.

THE END



Eleanor Powell in a scene from Broadway Melody of 1936.

MELODY, MISERY, MIRTH

The Films Present a Captivating Musical, a Pungent Child Picture from France, and a Graceful Variation of the Cinderella Theme

by BEVERLY HILLS

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4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Una Merkel, June Knight, Sid Silvers, Vilma Ebsen, Buddy Ebsen, Nick Long, Jr., Robert Wildhack, Frances Langford, Harry Stockwell. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Story by Moss Hart.

LONG noted as the studio that could make almost any sort of pictures but musicals, M-G-M, with a somewhat prematurely titled film, Broadway Melody of 1936, breaks its jinx in a captivating array of dancing, singing, beauty and wit.

Rather than rely on the established stars from its long list of world-famous performers, M-G-M has entrusted its lavish extravaganza to new faces. New cinema faces are generally new for the simple reason that they have lacked the ability or the chance to be famous. There is no reason why the public, fooled more than once by ballyhooed debuts, should get unduly excited just because it doesn't know the performers.

The players in Broadway Melody of 1936, however, need only the chance to be seen. Headed by Eleanor Powell, whose really amazing dancing should make her the rhythmic sensation of the year, the entire group is grand. Jack Benny, the radio jester, and Sid Silvers, as his lame-witted stooge, wrap up the acting honors; while Robert Taylor, June Knight, Buddy Ebsen, Nick Long, Jr., Una Merkel, and Robert Wildhack—who is, of all things, an expert on snores—give this delightful film all the comedy, beauty, and music it can use.

Featuring the loveliest ballet ever photographed and Frances Langford's superb rendition of You Are My Lucky Star, the picture is given a plot that would hold the interest even if it had none of its handsome embellishments. The story concerns the feud of a young play producer (Robert Taylor) and a Broadway columnist. Planning to make a chump of the producer, the columnist publicizes an imaginary French actress, and the producer falls for the ruse by announcing that she will appear in his new show. How the boys work themselves out of this spot is told in an amusing, swiftly paced manner that makes this spirited spectacle as entertaining as it is impressive.

Not only a stunning treat to the ear and eye, Broadway Melody of 1936 is, above all, a smartly contrived merger of talent, music, and humor. You don't have to be a tired businessman to enjoy it.

VITAL STATISTICS: M-G-M—Muggum to you—reputed not to have realized bigness of the Melody till after big Chinese Theater preview, at which it killed the people. . . . About a million dollars went into the making of this one. . . . Director Roy Del Ruth—borrowed from Warner Bros.—believes in a fluid camera which flows from place to place and gives pace and that breathless *je ne sais quoi* to entertainment. That is why those Del Ruthian dances move so breezily, and are known as the Del Ruthian wallops. . . . Eleanor Powell isn't related to Bill or Dick. Learned to dance to overcome shyness. Had no intention of making dancing her career, her maw sending her to dancing school at six, when all other means of ditching Ellie's timidity had failed. It wasn't till 1929 that Eleanor learned to tap-dance and in a year she was crowned World's Greatest. . . . Robert Taylor will probably leap into demand after the Melody. A Nebraska

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small-towner, he's been looking for a break for a long time and deserves it for handsomeness alone, girls. . . . Buddy and Vilma Ebsen are of Orlando, Florida. They debutted professionally in Ziegfeld's Whoopee. Buddy is married to Ruth Cambridge, who is Winchell's Girl Friday; and for his comedy work in the Melody he's been handed a contract as a Muggum comedian actor. Vilma's married to Bobby Dolan, nervous jazz maestro and classico-jazz composer. . . . Una Merkel, than whom there are worse comediennes in higher places, had to practice at a real switchboard for her hello-girl part—think of that! . . . That operation Frances Langford had on her throat to regain a lost voice made her a contralto crooner instead of a silver soprano, if you know what I mean. She can soprano it if necessary, however. . . . Jack Benny is of vodvil, in which I can remember him telling poolroom jokes in the ballroom manner. Radio took Benny to its windy buzzum and put him high in the air waves. Benny is happily married to Mary Livingstone; they live from hotel to hotel; have no kiddie-widdies. Was not too successful in his movie debut in Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round, what with being miscast—his part being too sympathetic for his causticity. The role of the columnist suits him to a sour pickle, so well, indeed, that he was immediately cast by Muggum for the role of a Broadway chiseler in Let Freedom Ring. . . . Sid Silvers, the Jewish gnome, is the answer to a stooge's prayer. Starting as Phil Baker's stooge, he sat in a box and interrupted Baker's act, delivering strong unpleasant remarks that entirely confounded Baker—a happy, happy victory for the Stooge Association, a group never allowed to dish it out. . . . That Happiness Boy writer Moss Hart, who wrote what is laughingly termed the original story of the Melody, will soon take a hand at doing drama.

★ ★ ★ LA MATERNELLE

THE PLAYERS: Paulette Elambert, Madeleine Renaud, Alice Tissot, Henri Debain, Sylvette Fillacier, Mady Berri. Directed by Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein. Story by Leon Frapie.

A FOREIGN film worth catching if it comes your way is La Maternelle, a realistic mordant yet tender study of homeless waifs. Though the picture is told in French dialogue, there are superimposed English titles and the story itself is simple enough to follow without much trouble.

These grimy, dirty-nosed foundlings are caught in strikingly natural attitudes and their mass appeal for the affection and love that is denied them at home makes for a deeply touching photoplay. Assiduously avoiding the maudlin, La Maternelle centers about a day school for children of the Paris slums, whose parents are the demimondaines, the thieves and drunkards of Montmartre.

The charm of these Gallic youngsters lies in their ability to forget the camera. They have none of the calculated cuteness of the Hollywood infants and their honestly attained effects are something not often sent out from the studios.

Paulette Elambert has the leading role, that of a child whose mother has run away. Starving for affection, she pours out her love on a school maid, beautifully played by Madeleine Renaud, who very nearly breaks the child's heart when she becomes engaged. This tale is told in lean, poetic scenes and, except for a few early bits, is intelligently and objectively directed.

A treat for moviegoers seeking something different in entertainment, La Maternelle is, moreover, a pungent morsel for all serious fans, and quite possibly the truest picture of the pre-puberty age yet recorded by the camera and microphone.

VITAL STATISTICS: La Maternelle (Lah Mah-tair-nell), the name given to French state orphanage schools for tiny tots, means, actually, "the mother feeling" and, applied to said schools, "the second mother." . . . Book, La Maternelle, is an old-time tear jerker. . . . Picture codirected by Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein, who previously had collaborated on scripts together. They are quite young, being under thirty. . . . La Maternelle cost, when it was made about two years ago, $50,000 to $60,000 or about 1,200,000 francs. . . . French stars short of Chevalier type work for 1,000 francs ($70) per day average, graded up to 3,000 francs. . . . Paulette Elambert was nine when chosen from all comers for lead. More the Jane Withers than the Shirley Temple type, she is considered an adult mind. . . . Madeleine Renaud is well known star of La Comédie Française of Paris. She is around forty, unmarried, and one of France's leading exponents of the classics. . . . Mady Berri, no relation to Wallie, resembles him somewhat in heft and comedy capacities. Alice Tissot is an old stage hand who always plays heavy roles. Alice's been around for about thirty years. Sylvette Fillacier is always typed as a country bumpkiness maid. . . . Picture took quite a while in making, a real *maternelle* being used as background as well as real orphans, slow in responding to the megaphone. The Elambert is not an orphan.

★ ★ ★ THE GAY DECEPTION

THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Frances Dee, Benita Hume, Alan Mowbray, Lennox Pawle, Adele St. Maur, Akim Tamiroff, Luis Alberni. Directed by William Wyler. Story by Stephen Avery and Don Hartman.

THE GAY DECEPTION has Frances Dee as a stenographer who wins $5,000 on a sweepstakes ticket and then goes to New York. Posing as a lady of wealth while on the spending spree, Miss Dee falls in with Francis Lederer, who is not the lowly hotel employee he seems but an actual prince learning about the hotel trade.

While it exhibits no startling originality in its conception or plot development, The Gay Deception can be listed as one of the more pleasant pictures of the month. Director William Wyler has handled the situations with a deft and light touch, and Frances Dee, hitherto but a competent leading woman, displays an unsuspected comedy flair. The picture moves with an easy grace, and by the time Miss Dee learns that her bellhop, who manages to work in every hotel she visits, is really a prince, one realizes that one has been having a pretty fine time watching the old story.

Benita Hume, the dark English beauty, gives it all a decorative touch, and Alan Mowbray, Lennox Pawle, and Akim Tamiroff stand out in supporting roles. Mr. Lederer gives his nicest performance since The Pursuit of Happiness.

The screen play by Stephen Avery and Don Hartman contrives to make this fluffy concoction a pleasant respite from the sturdier cinema offerings.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Jesse Lasky's last for Fox before moving over to United Artists to work for Mary Pickford. . . . Son of a poor leather merchant, Francis (Honeyboy) Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia. As an impressionable inferiority-ridden lad he got a bellyful of the war, accounting for his passionate crusading for world peace. Within past few months he has delivered a bushel of speeches for self-founded World Peace Federation, before audiences totaling more than 100,000. Lederer maintains entire cost of his organization, 20 per cent of his salary going to the noble purpose, said wages being about $50,000 per picture. He lives in Hollywood, is unmarried; never goes to hot spots. He's hard to suit roles to, being terribly finicky. . . . Picture cost about a half million. . . . Frances Dee colored prettily in Becky Sharp. In private life she's Mrs. Joel McCrae; they have a baby boy and a ranch near Chatsworth, California. She free-lances; began as an extra. Born in Los Angeles but schooled in Chicago, she started in pictures as a co-ed in Her Golden Calf, after which Chevalier cinched it for her. . . . Director William Wyler got himself married and separated in quick spank time from Margaret Sullavan, ex of Henry Fonda, who is now making himself a little Hollywood niche. . . . Benita Hume is dark and teddibly good at the social thing, don't you know. Born in London, she's about twenty-eight, Royal Academy of Arts educated. She's shuttled back and forth between the two great Doleful Nations, and she may go places this time—and then, may not.

★ ★ ½ TWO FOR TONIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, Mary Boland, Lynne Overman, Thelma Todd, Ernest Cossart, James Blakely, Douglas Fowley, Maurice Cass, Charles Arnt. Directed by Frank Tuttle. From a play by Max Lief and J. O. Lief.

TWO FOR TONIGHT opens with a scene of Bing Crosby serenading a music publisher from a treetop. When the publisher, famous for his knack at picking bits, turns out to be stone-deaf, you have some hint of the abandoned nuttiness that follows.

An airplane crashing into the tree is not noticed by the deaf publisher; but it hits Crosby, sending him to the hospital. Bing's much married mother, played by Mary Boland, starts suit against the aviator, who agrees to pay $50,000—at fifteen dollars a week. When the aviator turns out to be Joan Bennett, Bing goes to her boss to explain the accident. Miss Bennett's employer, a play producer, thinks that Bing is telling him the first act of a play and agrees to produce it.

Given this setup, Two for Tonight goes about its completely slapstick business.

Freakish escapades give the film many sequences of hilarious mix-ups, which Bing handles in his splendid comedy style. Funny as it often is, the picture remains no more than a raucous collection of gags woven through a play-within-a-play plot. We say this not as criticism of the picture but as a warning for those who expect a romance from America's favorite crooner.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bing Crosby almost became a lawyer but found out in time there was more money in crooning. Bing claims four women influenced his life: his maw; Mildred Bailey, the rocking-chair lady of the radio, who got Bing his first pro chance; Elsie Janis, who urged him to higher and more expensive things; and Dixie Lee, now Mrs. Bing. Got $7,000 a week on his first big radio contract after he ceased being the Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys. The other day he was asking but not quite getting $2,500,000 for doing nine pictures for the next three years, radio now being a side line. Despite an enormous ranch at Rancho Santa Fe, 110 miles from Hollywood near San Diego, a large fortune, twins and another boy, a sweet and lovely wife, he is still pretty much the same kid he was in Spokane. Never took a singing lesson in his life. A doctor once told him he had a small growth, like a corn, between his vocal cords that gave his voice that beautiful bellow. He'd lose it were the corn removed. He'd like to know something about breathing and diaphragm control but has been told any change in style would change his voice. Can't read a note of music nor play a musical instrument. Receives on an average of three songs a day from amateurs, and returns them unread. Knows the lyrics to more than a thousand songs; has written words himself; hasn't any particular song favorites. Wants a girl to add to the young male Bings, and Dixie's willin'. . . . Meet Joan Bennett: She's five two, scales at 112, is a blue-eyed blonde. Has been twice married, first time at sixteen; has dotter Diana by first, dotter Melinda by second. Likes to make out budgets, read, do heavy drama, fly, lunch at the Trocadero in her make-up. Was born in Palisades, New Jersey, February 27, 1911. Met present husband Gene Markey as result of falling off a horse and breaking her leg. Graduated through the Crazy Sally scene in Private Worlds from negative sweetness to roaring mature screen womanhood. . . . Story from original unproduced play by two of five Lief Brothers, Max and J. O. Max is playwright, tabloid critic, and J. O. a dentist. Boys got $15,000 for play, which is more than a generous profit for fairly successful Broadway flops. . . . Thelma Todd owns a roadside dineteria above Santa Monica where the eatin's good. She's looking out for her old age.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds.

★★★—Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air.

GOOD BOOKS

### by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS** by Alvah C. Bessie. Covici, Friede.

This reads as if it might be a masterpiece. Story of an American family, written with the frankness of Hervey Allen and the rich understanding of John Galsworthy.

★ ★ ★ **"SO YOU'RE WRITING A PLAY!"** by Clayton Hamilton. Little, Brown & Company.

The personal reminiscences of Clayton Hamilton's thirty-five years as playwright, dramatic critic, author, and lecturer. An informative book that will interest all who enjoy a good play.

★ ★ ★ **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI** by Francis Watson. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A well written and fascinating book, but it still remains true that no one has made this queen as interesting as Alexandre Dumas even though the spirit of modern biography is becoming more romantic than the Dumas period.

★ ★ **THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH** by Howard R. Driggs. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Stirring story of the origin and brief but thrilling existence of the pony express, with autobiographical anecdotes from the lives of the courageous boys and equally brave ponies who blazed the path for the transcontinental telegraph system. Of special interest to boys.

★ ½ **THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT APPONYI.** The Macmillan Company.

An eighty-seven-year-old Hungarian statesman writes elaborately of his childhood, of music, and of travel. Disappointingly, he gives very little of his diplomatic career.

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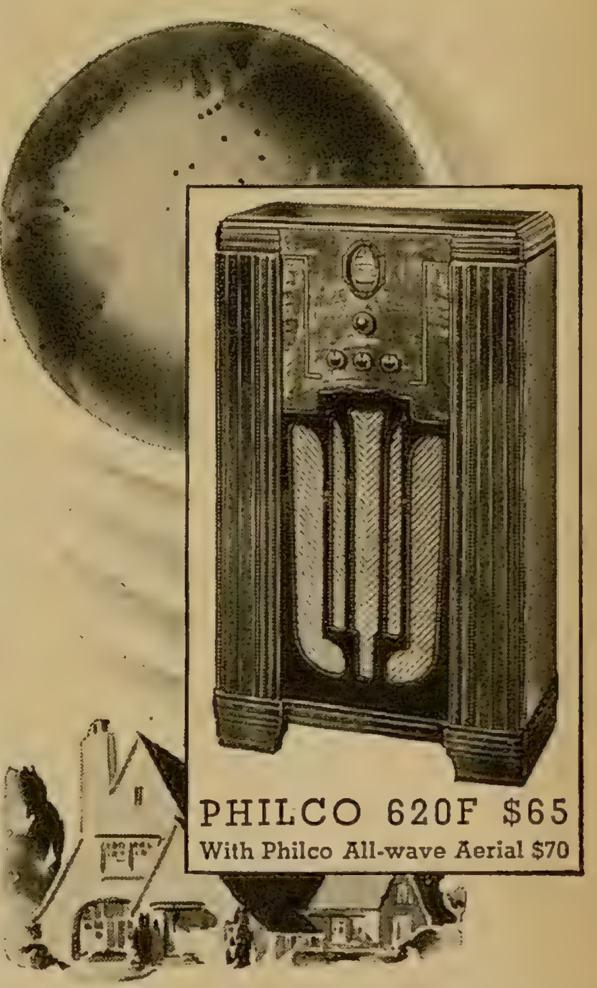

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Vox Pop

IF JOE LOUIS JOINS THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY . . .

LYNN, MASS.—Am answering the totally foolish remarks of Stanley J. Gajos in August 24 Vox Pop.

This supposedly highly emancipated but mentally fossilized gent says that Mussolini would drop all plans of warring on Abyssinia if Joe Louis, Sepia Slugger, would join the Abyssinian army.

If this hot-air-blowing individual is trying to bring about a comparison between Mussolini and Carnera, I would suggest he wind up his medulla oblongata and find the difference between a pound of cordite and a ton of muscular marshmallows.

There is only one Mussolini, but these pugilistic giants are found by the herring-barrelfuls everywhere.

Joe Louis licked Carnera, but not Italy!—*P. L. Gama.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO "BIRTHMARK"

DENVER, COLO.—I fear that Mrs. M. Borg, who takes exception in Vox Pop of August 31 to my statement that " a mother cannot birthmark her unborn child," is unjustly blaming herself for " birthmarking " her daughter. When I included this item in the June 1 'Tisn't So feature, it was with the hope that it would correct just such deplorable cases in which a mother blames herself for these defects of development popularly called " birthmarks " and supposed to result from certain mental impressions prior to the child's birth.

Mrs. Borg will find an enlightening article on the subject (under Naevus) in the 1932 Encyclopedia Americana. And in Dr. Morris Fishbein's very interesting book, Shattering Health Superstitions, may be found the statement: " Actually, there is no scientific evidence that the mind, the talents, or the tissues of a child can be marked in any way by the mother's mental impressions before its birth."

The United States Public Health Service corroborates my statement that it is impossible for a mother to " birthmark " her unborn child, because there is no connection between the nervous system of mother and child; also that birthmarks are usually defects of development.—*R. E. Doan.*

BIGGER FLOP THAN EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—I read with much interest the Vox Pop (August 31) effort of Mrs. Timothy Schleibermann of Terre Haute, Indiana, in which she voices her disgust at large families in general and the Dionne quintuplets in particular.

As far as large families are concerned she hasn't done so badly herself. (Or does she consider nine a large family?) And does she think herself in a position to criticize what she terms our encouragement of mass production? And just what would she like the government to do about it?—*Christine H. Saunders.*

NORFOLK, VA.—I fully agree with Mrs. Timothy Schleibermann as to the foolish carryings-on, throughout the nation, over the Dionne quintuplets.

As for the government taking a hand in birth control, I think it would be a bigger flop than the Eighteenth Amendment.—*R. S. Hurlbut.*

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Mrs. Schleibermann of Indiana first informs us that she is the mother of nine children, and then ends up with, " It is high time the government regulated the birth rate." Madam!

Possibly the solution for this paradox is professional jealousy; there are ten Dionnes and only nine Schleibermanns. —*Melvin Freedman.*

A SEXLESS LIBERTY!

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Now look here, Liberty. Don't you think this August 24 edition a bit oversexed? We young Americans like to know the facts of life —but let us find out for ourselves. Come on, Liberty. Give us back Lost Squadron, The Red Knight of Germany, or something like that.

What do you say? How about a sex*less* Liberty?—*Modern Boy.*

FOR "SUSAN" READ "MOLLY"

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—As usual, I read the short stories first, and what a surprise I got when I read Is It Ever Too Late? (August 31 Liberty).

Susan was dead, but she was horrified to read her own death notice (forty-eighth line of story) in the paper!

It just doesn't make sense.—*A. C. K.*

EULOGY TO "WILL"

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—
I saw you in the Follies some twenty years ago,
When, with chewing gum and lariat, you always stole the show;
I did not recognize, just then, the *soul* behind the clown,
Nor sense the rare philosophy which brought you such renown.

Your pictures I have never missed, because I've reached the age
When, to me, your homely humor all but purified the stage;
Your comments oft were caustic in political debate,
But your chuckle in the middle eliminated hate.

You strove to make us better, Will—to live and laugh at life;
You stopped a lot of suicides and quarrels with " friend wife."
I voice the thoughts of millions when I dedicate, with tears,
The burning lamp of memory—for Will Rogers—through the years!

—*Anonymous.*

HANDS AND NOSES

OAK PARK, ILL.—Some people's characters can easily be read by their hands, noses, etc.

They always have them in the other person's business.—*Bob Geiersbach.*

BRONX
BROOKLYN

COBRAS DO HEAR MUSIC

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—I notice in your August 31 Vox Pop a letter from a Miss Jhansis K. of Houston, Texas, taking Mr. Shea to task for his charming of a cobra by flute playing.

This is a pretty asinine criticism for which the unknown lady gives no authority except her experiences. I would like to hear Mr. Shea's comment, if at all printable.

All over the East the cobra or hamadryad is the main subject of the snake charmer's wiles. What about cobras dancing, or keeping time, to music? Quite apart from harmonicas or vibrations, or whatever you call 'em, which permit the deaf—from human animal to reptile—to hear music, this criticism just ain't so.

Let me give a couple of authorities to show that Mr. Shea knew what he was talking about and the Houston miss didn't. The standard authority on the subject is the work of Sir J. Fayrer, Thanatophidia of India, which will emphatically support Mr. Shea. Although this may not be of access to the curious, the Britannica most certainly is—and is even more emphatic in Mr. Shea's behalf.—*H. E. Twinells.*

CONTROLLING ENERGY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Most of the human species is far below the animal in controlling the sex energy. That is what is the trouble with the human kingdom today. They, men and women, have wasted sex energy until the male lacks brain enough to make laws for the good of all. If he would conserve sex energy and throw it to his brain, the whole world would not be in the condition that it is today.—*M. A. R. S.*

BETTER THAN A MILLION CHURCH SERMONS

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have just read with a very lively interest Mary Pickford's article Why Die? in August 17 Liberty.

This is the most wonderful magazine article I have ever read. Indeed it is a book of modern revelation.

I thought Why Not Try God? was her masterpiece, but since having read this article I am sure I was mistaken and that this is the best she or any other woman has ever given the public through the pages of Liberty. More power to her and to Liberty!—*Frank Fitzpatrick.*

KOKOMO, IND.—Mary Pickford's Why Die? is a conglomeration of the sort that the weakest, most superstitious riffraff minds of the world need—as downright silly-minded philosophy as the New Deal.—*F. L. Evans.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mary Pickford's article Why Die? will do more real good than a million church sermons.—*Austin Mosher.*

HIGH POINT, N. C.—I have just read Miss Pickford's article Why Die? and I was interested not only in her article but that you publish articles concerning the philosophy of life and death.

I am a victim of the world's rarest (on this continent), most devastating and incurable malady, from which I have suffered both physically and mentally for fifteen years. But I have reconciled and adjusted myself to a situation beyond help of science. For I too have formed a philosophy of life and death.—*Mrs. Broxton Craven Page.*

[And we want to thank the host of other readers, too numerous to mention here, for their response to Miss Pickford's inspiring message.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT—"

MIFFLINBURG, PA.—I have just read the editorial in August 31 Liberty entitled What Should Be Taught in Schools and Colleges. I wish to congratulate Mr. Macfadden on his sound logic and Americanism. I wish it were possible that every voter in the United States could read it.—*W. G. Haupt.*

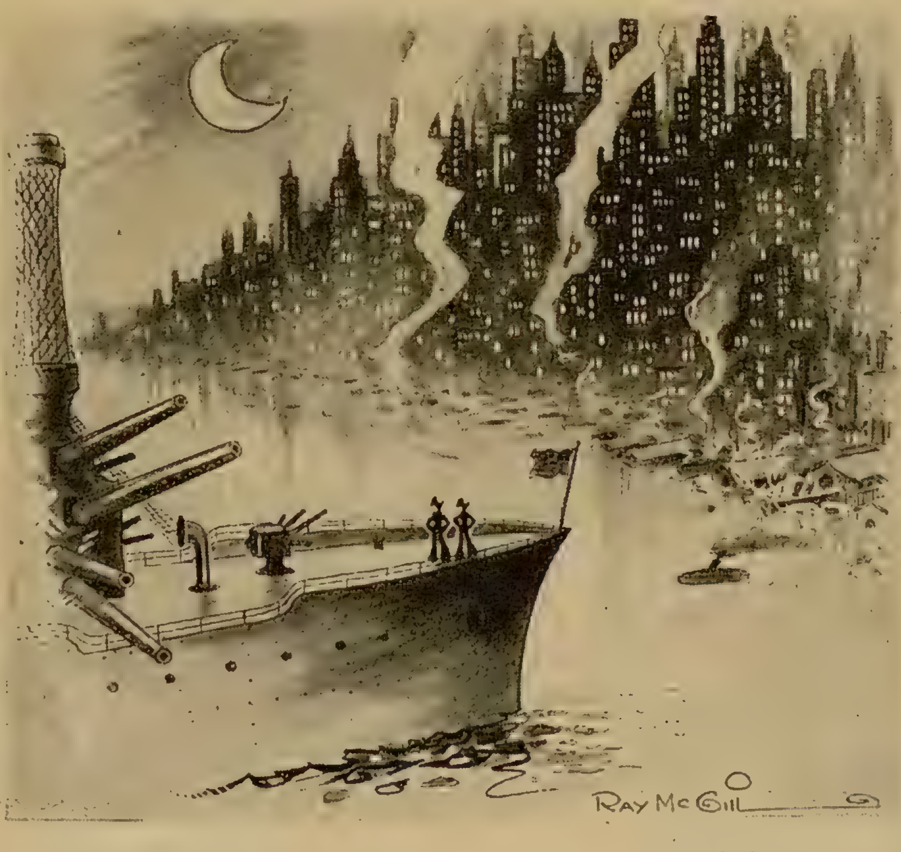
AUSTIN, TEX.—What Should Be Taught in Schools and Colleges is a live subject, but why feed us that Herbert Hoover stuff under disguise of such a subject?—*Clyde Boose.*

WATERLOO, IA.—In the early education of youth in this free country of America, why not teach them the truth about economics along with the Americanism Mr. Macfadden mentioned in What Should Be Taught in Schools and Colleges, so that they will be able later in life to form judgment about common basic facts without radicalism? Better to cure the evil before it starts than to try to rectify it afterward. Most all our present threats of force are the culmination of ignorance.

It seems to me that would be a real way to fight off any talk of communism, dictatorship, political bugaboos, and the like.—*John U. Morris.*

KNOXVILLE, ILL.—Liberty deserves the thanks of all loyal Americans for its fearless exposure of the evils of communism.

Bernarr Macfadden's editorial What Should Be Taught in Schools and Colleges ought to be read from all of our American pulpits.—*(Rev.) A. R. Adams.*



"She's home, I c'n see a light in her window."

SUGGESTS MODERN PLUTARCH

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—May I offer a suggestion? It is to run an indefinite chain of comparisons, taking the life story of a present-day notable and comparing it with the life story of a similar character in history, such as:

Haile Selassie	King Tut
Sims	John Paul Jones
Einstein	Pythagoras
Lindbergh	Eric the Red
Stalin	Peter the Great

etc., etc.—*Maude Courtney Waddell.*

PREFERS BEVERLY TO PICTURES

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. — Beverly Hills's criticisms are so cleverly written and so interesting that I prefer to read some of them to seeing the shows.

They remind me of the two Irishmen at a circus that had been extensively advertised in billboard pictures, who sat through several poorly presented performances, when finally Mike says: "Pat, let's go out and look at the pictures again."—*J. C. Hill.*

MUNCHAUSEN ABOARD EMDEN?

NAMPA, IDA.—I am wondering which of the two officers aboard the German cruiser Emden is a Baron Munchausen, in Mad Days on the Devil Ship Emden, by Rear Admiral Witthoeft and Wayne Francis Palmer. (Liberty, August 10, 17, 24.) It would be impossible for sleeping men with their ship blowing up to get a gun into action in twenty seconds!—*C. H. Boyer.*

DEBTORS' PRISON AGAIN

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The politicians are using the "debtors' prison" again to force tribute to their castles. No other creditor in this country can do more than sue a man for nonpayment of just debts, but lo! these mighty men calling themselves leaders strike fear into the hearts of all hardworking men with the penalties they inserted foully into the income-tax law. And every state is copying the federal law.

The income tax is a fair and just tax, but the imprisonment clause is a political weapon in the hands of dangerous men.—*J. A. Mann.*

From Canada

by PRINCESS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROP

IT does your heart good, gives you a glow of aesthetic satisfaction, to behold a man who performs one of the world's most romantic jobs—and who looks every inch the part.

The Canadian Parliament buildings in Ottawa

That was how I felt when I met Major General James H. MacBrien, commander of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Picture a tall strong-shouldered man, straight as a ramrod, gray hair cropped close, jaw hard and lean, a grim twist of muscular expression around the mouth, eyes of the darkest, sharpest, wisest gray. Deep crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes when he smiles.

I lunched with the general in Ottawa. He talked with eagerness about his men, with reluctance about his own achievements. Told me how 2,600 Mounties patrol the entire Dominion by airplane, dog sled, horse, automobile, and canoe.

Typical story:

Trapper in the Far North went raving mad. Homicidal. One Mountie brought him out. Three weeks through the snow. Not a wink of sleep.

"When they came in," declared the general, "it wasn't easy to say which of them was the lunatic. But within half an hour our man reported for duty, immaculately uniformed."

The Mounties are famous for getting their men. Women get the Mounties. Practically all of them marry as soon as they complete the six years of bachelorhood required by regulation after their first enlistment.

General MacBrien started his career as a trooper in the old Northwestern Mounted, more than thirty years ago. Transferred to the British army during the Boer War. Soldiered until 1928, was Canadian Chief of Staff in the World War. Took up commercial aviation, is a veteran pilot, first Mountie commander to patrol all posts by air.

Has one son in the Mounties, another in the Air Corps, a third at military college. Also three daughters who the general says are *obedient* girls!

A true soldier patriarch.

● Sled dogs used in winter by the Canadian Mounted are supposed to be one quarter wolf.

Puppies are enlisted or rejected according to the way they drink milk. If they lap it up more or less politely, they're O. K. But if they *bite* their milk, that means they've got too much wolf in 'em.

Sergeant Jim Margetts has been breeding them for fifty years, is a past master now at getting dog and wolf mixed just right. When he wants more wolf in the service he ties a female husky out overnight to a tree in the woods. Her pups will be half wolf. Then the males from her litter are bred with female huskies.

At a Mounted Police camp near Ottawa I made friends with one of these dogs—splendid electric-nerved animal, smoke-black with a cotton-white belly.

● On Parliament Hill in Ottawa I saw a grave and square-built man walking alone. Some American tourists were there admiring the view. The lone walker spoke to them, pointed out certain places of interest, gave a descriptive talk in terms as workmanlike as those of any professional guide.

He was the Hon. Richard Bennett—Prime Minister of Canada.

I am told he has long made a practice of taking his brief evening stroll on the Parliament Hill promenade, and that he goes invariably to the aid of American tourists whom he finds sight-seeing there. They never know who he is. He just picks them up casually, and casually *sells* them a few of the local attractions. One of Canada's best salesmen!

● Winter tourists who go in for skiing are almost sure to meet the Canadian ruling class. Graham Ford Towers told me about the extraordinarily democratic Ottawa Ski Club. Mr. Towers is the thirty-eight-year-old governor of the Bank of Canada—the private corporation that controls currency and exchange for the entire Dominion. Every one belongs to the Ski Club. Membership costs only about three dollars. Canadians of all classes stand and fall together on the ski runs.

● *More Random Notes from Canada:*

Carved on old French-Canadian beds, the poetic promise, "*Je me souviens* [I remember]." . . . Quaker girls in Quaker bonnets selling homemade bread at the St. Lawrence Market in Toronto. . . . *Silent* Sandy Somerville, Canada's millionaire of golf champ, forsaking his nickname to tell me, with plenty of words, how his big gold cup spent a night in a freight yard. . . . Two lively maids in Canadian affairs are snapping-eyed brunette Phyllis Axford, women's organizer for the Reconstruction Party, and vivacious Paris-educated Odette Lapointe, girl scout at large for the Liberals. . . . Canadians respect machinery, take wonderful care of it—on the road between Montreal and Ottawa I saw a Model T Ford and an eighteen-year-old Chevrolet, both in perfect condition, both ticking off the miles like nobody's business. . . . Jumbo cocktails and rare Rosa Bonheur painting at the home of J. J. Gibbons, who has been called the Colonel House of Canadian politics. . . . Tremendous success of Reginald Stewart, the Toronto conductor, and his symphony orchestra of unemployed

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

musicians; they have popularized their concerts into the high box-office brackets, all seats costing twenty-five cents, no seats reserved, every concert crowded to the doors, cabinet ministers sitting next to cooks or chambermaids. . . . Ottawa's lovely trees and stately buildings—a capital as verdant as Washington, as spick-and-span as Edinburgh.

Major Francis Yeats-Brown, soldier-author

● After standing on his head for a while with his legs folded neatly together, Major Francis Yeats-Brown (who wrote Lives of a Bengal Lancer) told me why he does not believe in disarmament.

"The Orientals," he said, "will never disarm. They know too much about human nature to accept the theory that mankind's fighting instinct can be cured by any regulation of weapons."

All this probably sounds to you like something from Alice in Wonderland—yet it actually happened! Major Yeats-Brown stood on his head in the middle of my sitting-room floor at a Montreal hotel. He did it to demonstrate the method of certain Hindu health exercises. Does it every morning before breakfast. (Other daily head-standers of prominence include Elsie de Wolfe and the Prince of Wales.)

A few upside-down moments in the morning are said to help stabilize your blood pressure. As for the leg-folding trick, that is a Hindu specialty which takes long practice to acquire—and no wonder!

1
+1
2
cat
rat
Pahi

The major smoothed down his iron-gray hair and went on about disarmament:

"We Westerners," the major said, "misinterpret the spirit of Eastern thought when we find it passive and pacifistic. The Bhagavad-Gita—the Song Celestial, chief religious book of Hindu scripture—may be read as a tract setting forth Oriental distrust of pacifism and government without authority of force. The old Asiatic world is too wise to fall for our idealistic notion that war can be eliminated."

Major Francis Yeats-Brown admits that his ideas on this subject are unpopular. He clashes often with the peace promoters. But he goes his way unshaken, knowing more of the world than most of us ever can learn. Born in Italy, he was raised in Boston, educated in England, served twenty years as a British army officer in Africa, India, and Palestine, has toured America and Canada as a lecturer, is hunting now for a quiet place in which to finish his new novel of Bengal life.

● A clever woman of my acquaintance gives Welcome Home books to her friends when they return from long journeys or vacations. She gives them a loose-leaf scrapbook in which are pasted newspaper clippings of home-town events that have occurred while they were away—social or news events in which she thinks they will be interested. The scrapbooks help her friends get back quickly into their neighborhood stream of life. Isn't that a thoughtful idea?

● Children prefer pretty schoolteachers, learn their lessons more readily from good-looking schoolma'ams. A new superintendent of schools at Rockford, Illinois, is so convinced of this that he has included prettiness among the qualifications to be met by young teachers applying for jobs in his schools. I am inclined to believe he is right. I seem to recall my prettier schoolteachers with more affection than the others. There was that slim dark one—Miss Tanner—who wore such nice blue dresses. And the fluffy blonde one—Miss Hitchcock—who nearly always wore white or pink. They were darlings. I remember them vividly. But whatever it was they tried to teach me, I have completely forgotten!

● I hate the feel of blotting paper. A girl I know cannot bear to touch raw meat or the stems of flowers. Other friends of mine don't like to touch feathers, ashes, oil, wet laundry, peach skins, coal, straw hats, aluminum, wax candles, twine, or string. They like to touch sand, old coins, electric-light bulbs, putty, new gloves, fresh green grass. Most of us enjoy the touch of silk, yet I know one or two people who detest it. Practically every one loves the feel of gold. Almost everybody hates to touch false teeth.

What do you like to touch or hate to touch?

● Try this superb ham-and-chicken harmony composed by Pierre Borbey, maître d'hôtel at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal. This recipe is a product of genius.

For each portion mince ¾ cup cold chicken and 1 tablespoon fried mushrooms in 2 tablespoons pure cream—*not* thickened cream sauce. Over hot blaze, for 2 minutes, sear 1 slice Virginia ham a portion, having the ham well sprinkled on both sides with paprika. Put in 2 ounces sherry wine for each slice ham. Let simmer, turning the ham constantly until the gravy becomes reduced to a rich sauce. Remove ham and stir your creamed chicken gently into the sauce. Add 1 teaspoon butter per portion. When well mixed, place ham on hot toast and top with the wine-creamed chicken.

● Facing Two Ways—the life story of Baroness Shidzue Ishimoto—is the most entertaining book I have read this season. I recommend it with enthusiasm to every one interested in Japan. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

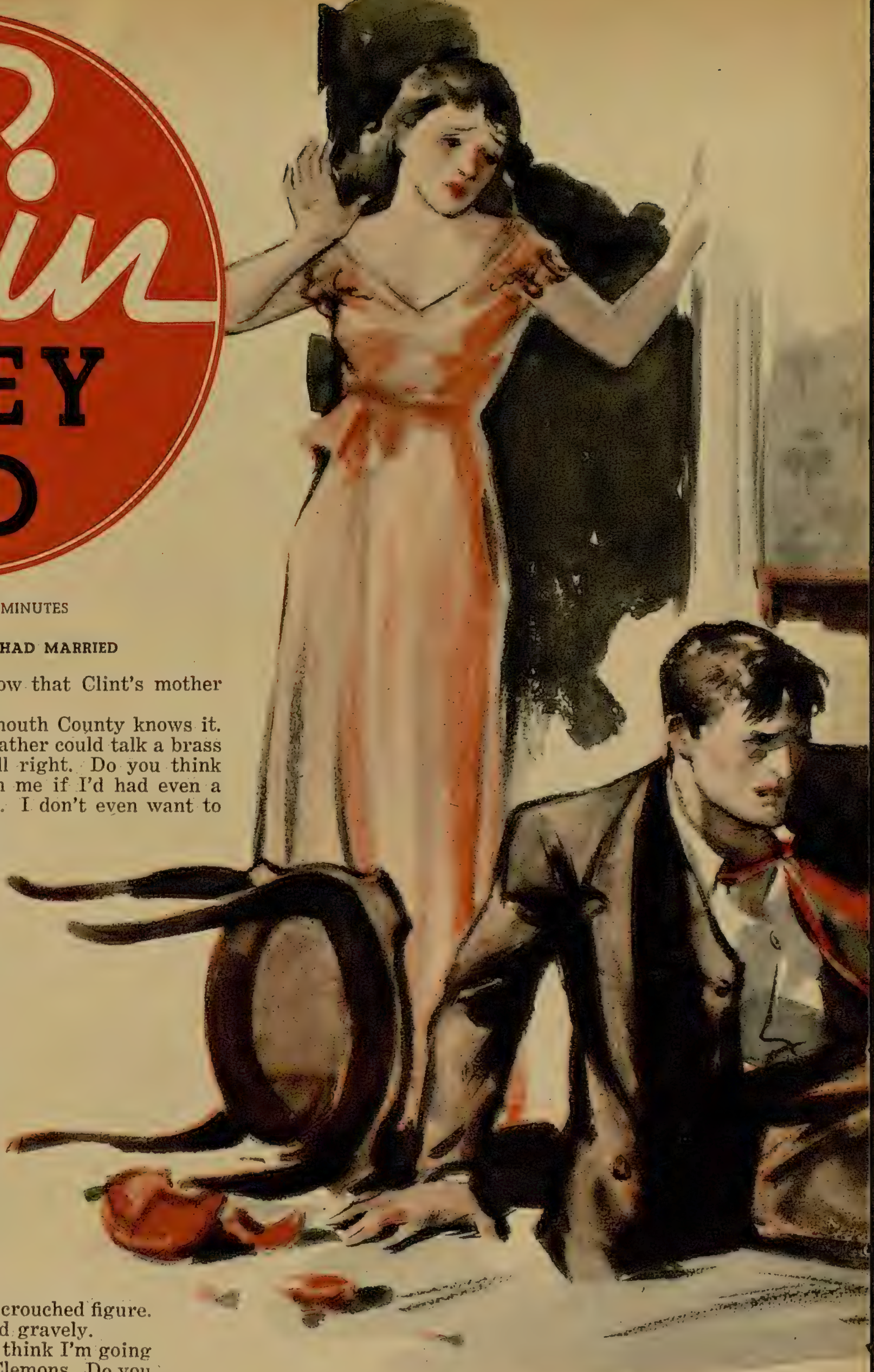
THE Sin THEY DO

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

PART FIVE—THE GIRL HE HAD MARRIED

by VIÑA DELMAR

INTO THE STORY COMES A POIGNANT



SHERRY said, "You don't know that Clint's mother committed a murder."

"Of course I do. All Monmouth County knows it. She was as guilty as hell. Roy's father could talk a brass monkey into tears. She did it all right. Do you think I'd have let Clint get away from me if I'd had even a pin point of doubt? I love Clint. I don't even want to think of what it's going to be like without him, but I'd die before I'd see that woman in my children."

"You don't seem to mind her in Clint," Sherry pointed out.

"That's different. I'm not responsible for him. I'd feel guilty mixing her blood in my children. I couldn't do it."

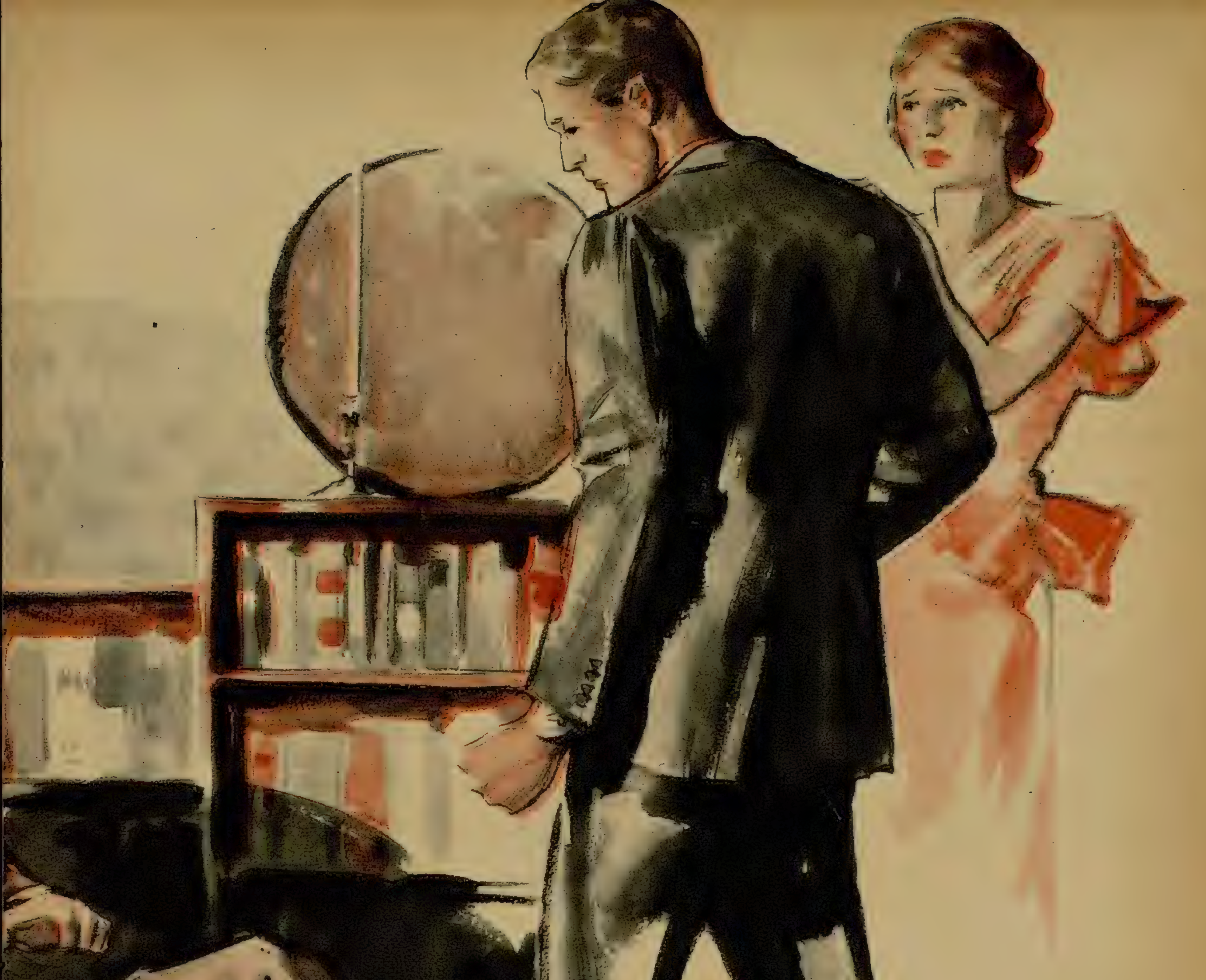
Sherry said, "There needn't have been any children."

"And if there hadn't been, Clint would have known that I thought his mother guilty. He'd have known that I thought her a murderess and that I wouldn't have children for him. I couldn't have him know that I believe what everybody else believes. And if you tell him what I've said today I'll deny every word of it and he'll call you a liar."

"Oh, that goes without saying." Sherry stood staring at the crouched figure. "You've had a bad time," she said gravely.

"Yes, and it isn't over. Do you think I'm going to enjoy the future? I love Clint Clemons. Do you think it was easy to keep refusing him when I wanted him more than anything on God's green earth? But I had to do it. It was hard but it was right, and you come along untroubled by brains enough to know what's right or wrong and you walk off with him."

Sherry said, "Do you suppose we can skip the revelations on how you feel about my mental capacities? They make me angry. And I don't want to get angry with you. I want to talk to you sensibly. I admire you. Few people have the courage of their convictions. But by your convictions



"Don't, Phil, don't!" cried Marjory. "You'll kill him!" But Phil had struck, and for a second Clint wavered, then fell.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERT ROSS CARTER

QUESTION—CAN LOVE AND COURAGE MEND A BROKEN DREAM?

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HARDLY settled down to their routine as café entertainers for the summer at the Palais de la Mer on the New Jersey coast, Sherry Mack, a pretty singer, and Ted Earle, a pianist, meet up with an oddly contrasted trio: Frederica Wheaton, known as Freddie; her hopeless lover, Clint Clemons; and their mutual friend, Roy Richards.

Tired of his proposals of marriage, Freddie angrily orders Clint to go home. The worse for liquor, he sullenly obeys, but Sherry declares it murderous to let him attempt driving. Ted knocks him out to stop him. Such interference on the part of strangers enrages Freddie, who thinks she owns Clint.

Perversely, and to show his "pull," Clint has the little café singer made a member of their exclusive beach club, and invites her to take a drive. Sherry accepts, but soon regrets it, for her new friend is a speed maniac.

When her pal Ted asks her to marry him, she refuses, confessing the

you are forced to rule Clint out of any relationship closer than that of friend. True?"

Freddie nodded.

"But still you are unhappy in knowing that another woman—a crackpot, we'll say, who knows no better—is accepting him as a husband?"

"How can I help but be unhappy?" Freddie asked bitterly.

"I'm only reviewing the case. I'm not accusing you of anything. Now if you will go away from Sea Edge for a while you will save yourself the sight of Clint falling deeply in love with me."

Freddie eyed her grimly. "You think he will?"

"He might. I don't know. I was talking big. If you go away, you'll give me a fair chance with him. That's all. What do you gain by seeing him? You torture yourself."

"Yes. Still, it's a little something to be able to see him."

Sherry said, "You wouldn't go away, then, and leave me with him for maybe two weeks?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm sick. Leave me alone, will you? I have to go back to bed." She stood up.

"Well, thanks for giving me so much time."

Freddie looked at her with cool distaste. "I didn't give it," she said. "You took it."

"Then thanks for letting me take it. Good-by."

Freddie did not answer. She was almost to the top of the stairs. Sherry opened the door and saw the chauffeur turn a quick curious glance to see how Clint Clemons's wife had made out with the girl whom the whole town supposed was his mistress. Sherry was seized with a sudden mischievous impulse. She turned back toward the deserted hallway, threw a kiss at the living room, and came down the path smiling brightly.

Clint was still asleep when she got home. Sherry lay down on the living-room couch and thought about Freddie Wheaton. It was impossible not to pity Freddie. Who would expect to find her considering what she owed to her children? Strange conflicting ingredients had gone to make up that eccentric young woman.

She heard a door open upstairs and a moment later the noise of water gushing in the pipes announced that Clint was taking a shower.

Sherry called Vincent. "Mr. Clemons is awake," she said. "You could go up now and get that suit."

VINCENT went upstairs. He did not come down immediately, and she guessed that he was assembling fresh clothes for Clint.

Presently she heard Clint's voice raised in annoyed surprise. "What in hell are you doing here at this hour?"

She jumped from the couch and flew up the stairs. Clint, in a black satin dressing gown, was standing outside the door of his room scowling at Vincent, who stood with a tie in his hand looking dumbly and miserably at Clint.

Sherry said, "I asked him to stay. There were things I needed him for."

"Oh, you asked him to stay? I suppose you're so accustomed to servants that a few hours without one would kill you."

Sherry flushed. "I'll be downstairs," she said. "When you're dressed you can tell me why you find it so difficult to be civil."

She retreated then before he had time to reply. A few minutes later he came down with his eyes fixed straight ahead of him and made directly for the front door.

She said, "Just a moment, please. I'd like to talk to you."

He said, "Well, go ahead."

"Would you sit down? I'm afraid it's going to take a few minutes."

HE sighed and sat down on the top of the marble-topped table.

"Let's not be childish about things," Sherry began. "I'm that romantic and charming figure known as the spite bride. I'll pass over the nauseating details of how you pretended that you were in love with me. Why do you think it necessary to treat me with such filthy rudeness?"

He raised his eyebrows and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know I was rude. Will you forgive me?"

She looked at him and saw that he was again the Clint who had made love to her and had convinced her of the impossible. He had no time now for argument, so he had to be charming. That was the short cut to escape.

She said, "You know very well you've been rude, and I want to know what you expect to gain by it. If you think I'll get sick of it and leave, you're mistaken. This is my home. You see, I haven't any other."

During her speech the engaging smile had been whisked away like a discarded false face and he looked at her with cold eyes. "You knew you were being used," he said, "and you were quite willing. I'll pay."

She smiled. "Another device to send me packing?" she asked. "You'll find me thick-skinned. I shan't burst into tears and run away from you."

"Just what do you want?"

"I want a fair chance at being Mrs. Clemons."

"Why?"

"For the same reason I married you. I'm in love with you."

He said, "I'm sorry about that. Really I am. You see, I'm in love with Freddie Wheaton."

"But you married me. You got me by lies and pretense. Surely you owe me something. Give me a chance at being Mrs. Clemons."

He was amused.

"You are Mrs. Clemons," he said. "You can charge dresses at the stores and join the best clubs."

"I'm not interested in things that can be bought."

He got up from the table edge and walked up and down the room. "You don't understand," he said. "You seem to think I'm looking for a charm against Freddie. I'm not. I married you to make her mad."

"Oh, I understand that all right. But when I had or hadn't served your purpose, I didn't disappear. I'm here. We're a sort of Frankenstein and his monster."

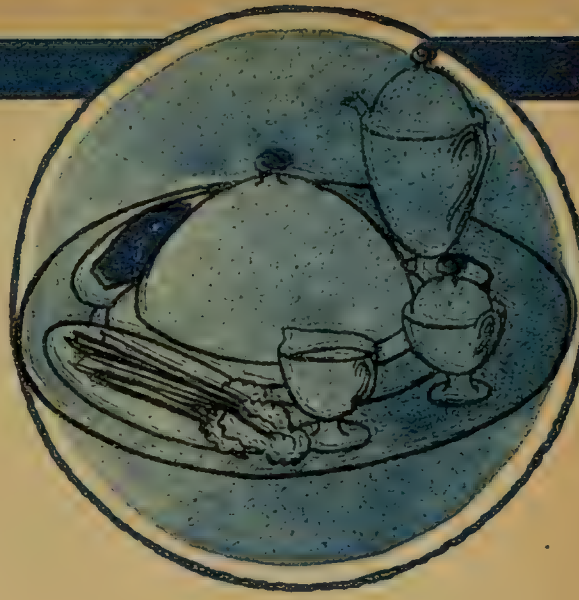
inexplicable fascination Clint Clemons has for her. Then, to complicate the tangle of young lives, Roy Richards falls in love with Sherry.

To get away from the persistent Clint's attentions, Freddie leaves Sea Edge and goes up to New York to visit her friends, the Tysons. Nothing daunted, the infatuated swain follows her, proposes marriage for the *n*th time, and is turned down.

Hurt and vengeful at this latest rebuff, Clint asks the singer, who is crazy about him, if she will be his wife. Carried away by her emotions, Sherry says yes, and they are married immediately.

That very night Clint goes off with Freddie, and leaves his bride in the Clemonses' huge gloomy mansion on the ocean front, with a fearful storm breaking. It is a night of horror for poor Sherry.

Next day the bride seeks out Freddie for a showdown on the reason Freddie hadn't married Clint, yet plays dog-in-the-manger. Freddie says, "His mother committed a murder in cold blood and died a suicide. Do you want her grandchildren? I don't."



He said, "We'll talk about it again. I'm going out."

"Will you be back for dinner?"

"No."

"That's too bad. Roy is coming over. I thought it would be fun."

"Roy is coming here for dinner?"

"Yes, that's why I had Vincent stay."

"You're pretty damn quick about instituting changes, aren't you? Now listen to me. There's a room upstairs—"

"I know, Clint; it mustn't be dusted or altered in any way."

"Who told you?"

"I explored the house last night. I am not so stupid that I couldn't guess that it was your mother's room and that you're keeping it just as she left it."

"And you think it's damn silly, too, don't you?"

"I think people have a right to be sentimental."

"What have you heard about my mother?"

"Her entire story."

"From Roy?"

"Yes."

He seemed satisfied at the source of her information. "I don't want you to listen to any gabbing about her from outsiders."

"Well, certainly not, Clint."

He said, "Good-by," and walked out of the house.

A little before seven o'clock Roy appeared. As soon as he had seated himself Vincent arrived with cocktails and canapés.

"Well," said Roy in surprise, "I see you've set up housekeeping." He looked at her admiringly. "Don't tell me dinner is going to be served here."

"Oh, yes. I'm covered-wagon stock. I'll make a home or die in the attempt. You'll have dinner but, I regret to say, no host."

"No? That's too bad. Where is he?"

Sherry waited until Vincent had left the room. Then she said, "I couldn't say for sure. My guess is that he's calling on Freddie Wheaton."

ROY'S face showed the indignation that he felt. "She's not playing square," he said.

"I saw her today. I was the wife who calls on her rival and pleads with her to take her vampire talons out of the husband."

"How did you make out?"

"I don't know. She was nursing a bad hangover, but she listened and was insulting, so I suppose she noticed what I was saying."

"Sherry, you're in a tough spot. You know, don't you, that at any time I'll do anything to help?"

"I know, Roy."

Roy glanced up at Eleanor Clemons. "You were not disturbed by the story I told last night?"

"Oh, no. Toots and I got along swell together."

"I'm sorry I picked last night to tell about her, but I'm a prize sap anyhow. And don't call her 'Toots,' even in clowning. I think Clint would kill you."

"I think he would, too. I'll never do it again anyway. I was just being smart. Is there a room in the house that hasn't an X in it that shows where the body was found?"

"Yes, there are a couple of nice bedrooms guaranteed to be without haunts. I sleep in Aunt Cynthia's room when I stay here. She was a poor relative and lived in the attic. Melville and Eleanor never went upstairs to her room and, if you must know, that's why I picked it out."

"Next time you stay you'll have to pick another room, because I'll be in Aunt Cynthia's."

An impulsive question rose to his lips. His mouth opened to speak it but he controlled himself and flushed.

Vincent appeared in the doorway and announced dinner. Sherry stood up. Roy glanced out of the window as he rose to his feet. "Well," he said, "here comes your husband."

"Will wonders never cease!" Sherry murmured.

CLINT had stepped out of a taxi and was walking up the veranda steps. Sherry turned to Vincent and said hurriedly, "Set Mr. Clemons's place at the table. Offer him a cocktail and in about ten minutes announce dinner just as though you hadn't done it before."

Vincent hastened away to obey and Clint entered the room.

Roy said, "Hello, there."

Clint answered and sat down. Sherry was quite certain that something had interfered with his plans. He had not returned because he had observed during their recent talk that she had slim ankles or high pointed breasts. He had returned because he had nowhere else to go. That meant that Freddie was asleep, very sick or— No, she had not gone away. He looked too satisfied for that.

Vincent came in with the cocktail on a small silver tray and offered it to Clint. Clint took it and drank it down in one swift gesture. "Now bring me a drink," he said to Vincent.

Roy spoke of damage that the storm had done along the coast. Clint asked brief sharp questions in that intense way of his. His subconscious kept the subject alive while he thought about Freddie.

Vincent announced dinner, and Sherry observed that he did it without a grin. He had caught the idea and was not under the impression that announcing dinner twice was some kind of foolish game. She stood up and so did Roy.

Clint remained seated and Roy said to him, "Come on. Aren't you going to eat?"

Clint looked from one to the other.

"Am I invited?" he asked Sherry in mock humbleness.

"No," she said. "A man doesn't get invited to his own house."

She had advanced unseeingly into the trap. He sprang it delightedly: "I didn't think it was my house any more. Certainly I haven't been consulted about anything."

"I didn't know that a consultation was in order before dinner could be served."

"I expected that answer," Clint said. "It's purely feminine and characteristically feeble. You knew that in order to serve dinner in this house certain changes had to be made and you made them without consulting me. That's all."

Clint sat down at the head of the table and immediately became silent and reflective. Later Sherry discovered that he had never sat there before, and that indeed no one had ever had that place since his father had eaten his last dinner.

After dinner they went to the living room and Clint immediately picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello. Tilsey? Mr. Clemons. Is Miss Wheaton awake yet?" Pause. "Well, wake her up. She's slept long enough now." Pause. "Sure, you can. What are you going to do? Let her sleep till tomorrow?" Pause. "Tell her I'm coming right over." Pause. "What the hell's the matter with you?" He banged up the receiver and sat frowning for the second that it took to clear his line for the next call. Then he telephoned for a taxicab.

He got up and walked toward the door. "So long," he said.

"Your cab hasn't come yet," Roy pointed out.

"No. I'll wait for it on the curb." He left them without another word.

Sherry said, "He hates to be in the same room with me."

"No. He's just anxious to get over there. He's worried about her. I guess she's sick. Sometimes she does have sickish hangovers."

Sherry rose suddenly and threw her cigarette toward the fireplace.

"I've got to get out of here for a while," she said. "Take me somewhere, will you, Roy?"

"I'd be delighted. Where shall we go?"

He followed her glance to Clint and saw him stepping into the taxi.

Sherry said, "Let's go to the Palais. I just can't drop Ted as though he didn't mean anything."

Mr. Schwartz pounced upon her the moment she entered the café, forgave her for leaving him so abruptly, and extravagantly congratulated Roy on having won such a beautiful and charming bride. Without giving Roy or Sherry a chance to correct his error, he patted them each on the shoulder and, still smiling largely, left them.

They found their way to the corner table where Ted sat with his back toward them. He did not know of their arrival till Roy spoke. Then he jumped to his feet hastily.

"HELLO, Sherry." He said it evenly. "Sit down. Or would you rather have a company table?"

They sat down with him and Ted looked at her and she smiled steadfastly while he looked. Her smile said, "I am very happy. Don't worry about me."

"Where's the lucky man?" he asked after a time.

Roy said, "Well, you know he likes you about as much as you like him, and Sherry wanted to see you, so I did the honors."

"Nice work," Ted said, and Sherry was certain that he was referring to Roy's glibness. "Well," Ted added after a moment's pause, "tell me, are you so happy you can hardly stand it?"

She said, "I'm happy, all right, Ted." And suddenly it was clear to Roy that it was Ted's right to know these things because he had proposed to her and had been refused on account of Clint.

Roy looked around the café, saw a stenographer who worked in his father's office, and stood up. "Will you excuse me a moment?" he asked. "There's some people I really should say hello to over there."

Sherry looked at Ted with starry-eyed content. "I'm sorry about us, Ted, but you mustn't be troubled about me. Clint is grand. I wish you hadn't met when he was drunk. You'd have liked him."

He waved her words away with a careless gesture. "He's good-looking and you love him. Those are facts. I wasn't born yesterday, honey; you can't ram the other things down my throat. You're ready for a good cry and we both know it."

"Why, Ted!"

"Look here. If everything was on the up and up, you wouldn't be here tonight. You wouldn't leave him to go cavorting around with Roy."

"I wanted to see you."

"Sure you did. But if everything was as advertised you wouldn't have thought of me. See, Sherry? I'm sort of a clairvoyant or something where you're concerned. You didn't walk away from him to see me. He walked away from you, and then you thought of something to do."

LATER, driving back to the Clemons house with Roy, Sherry wondered if she had made a mistake in going to see Ted. It had certainly added nothing to his happiness nor to hers. And he had been more astute than she had bargained for. In a way she had sold Clint out by going there, and she felt uncomfortable and disloyal.

Clint was sitting in the living room. He gazed at them with accusing eyes.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Out dancing," Roy answered lightly. "There was nothing else to do." He saw at once that Clint was both drunk and angry. The inevitable bottle was on the table. Clint held a sulky silence for a moment while the others stood watching. Suddenly he raised his head. "Do you know where Freddie's gone?" he asked Roy.

"No. Do you mean she's left town?"

"Yes."

"Didn't she leave any word?"

"Yes, she said exactly where she was going. That's why I'm asking you."

Sherry hoped that the sudden excitement which she felt didn't show in her eyes.

"I called the Tysons," Clint went on. "They don't know anything. As a matter of fact, they never did know anything, the putty-faced windbags."

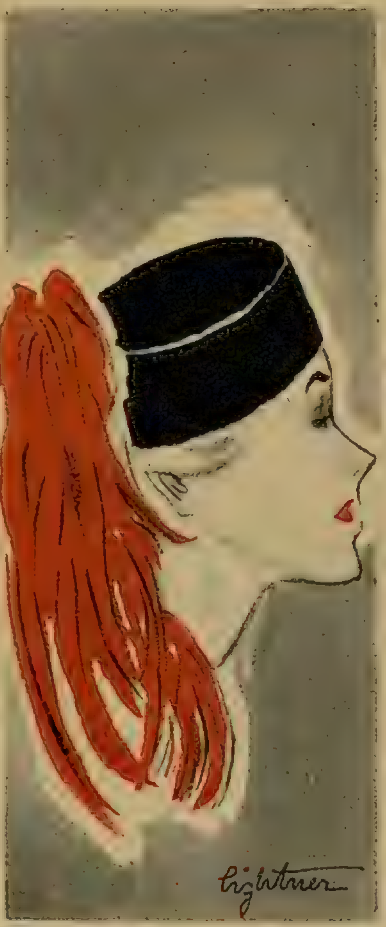
"Oh, she'll be back," Roy said soothingly.

"Inasmuch as her home's here I suppose she will be," Clint answered grimly. "But according to my figures this is July and she took her mink coat." He poured another drink and sat staring stonily into space. "Two trunks," he murmured after a time, "and her mink coat. I wonder where she went?"

Roy said, "If I hear anything I'll let you know. I'll give you a ring tomorrow anyhow. Good night."

Clint didn't reply.

FASHION FLASHES
From PARIS



Even the most dyed-in-the-wool pacifists' hearts will beat faster when they see the girls step out in Agnès's new military headgear.

Redheads in Bersaglieri hats could surely settle the Abyssinian question without help from the League of Nations. They're of felt or velvet, with green cock feathers cascading to the shoulder.

Blondes will knock 'em dead in navy cocked hats worn endwise, trimmed with lofty white and red cocks' tails borrowed from the St. Cyr cadets (that's the French West Point). Cuirassiers' helmets in metal lamé have horse tails imitated in ostrich or bird-of-paradise feathers.

For U. S. A. patriots there's a real West Pointer's cap with an upstanding red-feather brush.

DORA MILLER.

Sherry walked out on the veranda with Roy. "Thanks for everything," she said.

"Oh, that's all right. It was a pleasure." He took her hand and squeezed it gently. "You see," he whispered, "Freddie's O. K."

"You bet she is. No matter where I stand at the finish of all this, she's done her share. Good night, Roy."

Sherry went back into the house then and faced her husband.

She sat down on the couch. Clint did not look at her. He lit a cigarette, refilled his glass, and leaned back in the chair with his eyes closed. For five minutes he did not change his position and there was absolute quiet in the room.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. He walked the room's length two or three times and then reached purposefully for the telephone.

He called New York, and Sherry reasoned that he must have a new idea concerning Freddie's destination. But it was the same idea. He was calling the Tysons.

"Hello. Marjory? This is Clint Clemons again."

He said no more for a time.

When Marjory Tyson paused, perhaps to draw another breath, he said, "Well, I still think she's at your house. What do you know about that?"

Clint held the receiver to his ear for a moment or two; then he replaced it on its hook. He got himself a drink and walked to the window. Then he went back to the telephone.

"Hello. Roy? Clint. I didn't think you'd be home yet. I was going to leave word for you to call me. You must have just gotten in. Say, how's for driving me up to town tonight?" Pause. "Sure, New York. When I say 'town' I don't mean Red Bank, do I? I have a hunch Freddie is at the Tysons'." Pause. "Well, I want to see her." Pause. "All right. The hell with you! I'll go by train." He hung up the receiver and walked back to the window.

Sherry asked, "Are you really going to New York?"

He glanced at his wrist watch. "In exactly twenty-one minutes."

"Clint, give me a chance, won't you? Let me show you a life away from Freddie."

He looked at her with displeasure. "Don't get the idea you're going to rearrange my life," he said, "because you're not. I married you and I'm damn sorry I did. It was a silly business. Roy will have to get us out of it."

"Freddie has said on many occasions that she wouldn't marry you, hasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Still you persist because you love her. You don't think of yourself as a fool and a pest. Yet that's what you're thinking about me."

"Freddie is at least fond of me."

"Maybe you could be fond of me." She spoke without coyness.

He said, "Maybe, if I'd never known Freddie. You're attractive and pleasant enough. Not dumb either."

He glanced at his watch. "You can't drive a car, can you?"

"No, but I'll learn how this week."

"I thought maybe you could drive me to the station. I'll call a cab."

She sighed as he crossed to the phone and made the call. When he had hung up the receiver she said, "I am about to select a bedroom for myself. Does it make any difference to you which one I take—outside of your mother's room of course?"

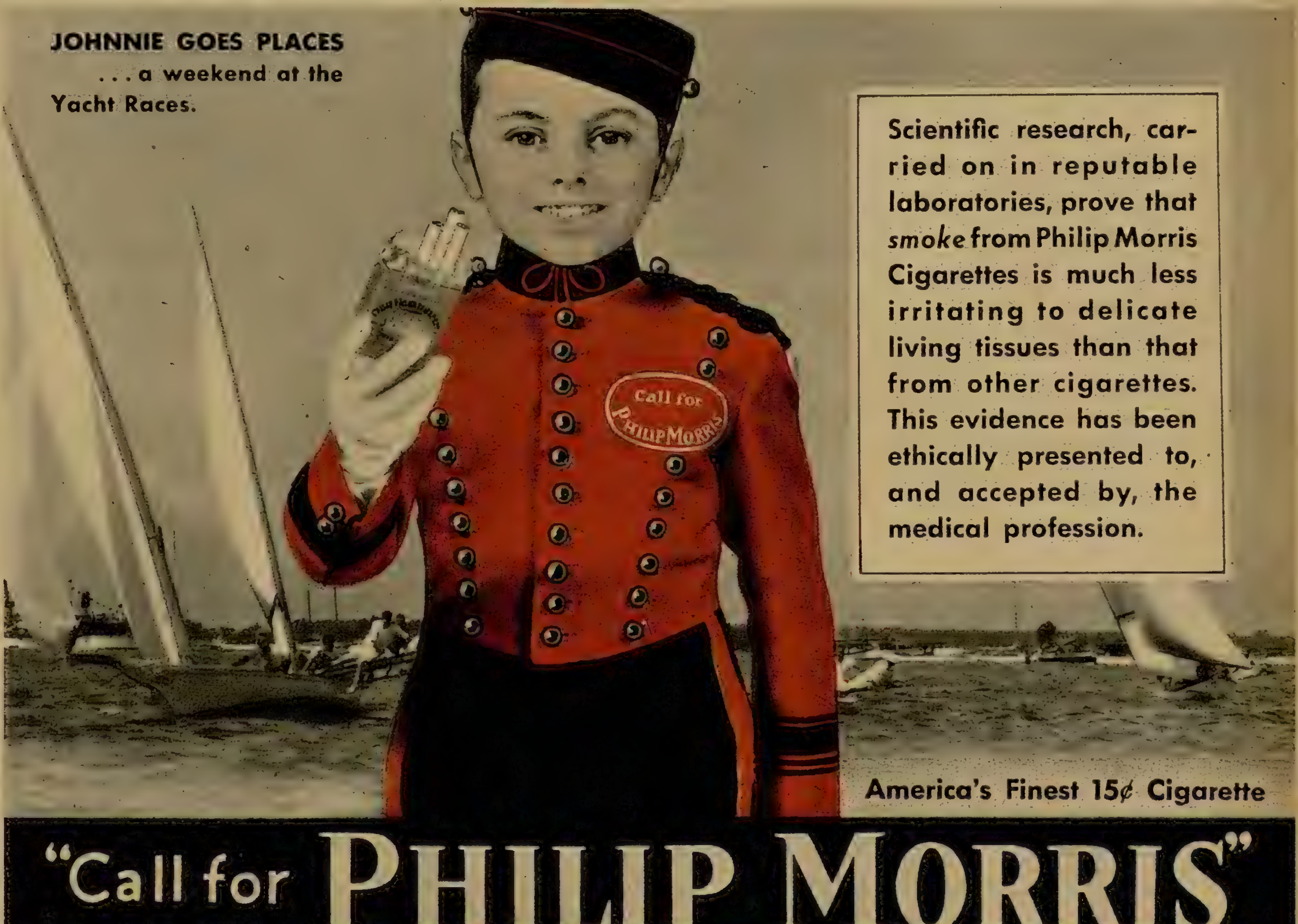
He shook his head.

"And may I have it redecorated and get new furniture for it?"

"You can buy any damn thing you want within reason. Just leave me alone, that's all."

"Clint, seeing that it's impossible for you to leave Freddie alone, you ought to understand my making a nuisance of myself better than you do."

"This is different. Freddie is part of me. I've known



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her and loved her for years. She's everything. You can't make it out because you don't know what she is to me. I can't explain any better than that."

"You tried to hurt her," she pointed out. "You married me to hurt her."

"And you think that proves I don't really love her?" His eyes showed the scorn which he felt for her ignorance. "You don't know anything about love. It's cruel and sly and full of dishonesty and deceit."

"Maybe you're right," she said.

"You think I'm crazy to run after Freddie the way I do. You don't understand that I've got to have her, the way I have to have food or rest. I couldn't go on without her."

After he had gone she stood for a time thinking over the things he had said.

"If she would have him," Sherry thought, "I would go quietly away."

But there was no use in leaving him. Freddie had not spoken idly. And it was something to see him and to know that there was always a chance. It was not a simple matter to forget the charm of the Clint Clemons who had made love to her, who had begged her to marry him. His kisses and his promises had been false, but that made them no easier to forget.

"I am in love with him," she said to herself. "I could forgive him anything."

Sherry found the door that led to the attic rooms, and soon she discovered Aunt Cynthia's. It was a small cozy room with a sloping ceiling and chintz draperies, and there after a time she fell asleep. . . .

Marjory Tyson went on talking for some time before she realized that Clint had disconnected. When it dawned upon her that she was talking to no one, she hung up the receiver and laughed at herself.

"I don't know," she said, "why I thought he'd just calmly listen. He's cut me off."

Freddie said, "I thought he would. He doesn't like to be scolded."

PHIL TYSON looked up from the cards he was laying out in neat little stacks, preparing for another game of solitaire.

"That young man ought to have a firm fist planted in the middle of his face," he said.

"Well," said Marjory, "you've got a fist, haven't you?"

"That wouldn't do any good," Freddie interposed hastily. "It would only make me feel worse."

"It's a damn shame a person has to have a passport to go to Europe," Marjory sighed. "You could have gotten off on that sailing tonight with the Bordens. They're fun."

"I'm not planning on having fun, Marjory. I'm running away, that's all."

"Well, you could laugh while you were running, couldn't you? The Bordens are swell."

Freddie said nothing for a time. Then, "I don't think I'll go to Europe. That passport business is too much delay. I think I'll go to California."

"Do you think you'll like California?" Marjory asked Freddie.

"I don't know. What difference does it make? It's all so jumbled up. I love him. He loves me. She loves him. She hates me. I hate her. We're all so miserable that we'd all be better off dead."

Phil laughed. "Have you suggested that to the young woman? It sounds very jolly. She'd be an awful spoilsport if she couldn't see it your way."

"Maybe he'll fall in love with her," Marjory said brightly, "then you can have some peace."

"If I ever find peace knowing that Clint has another woman in his arms, Marjory, then you can call the wagon because I'm insane."

"Well, what do you want? You don't want him and you do want him." Marjory looked helplessly at her husband, who in pantomime told her that he didn't understand either.

Freddie stood up. "I'm going to bed, if you don't mind," she said. "I'm tired and I'm sick, and the more I talk the more I'll confuse you."

She left the room with the easy informality of a frequent visitor. Marjory and Phil sat on in the living room speaking in low tones of Freddie and guessing at the outcome of her involvement with the terrible young man.

IT was exactly two and a half hours after Clint had disconnected the line between them that the bell rang.

"It's Clint," Marjory whispered. "I guessed he'd come. Don't tell him Freddie's here." She gave the room a quick survey and then opened the door.

Clint said, "Hello," and walked in.

The Tysons said, "Hello," and stood, looking innocent.

"I told you on the phone," he said, "that I think Freddie's here. I'd like to see her, please."

"She isn't here," Marjory said.

Clint looked at Phil, who averted his eyes and said, "This is a hell of a time to drop in on people. Freddie isn't here and that's that."

Clint smiled his most engaging smile. "What do you want to keep us apart for?"

"I'm sure I don't want to keep you apart," Marjory said. "But she just doesn't happen to be here."

Clint sat down. The Tysons after a moment sat down too. They lied like loyal friends should and Clint obviously disbelieved them.

"I just want to talk to her," he said.

"Would you please go now?" Phil asked. "I'm very sleepy."

"I'll go in a moment. There's just one more question I'd like to ask Mrs. Tyson, though it'll do no good. She'll just go on lying."

Phil was at the end of his patience. "It would seem to me," he said, "that you have one sweet hell of a nerve. For two cents you'll go down those stairs quicker than the elevator brought you up."

"Well, don't get sore, Tyson. I know Freddie's here and I'm going to see her. Before you throw me down those stairs you'll take an awful licking." Clint stood up and scowled darkly at the other man.

"Oh, I will, huh?" Phil moved toward him, and Marjory screamed.

"Don't, Phil, don't! You'll kill him!"

But Phil had struck, and for a second Clint wavered and then he fell, but he was up immediately, rushing at his antagonist. Marjory screamed again, and suddenly Freddie was there with a red welt on her face where a flying fist had caught her.

Can the willful Clint stop Freddie from going on the long journey she plans, to get away from him and give Sherry her chance to win him? Will Clint ever achieve decency and sanity? Read the next issue of Liberty for more surprising turns.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44

1—The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, at college.

2—Thomas Gainsborough to Sarah Siddons.

3—Bagdad, San Bernardino County, California. For more than two years (October 3, 1912, to November 8, 1914) there was no measurable rainfall.

4—Coburn Haskell of Cleveland, in 1902.

5—Spinoza.

6—Nothing; no such service is available.

7—Iron Mountain; elevation 325 feet.

8—Tom to Alice Joyce; Owen to Mary Pickford.

9—Former King Alfonso XIII of Spain. He was born after his father died.

10—Birdseed.

11—Mark Twain.

12—Machine-gun Kelly.

13—Harrison, between Newark and Jersey City.

14—The hydraulic testing machine (10,000,000 pounds capacity) at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C. It determines the strength of bridges, etc.

15—Most anthropologists class Ethiopians as Caucasian; as a group, they are one fourth Negroid, but predominantly Caucasoid.

16—Yes; 550,000 square miles to Mexico's 500,000.

17—Living from three to five years, a termite can eat its way through about five feet of wood.

18—Beatrice Gladys Lillie. She married Sir Robert Peel in 1920.

19—Ramona, by Helen Hunt Jackson; and Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

20—About $30,000.

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A Jinky is a square piece of paper which, after being folded at least once, has had holes torn, clipped, punched, burned, or otherwise made in it to form a design. Scissors, razor blade, knife, punch, or just your hands may be used.

It makes no difference by what means you obtain the result. After you have started you may reopen the fold and finish the design. Only at the start *must* the Jinky be folded. There is no special pattern to follow. Let your imagination be your guide.

• THE RULES

1. Any one anywhere may compete in Liberty's National Jinky Sweepstakes except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. The contest will be featured in the September 28 and October 5 and 12 issues of Liberty, one official Jinky blank appearing in each issue.

3. To compete, clip the Jinky blank from this page, *fold it at least once*, and tear, cut, punch, or otherwise make a design in it.

4. Then send it by first-class mail to JINKY SWEEPSTAKES EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Your name and address *must* be on each Jinky and upon the envelope in which you submit it.

5. Each Jinky entry must be accompanied by a dime in payment for one copy of the manual, How to Make Jinkys and Win Money, which will be mailed to you, together with two additional official Jinky blanks, which you can enter in the National Jinky Sweepstakes without additional cost.

6. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All entries must be received on or before October 23, the closing date of this contest.

7. Jinkys will be judged on the basis of oddity, originality, and artistic merit—in that order. On that basis a $1,000 First Prize and a $100 Second Prize will be awarded. For the 1,350 next best entries $1 each will be paid. A booby prize of $500 will be paid for the "world's worst Jinky," and $50 will be paid for the next to the worst. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

Any contestant may submit any number of Jinkys provided they are on official Jinky blanks, but only one prize will be paid to any individual entrant.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

FLINT, MICH.—Police are searching for the thief who, John Bonski complained, removed forty-five dollars from his sock without even tickling his feet. Bonski said he could not remember removing his shoes. He had stopped, he said, at a beer garden before reaching home and discovering his loss.

CHICKASHA, OKLA.—An enterprising thief of Chickasha ordered his food so it would be available for stealing.

W. C. Miller was short one bottle of milk in the deliveries at his home for several mornings.

One morning the milkman left four bottles on the porch and with them a pound of butter.

Later, a man darted from a near-by hiding place, picked up the butter, and fled. Miller called the dairy, asked why the butter was left.

"There was a note," he was informed, "left in one of your empty bottles yesterday, ordering one pound of butter."

MOOSEBANK, SASK.—Charles Comett, very deaf, thought it was a rooster crowing when he vaguely heard his wife's screams as he sat on the veranda. Mrs. Comett had her fingers caught in a window. A neighbor a half mile away heard her and drove to her aid.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Note: This almanac was compiled as a voluntary boondoggling project by a man who hopes to get relief from the New Deal by 1936. The purpose of the work is to show the improvements in this nation's philosophy from Franklin, Ben, to Franklin, D., and to provide readers with a new set of false teeth for their old saws.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody a Kansas farm.
—*U. S. Weather Bureau.*

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COVER BY MACFADDEN STUDIO—GEORGE LARKIN

HIS HOLINESS

POPE PIUS XI

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HIS VIEWS ON

WORLD PEACE

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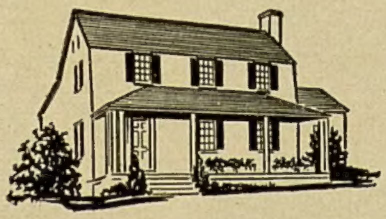

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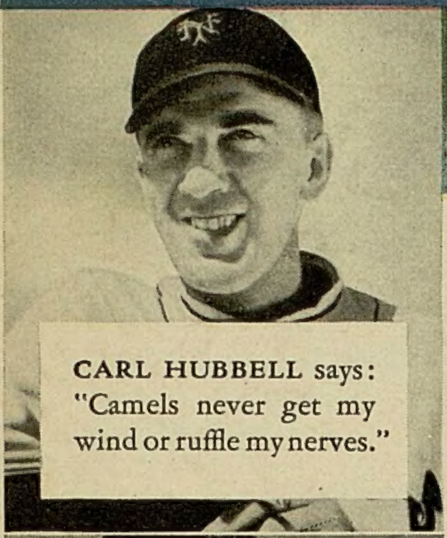
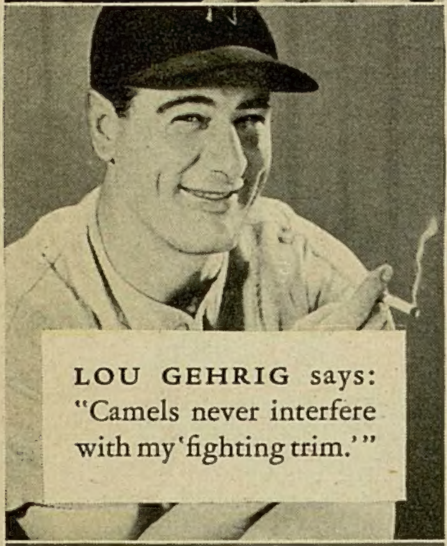
"Camels don't get your Wind"

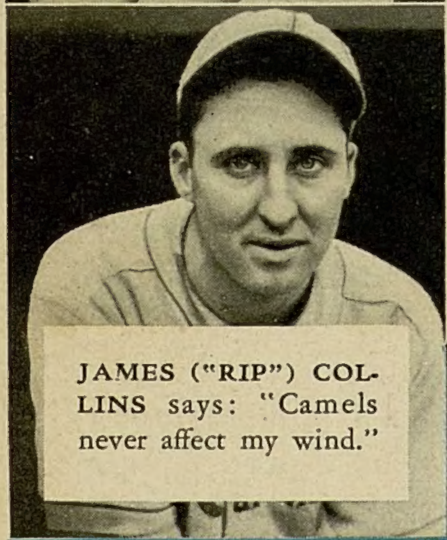
FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS SAY



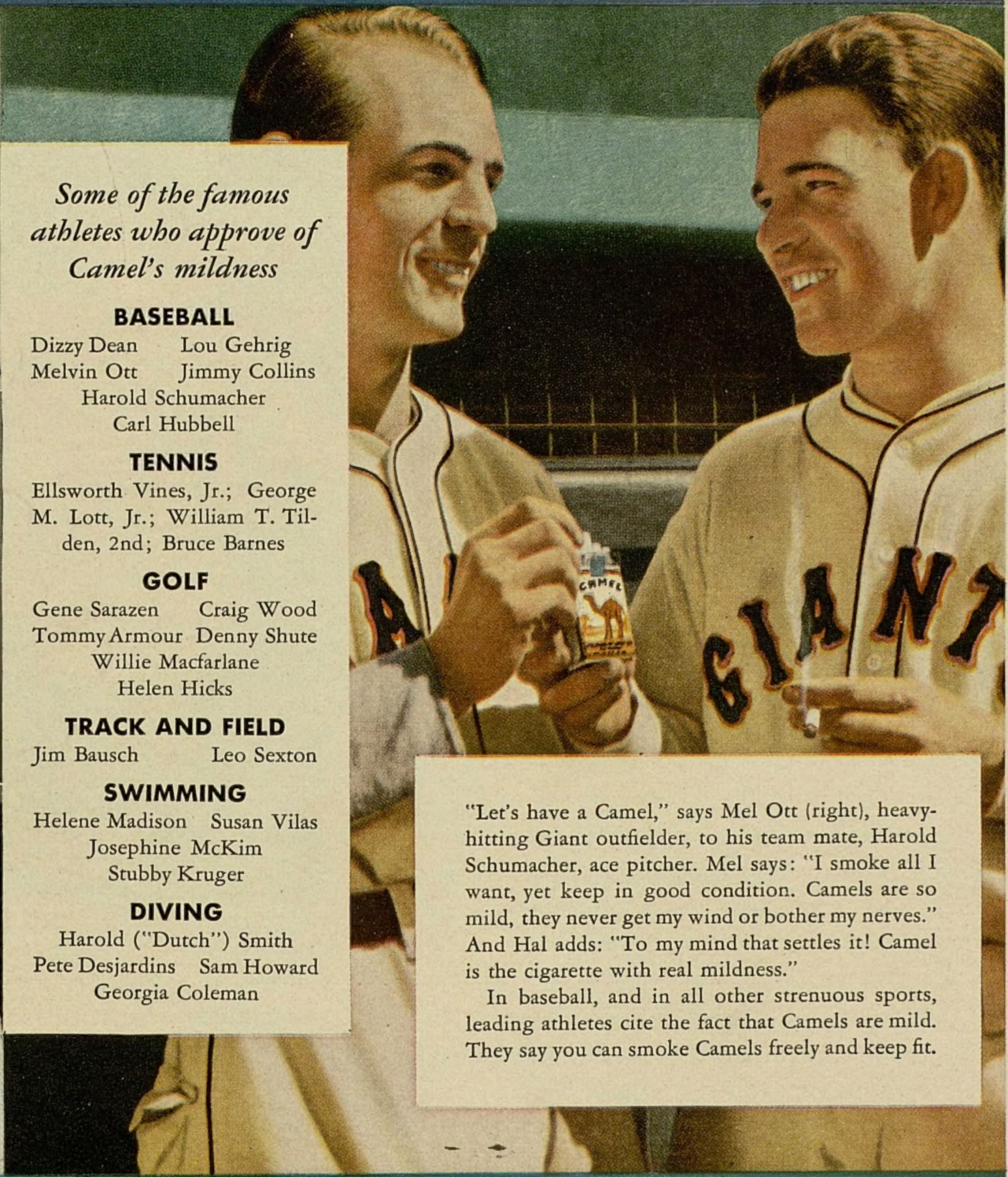
CARL HUBBELL says: "Camels never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."



LOU GEHRIG says: "Camels never interfere with my 'fighting trim.'"



JAMES ("RIP") COLLINS says: "Camels never affect my wind."



Some of the famous athletes who approve of Camel's mildness

BASEBALL
Dizzy Dean Lou Gehrig
Melvin Ott Jimmy Collins
Harold Schumacher
Carl Hubbell

TENNIS
Ellsworth Vines, Jr.; George M. Lott, Jr.; William T. Tilden, 2nd; Bruce Barnes

GOLF
Gene Sarazen Craig Wood
Tommy Armour Denny Shute
Willie Macfarlane
Helen Hicks

TRACK AND FIELD
Jim Bausch Leo Sexton

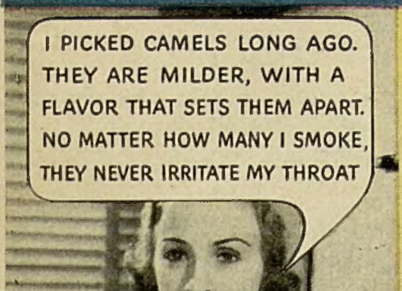
SWIMMING
Helene Madison Susan Vilas
Josephine McKim
Stubby Kruger

DIVING
Harold ("Dutch") Smith
Pete Desjardins Sam Howard
Georgia Coleman

"Let's have a Camel," says Mel Ott (right), heavy-hitting Giant outfielder, to his team mate, Harold Schumacher, ace pitcher. Mel says: "I smoke all I want, yet keep in good condition. Camels are so mild, they never get my wind or bother my nerves." And Hal adds: "To my mind that settles it! Camel is the cigarette with real mildness."

In baseball, and in all other strenuous sports, leading athletes cite the fact that Camels are mild. They say you can smoke Camels freely and keep fit.

So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

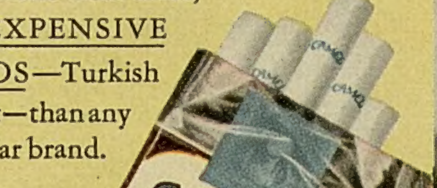

I PICKED CAMELS LONG AGO. THEY ARE MILDER, WITH A FLAVOR THAT SETS THEM APART. NO MATTER HOW MANY I SMOKE, THEY NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT

Housewife—Mrs. Charles F. Ryder

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish & Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem
North Carolina

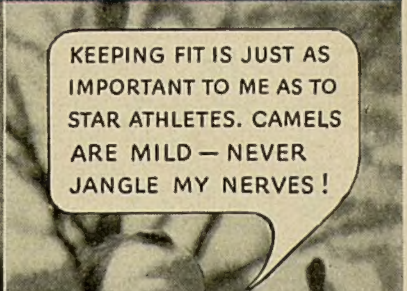
© 1935
R. J. Reynolds
Tob. Co.


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

IT'S NICE WHEN TIRED TO LIGHT A CAMEL AND FEEL HOW QUICKLY EXHAUSTION SLIPS AWAY. I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL

Business Girl—Florence Young


KEEPING FIT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS TO STAR ATHLETES. CAMELS ARE MILD—NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES!

Business Executive—F. W. Watson